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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Something That Smokers often Lack

Doctors say men who smoke are liable to have everything. We say everything except matches.—*Medicine Hat News.*

One Difference

One chief difference between the past generation and this is that patches have been changed from trousers to tubes.—*Wall Street Journal.*

A Fundamental Economic Truth

"Our great problem is not production, but distribution," writes an economic authority. This strikes a bald man with peculiar force every time he shaves.—*Saskatoon Star.*

High Taxes Everywhere

Those fifty Dutch farmers who have come to this country to escape high taxes would probably go to the Great Dismal Swamp in order to get away from the low, wet ground.—*Detroit News.*

Not Until the Next Time

The Turks and the Greeks have fixed up a peace and will not fight again until the next time.—*Pilot Mound Journal.*

Poisonous Talk

Judging from the talk of some eminent chemists about future wars, the world will beat its swords into poison factories. And this is the progress of civilization.—*Omaha Bee.*

There Are Many Ways of Getting Stung

Bees are now out and at work in Manitoba making it possible to get stung by something else besides oil stock.—*Killarney Guide.*

A Master Mind Somewhere

Any country that works the bandit business as extensively and successfully as China does ought to be able to run a government if it had a mind to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do You Know All About Transjordan?

It is announced that Britain is ready to give Transjordan her independence. All that this reveals to the average citizen is the little he knows about geography.—*Edmonton Journal.*

Not Much

"John D. Rockefeller, Jr., derives an annual income of \$12,000,000 from oil." But it isn't any of his stock the peddlers are trying to sell you.—*Ottawa Journal.*

They Realize Their Mistake Now

An aviator has recently flown from Mexico to Canada. If he establishes a daily run he might get a lot of business from Mennonites who want to come back.—*The Pas Herald.*

Philadelphia Sarcasm

A Constantinople correspondent writes that Americans are as safe in Turkey as they are in Chicago or New York. If that is so, it would appear that this Government should lose no time in getting Americans out of Turkey.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Question

"Pygmies," we read in an article in the National Geographic Magazine, "are larger than people think they are." How large (we ask merely in the interest of science) does the writer of that article think that we thought they were?—*Prince Albert Herald.*

Domestic Diplomacy

Every married man knows one woman who by some extraordinary and incomprehensible mischance was not voted one of the twelve greatest women, and he mentions the fact around home, if he is a good husband and a diplomat.—*Lloydminster Times.*

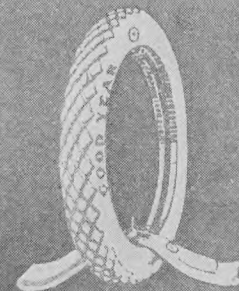
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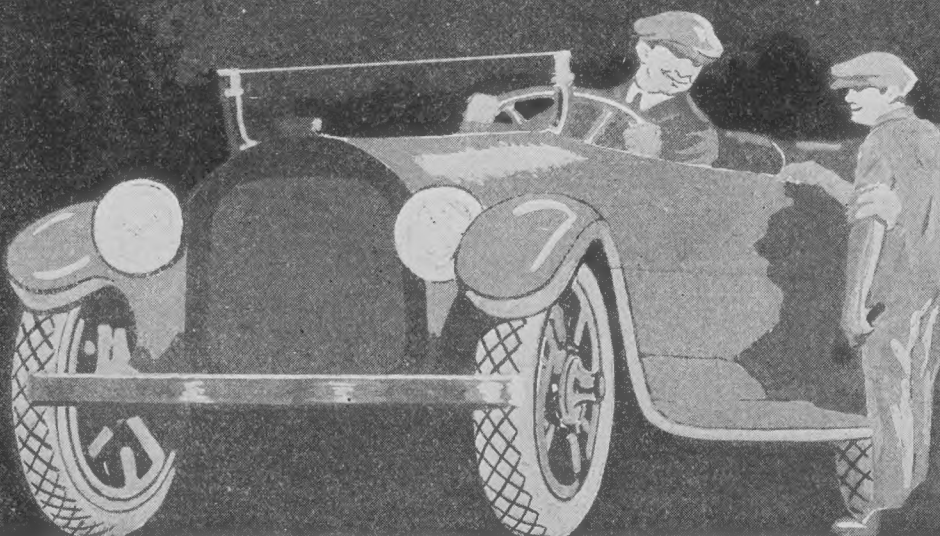
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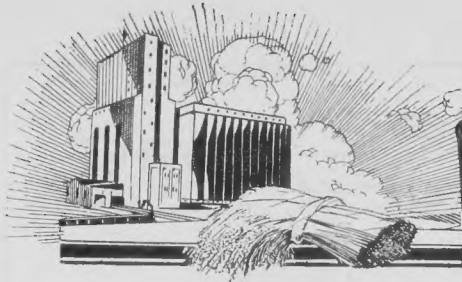
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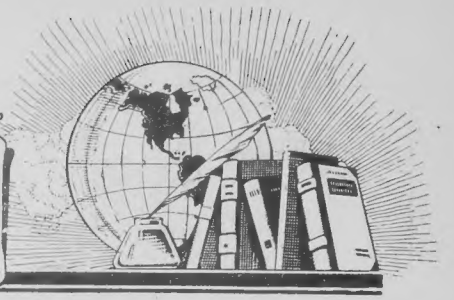
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EDITORIAL



Choosing a Calling

THERE comes a time in the life of every man when he has to choose his calling. Perhaps the word choose is not very apt, since the great majority of people do not choose their occupations but drift into them. They are the victims of circumstances. This is somewhat unfortunate, but in a world such as ours it cannot well be otherwise. Men are by nature and inclination better adapted to one calling than another, and it is unfortunate when a misfit occurs. Some men will not make good farmers, others will not make successful tradesmen, others have not a legal mind. Some have a liking for all that is scientific and others have a fondness for literature and art. On the whole the world moves more smoothly and swiftly when men are following the paths of their own choice.

There are men of ability who say that a good man will succeed in any calling, and that vocational guidance is practically impossible. One may choose his calling but the world doesn't always respect his choice. The work goes to the man who is ready to fit in to the scheme of things. The most desirable power for a man to possess is the power of adaptation. No doubt there is a great truth in this point of view, but it is not the whole truth. Natural talent should, if possible, be respected. Though a man might be a good enough husband for any one of a dozen different women, he will be an ideal husband only for the woman he loves with his whole heart. So it is with life occupations.

To those who are free to choose their life work there are a few general rules that may be followed with some degree of safety.

First of all one should get as good a general education as possible before settling down to work. Notwithstanding all the criticisms of schools and their work, it remains that those who go to high school and university win out over those who have quit school early. The figures on this point are very pronounced. Education means enlightenment and power, and man needs both if he is to carry on successfully. It is most unsatisfactory for one to be faced with problems and difficulties and to be unable to meet them because of intellectual inability or inability to overcome wrong habits of thought and action. Worse still is it when a man comes into possession of power and property and yet lacks the culture and restraint that characterize the educated mind. The most despicable creature in the world is the self-sufficient, egotistic wealthy fool.

Next one should plan to enter a high grade occupation. By this is meant an occupation which calls for ability of a high order. Corking bottles is a sample of a job that has small possibilities. It calls for no study, no research. A boy can do the work as well as a man. Yet it is into such occupations as this many boys drift at fourteen years of age. The immediate reward is comparatively great, but there is no such thing as promotion. Instead, there is danger that the boy who takes to the work will stay at it because for the time being it yields more than a job requiring brains. "There is a way that seemeth right to a boy, but the end thereof is death." Now a boy who accepts for the time a job requiring only mechanical effort does well, if he studies outside and beyond his immediate occupation and masters the whole industry of which his work is merely a part. In all modern industry there is danger that a man become limited in his range of knowledge, because it does not pay a factory to have any of its hands do many things. To put the matter briefly, a young man should select an occupation which is going to call for all that is in him before he becomes master of the business.

In the third place he should enter a calling such that its pursuit will assist in developing character. Really the problem for every man is not to make a success of his business, but to compel his business to make a success of him. Some occupations tend to degrade a man; others tend to elevate him. No financial gain will counterbalance moral loss. Success is to be measured first of all in terms of character. It is quite possible for a man in a work like that of digging sewers to be a hero and a public benefactor, and equally possible for another man to be a curate or bishop and yet a failure. There is nothing degrading in manual labor or in any helpfully productive occupation. But whatever occupation one follows, he should so conduct himself that at the close of each day's labor he may look the world in the face without a feeling of conscious guilt or shame.

In the last place one should remember that the greatest work in life is not *get or grasp*, but *give or help*. The real reason a man has for entering any business is that he may play some useful part in the world's work. He must live not for himself alone but he should find his greatest happiness and perfection in assisting his fellows. He will thus find his life in losing it.

The Foundation of Prosperity

THE greatest problem before the Canadian people to-day is the cultivation of personal and natural morality. Because of this it is necessary to support and direct properly the three great institutions which influence the character of the young. Good homes, good schools, good churches—without them we need not expect the greatness we all desire.

What is a good home? Not necessarily one that is richly furnished and complete in its appointments, but one in which the spirit of affection, comradeship, purity and reverence exists. What is a good school? The building need not be costly to excess, and the equipment need not be complete to the point of superfluity, but there must be a living teacher, pupils who are eager and willing to work, and a spirit of co-operation and friendliness. And as for the Church, it must set its mind on the development of spiritual virtues in all the members of the congregation. It is not fine singing and pleasing formality that count. The essence of worship is the attitude of reverence and the practice of righteousness.



The Late Mr. John Stovel

The Western Home Monthly records regretfully, the death of John Stovel, President and Founder of the Stovel Company, Winnipeg, also President of the Home Publishing Company, publishers of this magazine. The death took place after an illness of three months, at Rochester, Minn., on May 30th.

Mr. Stovel left his birthplace at Mount Forest, Ontario, in early manhood, to face the struggles and trials of the then untested West. Industry, perseverance, ability, and high integrity quickly marked him for success, and it was his privilege to see many enterprises prosper under his direction.

A leader and an authority on all things connected with the printing art, his counsel was much sought by others, and to many he was a stimulus and a noble example. The business life of Winnipeg loses in him, one of the bulwarks that added lustre to the good name of the city, and Western enterprise in general.

Honored and successful as he was in the world of business, he was greater still in the simplicity of his faith, and the generous impulses of his big Christian heart.

The spirit of the home, the school and the church are reflected in the press and in legislation. If it is true that the legislature makes laws for the people it is equally true that the people tell the legislatures what laws to make, and if it is true that the press moulds public opinion it is equally true that the press is ever guided by public opinion. The beginning of culture is with the individual.

Preserving the Home

WE measure our progress as individuals and nations by comparing ourselves with others—with our ancestors and with our neighbors. When we compare the institutions of to-day with those of fifty years ago we find a great change and it is not always to our credit. True enough there has been an improvement in architecture, and inventions have greatly added to men's comfort. Yet too often we have gained houses and lost homes. The never ending appeal from outside attractions has prevented the hearth from exercising its influence. Parents and children do not exercise the old-time friendly relations. Young people are educated on the streets and in the places of public resort. Where such is the case the home has taken a subordinate place, and all this spells disaster. Nature and experience teach us that the most potent influence in the lives of men is filial affection. The surest way to national decline is the severance of the home ties. This is the most important lesson Canadians have to learn to-day.

If comparison of the present with the past is instructive, so is comparison of our own country with our neighbors. Though in the United States they are experiencing unusual prosperity, yet never was there greater anxiety, and this because there is a recognized decline in spirituality. There is a lack of reverence, integrity, seriousness, justice and the old-fashioned virtues, and discerning minds know that ultimately this spells ruin. The Motherland has of late witnessed the growth of a spirit of independence in her young people. Such a spirit is to be approved, provided it does not operate against the feeling of reverence for the best things in life—the natural authority of parenthood and the legal authority of government. Youth is intolerant of all authority and therein is the grave danger.

In our new land we shall make no error if we place a high value on sweet home life. Whatever parents leave children in the form of natural wealth does not greatly matter. What they give them day by day in example, in fellowship, in counsel is of transcendent importance. Whatever else we lose in Western Canada, let us not lose our homes.

It is not necessary to follow through this thought by comparing school education and church life to-day with activities elsewhere or in the past. It is evident that we must keep up the old-time seriousness and thoroughness or we are undone. The wave of irreligion and irreverence, of laziness and purposed avoidance of duty must not be permitted to swamp us. The school must be reclaimed as a place in which pupils learn to do hard work, the church must be honored as the institution which makes for reverence and righteousness. We cannot become great unless we preserve our three great institutions.

The Farmer

EGGs at 18c a dozen or six dozen for a dollar or seventy-two dozen eggs for twelve dollars.

Twelve dollars is the daily wage of a bricklayer. Twenty-five cents a bushel for potatoes, or four bushels for a dollar. Forty-four bushels for a day's work for a plumber. Forty-four bushels will feed a family of ten most of the year." Is this an exaggeration? Inquire in your district and see. Is it true that the cities are bleeding the rural districts? Are the workers in trades making unreasonable demands, and the farmers receiving inadequate values for their products? And if the farmers fail how long will the trades continue? Have we not an answer in recent migrations?

Deceptions and Illusions, Ancient and Modern

IT is generally agreed that any objections that might be urged against the opening of the tomb of King Tutankhamen and the bringing out of all its multifarious contents, including the mummy of that ancient monarch, into the daylight of the present, have no weight against the consideration of the increase of knowledge that will result from that recovery of so many objects illustrative of life in Egypt more than three thousand years ago. One of the things which all the unearthings of ancient objects and records teach is that human nature is essentially much the same now as it was in the most ancient time we know of. For example, one of the oldest papyrus rolls found heretofore in Egyptian has been found to contain instructions for treating base metals to make them look like gold, from which it would appear that the "gold brick" fraud was occasionally practised in the land of the Pharaohs in ancient times. Another papyrus roll contains recipes for cosmetics. A manuscript of the writer Hero, of Alexandria, records that the turbine, the coin-in-the-slot machine and other devices were known to the priests of the temple of Isis, who made use of them to work wonders with which they imposed upon the people. One of their devices was to have the doors of a shrine in a certain temple open of themselves in the middle of a ceremony which was performed once a year in honor of Isis. The shrine doors turned on oiled hinges, and their swinging open was caused by the expansion of the air within the shrine, when it was heated by a concealed fire. It is only a few hundred years since astrologers and alchemists devoted their nights and days to auguries and the search for "the philosopher's stone," which would convert all baser metals into gold, and also for the elixir of life. Apparently there are still in the world believers in the possibility of rejuvenation of human things who are long past their prime. But out of astrology grew astronomy, and out of the search for the "philosopher's stone" and the elixir of life came the beginnings of the science of chemistry. Columbus would not have ventured to cross the Atlantic if he had not been wrong in his figuring about the size of the earth, and Queen Isabella would not have provided him with the money to outfit his ships if he had not assured her that a shorter voyage than he actually made would bring him to India. Humanity has more than once owed a great deal to illusions.



By VINGIE E. ROE

Author of "Theron of Lost Valley," "Val of Paradise," "Heart of the Night Wood."

Illustrated by A. G. RACEY.

A SLIM youth, his face sparkling with excitement, came running up to Father Tenau, as he sat musing on the long step that edged his House of God beside the Qu'Appelle.

The good old man, so greatly loved by all in the lonesome reaches of the fur country, was looking down contentedly on the trading-post, nestled in its high stockade and stretching from his step to the great, time-worn gate which, standing open, hospitably bade all the world enter, or, closed, gave frowning defiance to its enemies.

But there had been no enemies for many a long year at Fort St. Ann, and the priest's mind was afar in spiritual fields of asphodel.

He looked in mild inquiry at the excited boy.

"Oh, Father, come quick! Artine Du Bois is come down the river in his canoe an' trouble come with him."

The boy watched him anxiously. At mention of that name the priest's wits came back, and he rose and hastened after the lad through the gate, and together they hurried toward the crowd gathered on the shingly beach.

A canoe lay there, fine and slim and made with cunning craft, that looked as if it had been shot from the water half its running length by a mighty and imperious hand.

Its duffel was still within—a rifle leaning in the bow, a bale of winter furs, the antlers of a moose.

And, where a group of youths had been idly gambling about a blanket spread on the pebbly stretch, its owner stood.

He was a splendid figure, tall, broad, thewed like an ox. His white teeth gleamed in his handsome face, and his black hair blew in the wind.

He was engaged in a riotous burlesque of greeting.

"Bien, Henri," he cried loudly, "how fine it is to see you!"

He grasped the hands of one youth in a bone-breaking grip. The boy paled but stood his ground.

"An' Pierre La Forge!"

Again Du Bois, his black eyes wincing, crushed a man's fingers in his cruel clasp.

It was his old trick, famed afar, wherever the tales of his strength were told.

"Also my ol' frien' Cosan"—and he reached once more.

But Cosan, being so addressed, merely laid his fingers on the bowl of his pipe, and, looking Du Bois straight in the eyes, shook his head.

The other sobered instantly, and his laughter died as he stood for a moment undecided.

His black eyes seemed to grow darker.

"So," he said at last, coldly, "you refuse me welcome home, M'sieu? I, gone so long in the loneliness of the

Qu'Appelle? Dat's funny. Come, Cosan I must teach you better manners."

He strode forward, but Cosan's hand slipped to the knife in his sash.

Already that trouble which the lad had prophesied was stirring in St. Ann's. Father Tenau, that gentle pourer of oil on troubled waters, hurried forward, but another had arrived before him.

From the river's edge, where she had been idly casting stones to watch their circles on the quiet stream, a girl came running like a flash. The eyes that sparkled in her small face were black as Du Bois own.

She flew in between the men, and faced the newcomer, hands on slim hips, wrath in her piquant face.

"Bully!" she cried with fine scorn. "Coward! Because *le bon Dieu* made you big like the ox you think you can run over all others. *Non!* You cannot. I—even I—look you down—so—and bid you mind your own affairs. The hand of Cosan you shall not crush. I want that hand—I, Marcelle Morand—to work for me in the future. You shall not spoil my property!"

For a moment the man stopped, staring at her, then he threw back his huge head and laughed immoderately.

"Ah, *voilà!*" he cried, "ze little ruffle pa'tridge! She defy ze panther. *Non, mon enfant,* ze big cat eat ze foolish bird," and with one long stride he swooped forward, leaned down, caught the girl about the knees and flung her on his shoulder.

Her small feet beat wildly on his hip and her flailing hands were gathered in one of his as he strode away toward the post, still laughing. There was a movement in the group behind, led by Cosan with his knife. But Du Bois, as if warned by some seventh sense, turned sharply round, crouched—and waited, his eyes upon them. At the look, the attitude, they stopped dead. The priest, who had raised a protesting hand, dropped it.

All the Northland knew Du Bois, knew his temper and his strength. So Cosan and those with him stopped, to bide their time. And the laughing Hercules from the wilderness marched up the main way of Fort St. Ann's that keen spring day with another man's sweetheart under his arm, and bowed low before Jean McQuoid, the factor.

"What's this?" asked the factor sternly, trying not to smile.

"Merely a little pa'tridge, M'sieu, w'at fly in ze panther's face."

He set the girl on her feet, brushed down her ruffled finery, and bowed.

"We can excuse you now, Ma'amselle," he said pointedly, "I would speak with my frien', Monsieur le Facteur."

All the Northland knew Du Bois.

There was much to be known of him, for he had passed along its majestic reaches like a meteor. They knew of his prowess as a hunter, of the great stag moose he had followed for twenty days in snow time, bringing in its mighty head upon his shoulders, a feat for a superman. They knew of the panther he had killed with a club in open fight.

There was the man on Deer River whom he had all but killed, fighting over a woman. Du Bois took her—the other man's woman. It was an open theft. But, look you, when she lay dying a year later at Lake of the Woods, she blessed his name to Father Tenau who gave her consolation! Strange, was it not? However, there were those who said it was just as well she died, for Du Bois was beginning to tire of her. This he never heard—for none dared to tell him the gossip.

But Father Tenau knew that the bully had knelt by that lowly couch in the wilderness and wept like a child, her dying hand on his head. He knew also that he, the priest, passing that way the following autumn, had visited the unmarked grave for humanity's sake and had found on it a little jar with flowers drooping in it, set there by one who must have journeyed far to place them there. So what would you? Who was there to say he knew the heart of this man?

A FEW days Du Bois stayed at Fort St. Ann's, filling his canoe with stores and smoking many pipes with McQuoid, the factor. The latter had promised a dance in the long room at headquarters to celebrate the marriage of Cosan to his Marcelle. The thought of this tickled Du Bois.

It would be great fun, dancing at the ceremony of a man who hated him! It came near, however, being more, for with his characteristic high-handedness the trapper took big Elsa from the very arms of Pierre La Forge in the middle of the figure and finished it out with her himself. Pierre was a small man, light and sinewy, but the spirit of warlike forebears lived in him, and he waited only for the dance to be done before he launched himself in the bully's face like fury. It took Du Bois but a scant few minutes to punish him frightfully, to pick him up bodily and toss him away. But, as he straightened up with a laugh, he met Cosan's flaming eyes, and saw his fingers playing with a knife.

"How long, my frien's," cried Cosan, "are we goin' to be playthings of this fellow? How long?" At his electric cry, four youths, friends of his and Pierre, drew in behind him and faced Du Bois. Du Bois laughed again, and shrugged his massive shoulders.

"Eh?" he asked, "an' w'at you goin' to do to Du Bois?"

"Lick you, M'sieu!" said Cosan through closed teeth. "Lick you like hell!"

It is hardly possible to describe what followed. There were five, standing together against this man, and yet those who witnessed the fight say that never for a moment did they have the advantage. Like a tree in a storm he stood among them, his great black head tossing, his huge arms flailing like pistons, his broad back and slender hips working beautifully, his powerful legs spread wide to stop the onslaught. And he laughed continually. One by one he sent his assailants down, Cosan, white and furious, last, with a threat and a menace for the future. As he stood swaying above his fallen foes, hands on hips, there fell from the breast of his torn shirt a small bright object that shone amazingly for a second in the light from the big lamp hanging above. Cosan, rising, snatched it up.

Instantly Du Bois was upon him again. He caught the hand that held the bauble and bent it forward at the wrist—a powerful pressure. The helpless fingers loosened and let fall a curious locket, like nothing ever seen at Fort St. Ann, so rich in workmanship was it. As it fell it opened so that Cosan looked for a moment into the lovely face of a woman, framed in gold and diamonds.

Du Bois picked it up and put it back into his breast again. He faced the circle, wearied, panting, his unkempt head lowered.

"Some more?" he said thickly.

"Du Bois—is—glad to accommodate." As no one moved he flung back his shoulders, tossed the hair from his forehead and swung away down the floor.

Gray dawn found him on the beach, stepping into his canoe, bound once more for his beloved wilderness. But he was not to leave without a farewell word. For the old priest stood at the shingle's lip and held his hand at parting.

"Son," he said sadly, "selfishness and arrogance are earmarks of Satan. I would you had learned humility."

The bully looked at the man of God, and for a moment something flickered in his dark eyes. "Eh," he sighed, "who knows? Perhaps some day life, she is break Du Bois—bot zat ol' dame, she is have one time doing it." And he laughed gaily. The priest threw a little bundle into the laden craft.

"A book or two," he said, "and several pamphlets on scientific discoveries. They may interest you some lonely hour."

The trapper took the old man's hand once more. "Always the small kindness, Father," he said gravely. "None is so

Continued on page 10

HOW ANTOINE MADE GOOD

BY Fred E. Riker

"ANTIQUES in furniture, bric-a-brac and jewels. Art objects of all kinds. Enter."

Antoine Le Jeune paused in his loitering walk, gazing curiously at the gray old house which bore the sign. Certainly, the dwelling itself belonged to the antique past. No doubt in its best days, it had been the home of some noble aristocrat of the Old Regime. Its privacy then had been that of the fine French families, reticent, aloof, and outwardly a little grim. Like a reckless face from which all reserve had been cast off, the house now appeared. The wide doorway, capped by its gracefully curved and fan-mullioned arch, was set wide open, inviting ingress to the shop so boldly advertised. The solid shutters of the round-arched windows were flung back to aid in the display of fine mahogany, of second-rate French vases, and of much pewter and silverware. Above, on its high French forehead, dark tufts of dormer windows lay. A grilled iron balcony, like lateral wrinkles, ran across the mid-facade. Side galleries began upon the more retiring side-elevations and ran back, no doubt, to the far privacy of walled gardens.

But through the open doorway, Antoine had spied an inner court, a wide mass, as it seemed, of *crêpe-myrtles*, of oleanders, and of Josephine lilies rioting their color against the somber palm group of the center. The gaze of the idle young man, thus arrested, became fixed and definite. Yet it was not the oleander blossoms which filled his vision. For, framed against the wide entrance of the court-yard, Antoine had discovered, as he thought, a gem of a rare sort—not an antique, certainly.

A girl of not more than eighteen she was, who thus revealed herself as both treasure and guardian of the little shop. At the moment, she was just tilting the fine profile of ear and brow and chin to catch the mellow notes of the old cathedral bells, striking now the hour with their two hundred year-old tongues. For the cathedral Saint Louis, and its Spanish neighbor, the Cabildo, were just in sight across the thickly arborescences of the square.

Antoine, still gazing inward, was startled at a sudden flutter of soft-breasted doves that lighted on the shop's threshold, as if at the signal of the bells. Soft colors came and went like ripples of laughter across their iridescent backs and breasts as they picked their way forward.

The young man, at the sight, threw back his head and laughed gaily; then he, too, stepped within the precincts of the little shop.

The girl with the creamy French skin, the dangerous grey eyes and the intaglio head, heard his laugh above the soft patter of the doves. In a moment, she stood demurely before her customer, one hand thrust coquettishly into the tiny pocket of her black silk apron. Her eyes, iridescent like the grey of the doves wings, and the bow of her scarlet lips were the only touches of color about her person, but these were vivid and compelling enough.

"What will Monsieur have?" she asked, almost with repressed mockery. "Can I show him anything this very fine morning? The scenes are from the designs of Monsieur Watteau." For Antoine's eyes had fallen before hers and were now fastened upon some delicately colored and dimly gilded vases.

"But no, Ma'mselle. I have not the wish for such as that," Antoine found voice to answer, while the blood rushed into his dark-skinned face, and tingled to his well-browned finger-tips. "I but desire a leetle souvenir for my—my sweetheart—that is, my Angélique. The bijouterie, as it may be yonder. Ees it not that which the young maidens like? They are crazee about it, ees it not?" His eyes were bold now to meet hers squarely.

"Truly, M'sieu, the young ladies of the city, at least, have great liking for such. But you are from the country, the Têche parishes, perhaps. Your Angélique will like something a little modern, is it not? I have something very chic."

"But, Ma'mselle, I haf not said—"

"Ah, M'sieu, the Cajun accents, and sometimes the phrase. We in the city know how to discover that, even when one does not speak the patois. The good God sends us many from the country."

"But I am not the Cajun. You mees-take," objected Antoine. "I do not speak the patois, as you say. The grandmere was the Parisian French; and myself, I am full-blood Americaine," and he straightened his big body proudly.

"Ah, yes; the grandmere," flashed the girl in answer. "But one has too a grand-pere, is it not?"

Antoine laughed, showing his fine, even teeth.

"What counts it if he ees of the Têche? I tell you I am Americaine to the feenish. If I haf fought in France—just a bagatelle of the service—it has been as Americaine. I am of the Legion."



Soft breasted doves lighted on the shop's threshold.

The young shop-keeper, in spite of herself, looked at the claimant for American nationality with more respect, as Antoine went on:

"I HAVE the idea progressif. I leave now the canefields of the Têche and the swamps of cypress. The managaire of a plantation, in these days, he haf a dog's life, Ma'mselle. The curses they go to heem, but the profits to the owner. But, no, I leave all that. I find a bettaire job in the citee. The good God haf given me the talents—brains. It is up to me to use them, Ma'mselle." Antoine slapped his broad chest and his black eyes glowed.

"Yes, perhaps," returned the girl, not discourteously. "You have the talents; but the training, no. Your big arms and your fine brown color will not help you in the city, M'sieu. Here, they will not ask, 'Can you tell the young cotton from the sweet potato?' but 'Do you know the business ways? Can you hustle like the city?'"

Antoine's responsive laugh was mellow and quite stinging.

"I had to hustle in the army," he averred. "And I can learn the kind of the citee. And New Orleans ees not quite New York, Ma'mselle—Ma'mselle?"

With the simplicity of her race and class, she answered him.

"Babette—Babette Choiseul. But, yes, M'sieu is forgetting the needs of his sweetheart," and she opened a small safe with a certainty and ease of one who knew her business—a confidence which Antoine secretly coveted and admired. Nor was he oblivious of the little curls of dark hair tucked about the small ears, nor of the white nape of neck above the low collar of Babette's dark dress. His glance took in, too, many of the details of the crowded room, whose confusion was surely not disorder.

"Y u—you do not keep the shop alone?" he asked suddenly.

"But, yes," responded the young woman with a naivete which matched his own. "You see mon pere is old and *paralyse*. Madame la mere is much occupied with him and with the affairs of the menage—*beaucoup d'affaires*, as is your French from Paris." A smile twinkled around the rosy corner of her mouth, which was then all he could see of that delightful feature—"Ah the pere had such fine taste in the antiques and the *objets*

d'art. He could hunt down the things valuable like no one else. All the people of great taste—the connoisseurs—they knew it."

"And now?" queried Antoine as Babette drew out the dingy jewel cases she had been seeking, and placed them before him on the small counter.

"Ah now,"—For the first time, Babette grew a little embarrassed, "now I do the best I can, M'sieu. Without doubt, one may sometimes be cheated; and then one cheats another; but not by the heart, M'sieu."

"No, no," agreed Antoine.

"And for the jewels," went on the young connoisseur, "the curator of the Cabildo museum has appraised them all. He says they are the true, and calls me a

"I will take the opal, Ma'mselle," declared Antoine, in the tone of final conviction, his hand already pulling his purse from his pocket.

"It costs much," the girl asserted, her eyes appraising the bulk of Antoine's green leather wallet,—*"a fortune in francs; but twenty-five dollars American."*

"A bagatelle," responded Antoine coolly, counting five crisp notes into her slender hand. Then, as he tucked away the flattened pouch rather hurriedly, "The plantation managaire does not come to the citee like a plucked pullet, Ma'mselle."

"But no. If it is a dog's life, the dog has then made off with his bone, M'sieu?" queried Babette mischievously. "And is that all today, M'sieu?"

"All today, Ma'mselle. Some day, I will look the more at your stock. Now, I haf a grand hunger. The coffee in the French market was indeed good some hours ago. (Bah! What a chattering there was, like magpies all about!) But now the pains of hunger call for *dejeuner a la fourchette*. I haf bespoke for two places at Begues—as one still calls it. For to eat alone is to feed like the brutes. I haf not ask anybody. Will you accept one place with me, Ma'mselle, in lieu of my Angélique, and because you haf choose her opal?"

"Oh!" cried Babette, flushing to a deep rose, "Ciel! Do I go out with a man, a stranger, though he has a Têche sweetheart? These may be Cajun manners, M'sieu; but for me, you must breakfast alone—or with another. Au revoir, M'sieu," and slapping the jewel cases into the mysterious safe, Babette fled to some inner sanctuary, leaving the French ceramics and the old silver quite at the mercy of her customer.

BUT the next day, a still serene Antoine came again to the little shop. No Babette was within the open door. Instead, a lad of perhaps fifteen, whose eyes had something of the shining trick of his sister's, stood up, bowing politely.

"What does Monsieur wish?" he asked in courteous tones that had a laughable falsetto break in them.

"I am a stranger in the citee," responded Antoine boldly. "I should like a peep at the court-yard yonder. One hears that few such are now in the citee; and certes we haf not any like them in the Têche parishes." For the quick-witted Antoine had caught a glimpse of a white-robed girlish figure in the blossom-laden shadows of the court-yard.

The young Alphonse, with a grave courtesy which sat funnily upon his hobble-dehoy state, ushered the stranger into the paved inner court, where Babette sat on a thread-bare rug laid on the brick pavement. Thick foliage of fig-vines, mingling from many ancient stalks, made a fine back-ground for the white figure among the tawny reds of the patterned pavement and the brown flower-pots splashed with green mould. In the girl's lap, and on her arms, were soft-breasted pigeons, the same, perhaps, that were formerly wont to haunt the dilapidated Hotel Saint Louis.

Opposite Babette, amid the oleanders and the *crêpe-myrtles*, an old man rested lifelessly in a wheeled chair. His face, white-moustached, and bearded with an Imperial, was one of fine distinction. Every muscle of the face, however, had grown flabby with ill-health, the eyes were receding and humid, and the vacuity of the feature told a sad tale of senile weakness.

"Bon jour, M'sieu. What can I do for you?" The old man muttered it vaguely, as from long habit, then relaxed into his former semi-torpor.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Americaine!" cried Babette. "How was yesterday the *dejeuner* at Begues? And who was the camarade?"

Secure in her own court, she had evidently quite forgiven Antoine's blunder.

The intruder made a grimace. "I was alone, Ma'mselle, though I tried to make the breakfast for the two. It was dull work. Monsieur whistled for the courses, and the garçons brought all the dishes in at one time, with a grand flourish. There were many changes, and each course was made of many viands. It was not like the simple cooking of the Têche country."

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A CANADIAN ALPINE CAMP

By M. D. Geddes

THE Fifteenth Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada was held at Mount Assiniboine, on the Main range of the Canadian Rockies, rather more than forty miles by trail south of Banff, the far-famed tourist resort, although only 20 miles as the crow flies.

Seventeen years ago a small group of enthusiastic Alpinists founded this club, the objects being: (1) The promotion of scientific study and exploration of Canadian Alpine and glacial regions; (2) The cultivation of art in relation to mountain scenery; (3) The education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; (4) The encouragement of mountain craft and the opening up of new regions as a national playground; (5) The preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain places and of the fauna and flora in their habitat; (6) The interchange of ideas with other Alpine organizations.

By virtue of its constitution, the Alpine Club is a national trust for the defence of our mountain solitudes against all the vandalism of this luxurious, utilitarian age, for the keeping free from the grind of commerce, so far as is expedient, the wooded passes, valleys and Alplands of our priceless mountain areas.

The executive are naturally most strongly opposed to any form of "funicular" or cog-wheel railways such as those of Rigi or Pike's Peak. They rightly feel that the mountains should be allowed to stand in their natural rugged grandeur as towers of inspiration to all sturdy ambitious climbers. The inspiration which these mighty snow-capped peaks instil almost overwhelms one as he gazes on their

"Stainless ramps—
Ranged in white ranks
against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—
whose uplands vast
And lifted universe of
crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green
slope and icy horn,
Led climbing thought
higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in
gods."

Any person of latent intellectual or moral fibre who comes to close grips with the waiting, challenging mountain, and puts one summit after another under the soles of his or her feet, has gained immensely in the Spartan virtues. Such a person realizes the unexcelled possibilities of our immense mountain fastnesses.

Mountaineering an International Sport

MOUNTAINEERING is an international sport of a very high order. It requires courage and stamina and adds both in full measure to those who follow it as a pastime. There is a bigness and inspiration in the very atmosphere which is stimulating and invigorating. The desire to conquer some peak almost impregnable gives strength, poise, health, and when one really succeeds there is an added confidence that is very satisfying. It is a well-known fact that he or she who climbs to some skyey height and stands face to face with Infinitude has learned some things that cannot be told, because to most of us they are unspeakable. It is given to a very rare few to be able to give expression to such experiences.

when he said, "Which fools call Nature, and I call God."

The splendid club-house which nestles amongst the evergreens at the base of Sulphur Mountain, Banff, is headquarters of the Alpine Club, and made an ideal starting point. Owing to the late spring, combined with the unusually heavy snow-fall in the mountains the previous winter, the opening date at the last moment had to be postponed a week, as it was found impossible to get over one of the passes. This congested accommodation at headquarters, where arrangements had been made for sixty, so, naturally, as soon as possible a limited number were allowed to make the first lap of the trip to Sunshine Camp, some 18 miles from Banff. The

memory a picture that would charm the eye of the most exacting artist.

A halt was called for lunch by the side of Healey Creek, a swift-flowing mountain stream, and after partaking of the good things provided by the camp cook, we again headed for Sunshine Camp, the Mecca of our first day's march. After a short climb we came in full view of Hole-in-the-Wall Mountain. This most unique mountain was named by Sir Geo. Simpson, after whom the Simpson Pass is named. A great flanking buttress of rock is pierced, a considerable distance from its summit, by a large orifice, directly through the mountain, and the blue sky could be distinctly seen on the other side. Truly it was a wonderful sight. Again we

recrossed the "backbone of the continent" several times, and naturally, owing to the elevation, there was scarcely any timber except in the deeper valleys. Some of our party having provided themselves with lunches, selected a delightful spot, by the edge of a sparkling streamlet under the frowning ramparts of an imposing natural fortification, fully 2,000 feet in height, as an ideal place for resting while they strengthened the inner man for the balance of the day's journey.

In full view on three sides—

"Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity; where forms and fells
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit yet appals
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain
man below."

Near at hand was a tiny oval-shaped pond which had been christened "The Bears' Bath Tub," owing to the number of bear tracks leading into and out of it. Although there were evidently quite a few bears around, so far as the writer knows only one bear and two cubs were seen by any members during the entire camp.

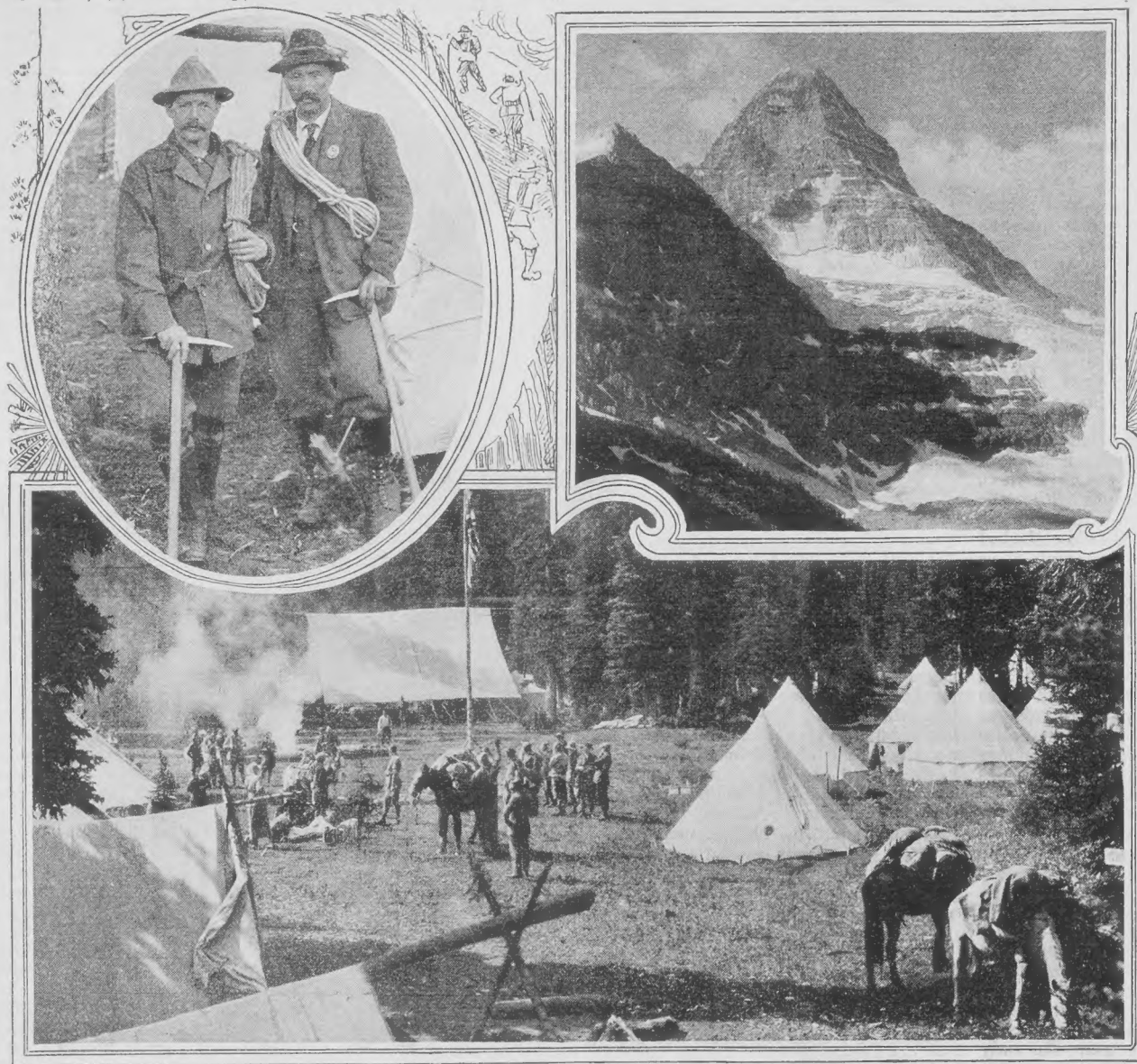
These fortunate ones had a splendid opportunity of watching the cubs wrestling and slapping each other in their playful way for some fifteen minutes before the mother bear got wind of her inquisitive human neighbors, then they immediately scampered into the woods. Deer, mountain sheep and mountain goats were seen, however, on numerous occasions.

Those of us who had disdained taking lunches reluctantly turned our faces trailward, slowly plodding forward to the summit of Citadel Pass, a few miles ahead, and then, with the noonday sun blazing upon us, went down an awful switchback, 2,500 ft., into Golden Valley Camp for lunch.

The Valley of Desolation

BRIGHT and early the next morning, the entire party headed up the Simpson Valley on the last lap of the journey. Here is wild confusion. An earthquake disturbance has filled in the whole floor of the valley with rockfalls from surrounding peaks. One part is so wild and broken that it has been named "The Valley of the Rocks"—truly the "Abomination of Desolation." After a few miles upward climb, the latter part of the valley being exceedingly picturesque, you emerge on the open grassy uplands, beautifully dotted with groves of trees surrounding the Assiniboine group—a veritable Arcadia, distinctly in contrast to the rocky wilderness of Simpson Valley. Here in a cup-like basin lies Og Lake, a tranquil sheet of sun-lit water, where mirrored mountains met our enraptured gaze. Behind us lay the long winding valley, and looking upward we viewed the deep azure sky, spangled with fleecy changeable clouds: truly all the elements of the glorious scene were in perfect harmony, making a picture fit for the gods. Close to the sandy border of one of the bays of this enchanting miniature lake is a beautiful grove, and

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Upper left—Our Swiss guides Ernest Feuz at left, and Rudolf Aemmer at the right. taken from our camping grounds. The mountain to the left is Magog.

Upper right—Mount Assiniboine, Below—A former camp site.

first seven miles were quickly covered by motor launch up the winding Bow River, and then the walking tour began in earnest. Ponies were provided for those who wished them, but with few exceptions the 160 who attended, walked the entire distance both ways. The trail was naturally very rough, but most of the members being true lovers of the big outdoors were quite able to overcome all such obstacles.

Scenery Grand Beyond Description

THE scenery was grand beyond description. In places it was densely wooded, with here and there vistas of mountains, high, stern and snow-capped, standing almost perpendicular, adding solemnity and majestic grandeur to the scene. Then, jutting in various directions were deep valleys with shady nooks, bubbling springs, and tiny streamlets clear and cool. Oh, how we enjoyed these restful spots after strenuous uphill work in the blistering July sun! And linked with them was the quivering, soothing music of rippling waters. Then the beautiful varied tints of green foliage against the background of grey mountains with white-capped peaks added a glory to the scene, indelibly stamping upon the

trudged onward, at every turn a new view, and shortly before 7 p.m., as we topped a stiff climb, Sunshine Camp burst on our view, and from every throat of our tired party, consisting of twenty-two, exclamations of delight spontaneously burst forth.

Crossing the Great Divide

NEXT morning we crossed wide, open Alplands along the Great Divide. The elevation here was from 7,000 to 7,500 feet, and although it was late July, spring flowers were in full bloom. It was no uncommon sight to see bunches of beautiful crocuses within a few feet of the melting snow. This was the place that had delayed the opening of the camp for a week, as some 10 days before the snow lay four and five feet deep on many parts of this wide, upland area. There were numerous beautifully-wooded valleys where little rushing streams were doing their best to keep pace with Old Sol's rapid work. The weather was extremely hot, so that by the time we returned, two weeks later, most of these little mountain streams were dry. On this wide, undulating Alp, green and flower-strewn, and bearing many pretty lakelets in its sheltered hollows, we crossed and



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The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

More perhaps than you realize! Consider the health-value of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. They not only *look* clean but they *are* clean through and through.

Because—the clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons, body oils and perspiration in the clothes are taken out. The naptha having done its work, vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt. The clothes are thoroughly purified. They are sanitary—with that sweet, wholesome, clean-clothes smell.

Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with this perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today! Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



How to Overcome Constipation Without Laxatives

Why doctors advise internal lubrication

IN THE OPINION of leading medical authorities, an almost incalculable amount of injury is done by the continued use of laxatives and cathartics.

These intestinal irritants, says one distinguished physician, provide temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury. It is the common opinion among medical authorities that laxatives and cathartics are an ineffective, even dangerous, method of treating constipation. Not only are these drugs found to be a means of prolonging and aggravating constipation, but they frequently start a habit which leads to many troublesome disorders.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way to overcome constipation. After years of study there has been found in lubrication a means as simple as Nature itself.

LUBRICATION

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. Moreover, by preventing straining, Nujol not only soothes the suffering of hemorrhoids (piles), but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them. Nujol is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation and resulting ailments.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to overcome constipation, and free themselves from laxatives and cathartics, thereby wonderfully increasing their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. For sale by all druggists.

For Constipation
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A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Mistol, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

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Mail coupon for 24-page booklet, "DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION"—How auto-intoxication undermines health and shortens life—to Nujol, Room 877S, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Name.....
Address.....

HOW ANTOINE MADE GOOD—Continued from page 5

Many gallants were there with their ladies, and there was mooch jesting and laughter. Some sitting at the long table broke into song, or offaired the toasts. But it was all verry mooch bore to one who was alone.

Babbette did not answer directly. Instead, she picked up the greedy bird who had eaten most of the corn she had been scattering, and stroked its soft plumage with her soft fingers. "Ah, the greediness is not pretty in birds nor in gallants," she remarked; then, more directly; "But do you wonder that today I have the time to play with my doves?"

"Yes, I wonder verry mooch," responded Antoine quickly.

"Voila then my weekly holiday!—when Madam la mere and the *petit* Alphonse do duty in my place, and I for once look after the menage and mon pere. It is our exchange, M'sieu."

"But do you not go out on your holiday?" asked Antoine quickly. "It is not a fete to stay always within, Ma'mselle." He looked toward the senile invalid almost with repulsion.

"But, yes, I go when my duties are done, M'sieu, and if the mother can spare the few minutes for the further remedies and the wheeling of the chair."

"Then you will go with me?" queried Antoine impulsively, compellingly. "You see I haf now the introductions all right—from the pere of the parish and le maire. They are verry good."

THEY were crossing the Cathedral square toward the Pirate's lane, as Babbette asked the question. It was Antoine, the stranger in the city who had suggested the lane. It was cool and shadowed between the high buildings, and yet public enough, as the good God knew.

"Oh, yes," responded Antoine blandly to Babbette's question. "Meestaire Cook, who conducts the travels, he sends out what you call a car rubbaire-neck. He will take me as one guide and conductaire. I explain the citee."

"You?" gasped Babbette. "But you do not know the city. You are just arrived from the plantations."

"But yes, Ma'mselle, I have before been in the citee—several times. And there is a little story to tell; and I can say it verry pat already. I can tell you, Ma'mselle, all about the pirates of Lafitte, and their hiding-places. I tell about the old Hotel Saint Louis, too. The automobile I do not drive; but I speak the piece wherever we go. At your house, I could say, 'One of the verry few old French court-yards'—only I would not haf the rude people to rubbaire at Ma'mselle Babbette. If the strangers ask too mooch questions, I can point with vagueness, is it not? The people can always see what they wish to see, Ma'mselle."



Soon, Meestaire Cook will gif me, Antoine Le Jeune, a par-tee to conduct to the West Indies, or maybe to France. Oh yes, I haf the talents. I will make good," finished Antoine modestly.

The two wandered for some time among the shops. To Babbette, who had the eye and the touch of the connoisseur, it was a real delight to be among the shimmering laces and the filmy silks. As for Antoine, well, perhaps he found his satisfaction in another way.

You will have such great kindness to help me choose a shawl for my Angelique. She es so slenderlike you, and a shawl will mooch become her."

"But the shawls are not the mode, M'sieu. That Têche country, it is still barbarous if the shawls are still worn there. But a scarf—"

"But yes, a scarf," corrected Antoine. "Will you do me the great favor to choose it, Ma'mselle?"

"You have but to match her eyes, M'sieu; then it is simple. Are they blue, or grey, or green? Or are they of the brown that has in it the golden?"

"They favor the clear pearl-gray of the morning dawn, Ma'mselle; and they favor the grey of the somber clouds before the storm. I think they are only matched in Heaven, Ma'mselle."

"Then Heaven help you!" exclaimed Babbette. But as she spoke, she rose carefully, gently withdrawing herself from her feathered friends. For she was really going with this odd human one. The lowly are not suspicious; and how absurd to refuse a walk among the shops in the early afternoon, and when one is to do a kindness!

"But have you yet your position, M'sieu?—the one that is to be more profitable than the plantation?"

At last, a gauzy sheeny scarf, not too vivid, nor too colorless, was chosen, and the big young man escorted his confidential advisor decorously homeward, his precious purchase tucked safely under his arm.

It was but the beginning of many such expeditions; until at length it became a habit that Babbette's holiday was to be shared with Antoine. Of course it may be that the good mother or her friends, had actually looked into Antoine's excellent introductions and the references that had been lent with Meestaire Cook. It may be, however, that the simple folk of the Rue Nobile accepted him without that.

The old French town was the favorite wandering-place of these young people; and it was within this section's limits that they went looking for a house which would suit the former's sweetheart. Antoine was determined that this home should have gardens and galleries, and that there should be round arches over the doorways and windows, and of course there would be a low gable and dormers in the roof. It was all extremely interesting, as was the choosing of the furniture, which of course was not to be bought quite yet.

HOW ANTOINE MADE GOOD—Continued from page 8

Babbette was as happy in it all as was Antoine, until it came close to Christmas time. Then Antoine went away to the Têche country, no doubt bearing his sheaves of treasures for his sweetheart.

The December rains came on. There were no oleanders nor magnolias. Only the live-oaks kept their sturdy green. But even these, the Spanish moss seemed to wrap closer with a cloud of somber grey. Life in the Rue Nobile seemed grown rather dull and dreary.

On the *Jour de l'An*, Antoine returned to make his formal call on all the household at the shop of antiques. He looked very large, very gay, very bright-eyed in the dull coloring of the little shop and court.

Babbette wore, as always, a dark dress; but her collar today was of old Cluny lace, and her cheeks glowed almost as her lips.

"You must take back the opal pin, Babbette," Antoine said, apropos of nothing spoken. "It was too unlucky for the Têche country. You must wear it. It will look fine in your so fine collar. Take it this fete day, as a souvenir of all your many kindnesses, and, if it please you, as a compliment to me. Now, I am promoted to the office of Meestaire Cook. I make the plans—the routes for the travellers. I am veray careful. Ah, in the travel, if one gets off the track, there ees always some way possible for the return. That consoles for my blunders. *Tres bien*, Meestaire Cook, do I not gif all the days to your routes and your itineraires?"

Babbette tossed her head, making the fine-spun little ringlets that took the liberty to stray about her ears and forehead to dance wantonly.

"I cannot take the pin for myself, M'sieu; but, later, we will exchange it for whatever your Angelique shall choose. And when you want the house—and that will be *toute-de-suite*, perhaps?—that should be her choice, too."

"No, no!" cried Antoine. "A house ees not unlucky, like an opal. And what would a Têche maiden know of the *apanages* of the citee? She would be what you call flabbergast, Ma'mselle."

He laughed joyously. Indeed, he was very gay throughout the visit, jesting merrily with plump and piquant Madame Choiseul, and even with the still courtly old man whose senile laughter made grimaces in his flabby cheeks and queer cacklings in his dry old throat.



In the girl's lap and on her arms were soft-breasted pigeons.

But, after all, on the next holiday, Antoine and Babbette set out seriously to seek that cottage which was to be the shrine of a new-made wife and the nest of a new family.

At length, the very thing was found in a clean street running off from the old quarter, where a strip of withered grass that would soon be green, ran like a carpet under the arching branches of leafless China trees. The little house had a tiny gable peeping above its box-like facade, two tiny dormer windows in its attic, and the most retired of galleries overhanging the prettiest of side gardens. Once within the house, Antoine, to the

amazement of the caretaker, flung wide the wooden shutters to such gleams of sunshine as the wintry day afforded.

After every nook had been visited, the two lingered in the little parlor while the slow-fumbling concierge jangled her keys into the locks of every room and cupboard.

"Do you like it then, Babbette? Does it quite suit you?" Antoine asked. "Do you then advise me to take it?" he persisted in his companion's silence.

"What a folly!" cried Babbette with sudden scorn. "In such a matter as this I can not really choose for you—your Angelique. If she has a bagatelle of sense, she will wish to choose for herself. Ah, I know that she hates everything of which I have made choice!—that brooch, the scarf, the other things; does she wear them?"

"But I assure you! They haf quite pleased her. She could not have liked them better had the choosing been her own. Babbette, you must not fail me now. You must not, m' amie; for I wish to marry veray soon."

"And what imports that to me?" flashed Babbette again. "I have been a little fool to serve you with your sweetheart. Now you will cast me off, Monsieur Le Jeune, you and your madame, the Têche maiden." She sank into a chair, her chin laid on her hands which were grasping the uprights. Her glance meeting Antoine's was one of complete defiance.

Then suddenly her chin quivered. Her blazing eyes welled with tears, and her slight frame quivered uncontrollably.

ANTOINE, careless of the old woman still muttering and jingling in the passages, flung himself to his knees beside Babbette and clasped the girl to his fast-beating heart.

"Babbette! Babbette!" he cried. "How are you silly! Have you nevaire guessed who was my sweetheart, nevaire, nevaire at all? Did I evaire tell you she was from the Têche country? That was your error, Ma'mselle, that you long ago, I thought, would haf made correct. It is only you that I haf loved, from the first day I saw you, while you listened to the bells Saint Louis. That was why I bought the brooch, Babbette. And your brooch was veray dear; but cheap too, at the price. It was as good excuse as another for the talk with you."

"But Angelique?" queried the girl, but with shining eyes drooping under the gaze that was a lover's.

"Pouf!" responded Antoine. "Were not you my *angelique* one, my sweetheart, to whom I could not speak but after the business? That bagatelle of romance and the bijouterie, it was these that gave me entree, Ma'mselle. I had not the wish to deceive you. I tried veray hard, after that, that you should take a hint. I was not so brave before your eyes to speak the truth just yet. However, that brooch and the scarf, they nevaire saw the Têche country."

"Oh," murmured Babbette; but she did not struggle in the arms which still clasped her.

"Can you not find it in your heart to forgif me, my true sweetheart? I haf not the wish to deceive you, but it must be that you know me a leetle bettaire before I offaie myself. I must, too, haf the posection. I must make good. You haf doubted if I could do that. Ah, Babbette, if you please I am half Cajun, though I do not speak the patois; but I haf a beeg heart and mooch talents. I throw them all under your feet, my Desire-of-heart. Tell me if you like the house, and the one who buys? 'Yes' is an easy word—but it has joy profound for him who waits to hear. Can you speak it, my Babbette?"

"Yes," almost whispered Babbette, laying a small hand carelessly on Antoine's dark curls. "I think it—they—suit me to a 'T,' as you, *mon Americaine*, would say."

"We will get a clerk for the store," observed Antoine presently. "*Madame la Mere* will then be quite free to devote herself to *le Pere*; and you shall still choose the fine antiques. You haf a taste excellent at the choice, Ma'mselle."

Babbette smiled, blushing entrancingly as she answered,

"Truly! For have I not chosen you, M'sieu?"



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THE BULLY OF ST. ANN'S—Continued from page 4

bad zat you do not love him. An' all the wilderness is love you in return, Adieu."

Two days later at dusk Du Bois shot his canoe up on a lonely point and strode eagerly forward to the cabin which sat at the forest's edge.

"M'sieu," he called, "it is only me—your frien'. Come hout."

At the farther wall a door opened a crack and a pale young face looked out fearfully, cautiously, as if to make sure by sight as well as by hearing that this was indeed Du Bois and none other. Then a slip of a boy stepped into the outer room. He seemed scarce twenty years old, and he had great, scared eyes of deepest blue. His thin hands moved restlessly. He came impetuously forward and laid his fingers on the other's arm.

"I've missed you, Du Bois," he said tensely. "God, how I've missed you! I couldn't have stood it another day. And to think if you had not found me and brought me here I would be rotting there now—I would have committed suicide I know."

"Non," cried the trapper sharply, "you would have foun' yourself instead. The soul, M'sieu, she is built of better stuff."

With the joy of perfect health he set about preparing a meal. At table he told the lad in detail about his trip, gripping his knife in his huge hand and leaning far over in his earnestness.

"Zat post St. Ann, she is one awful place. I go no more. Is no welcome for real man. An', M'sieu," as he finished the story of the fight, "I come mighty near losing these locket w'ich you give me for safe-keeping. Those precious t'ing! I one fine frien' to lose zat, eh?"

"Don't lose it Du Bois, ever," said, the boy. "My mother had it made for me, and one like it for Mora. Because we're twins, you know, and she is—she is—" He gulped and swallowed, and the big blue eyes fixed on Du Bois' face clouded slowly with a mist of tears. The bully rose, lifted the lad to his feet and, putting his great arms about him, patted his shoulder as gently as a woman would.

"She is all t'ings sweet an' good zat ever lived in zis ol' worl', M'sieu," he said, "an', for her sweet sake, Du Bois, who have never looked on her livin' face, would die with the laugh, jus' to save a scratch from the so small finger of her."

It awed Du Bois—this miracle, that he, light o' love that he was, should be humbled in the dust of abasement by this woman's pictured face. For two months now he had studied it in firelight and at dawn, at noon and night, and over the wonder of its beauty and innocence had bowed down his heart in worship. He opened it now and looked at it in its glittering case. "She is good, M'sieu," he said, "pure as lily w'at bloom in shade."

"And she believes in me," sobbed the boy, "she won't admit I'm all bad."

Du Bois shook his great head. "For sure! You are not bad at all, M'sieu, only ver' young, an' youth she do wild t'ings."

The lad clenched his hands. "If I only knew, Du Bois," he muttered. "For God's sake, why can't I remember?"

"I know I liked Van Blunt—had been at his apartment many times before. He was fine—kind, courteous, and very, very wealthy. All the fellows liked him. That night we had played and drunk a lot. There were about nine of us there. Kennet, Carson, Hargrave, myself and some others. We broke up late—I remember taking my hat and coat from Van Blunt's man who was waiting to go home then. All of a sudden a table seemed rising to meet me and—and I didn't know anything more until—" he stopped and shuddered, then went on as if he must tell it all, "until I waked in the gray dusk of dawn and saw—saw Van Blunt lying close to me dead as a stone—with a knife in his white shirt front. The room was in disorder. The little wall safe was open. And the strangest thing of all, Du Bois" (Du Bois was nodding in absorbed attention as if he were hearing the story for the first time), "the oddest thing was that my locket, which I always carried in a breast pocket, was lying open—on my own shirt front—just as if someone had looked at the picture inside and then put it there. I was sober enough by that time, God knows, and I began to crawl out of that apartment. I got out of the

building and out of the city. Yes, and finally out of the country. And finally I got here—in your cabin—a branded man—a man who doesn't know whether he is a murderer or not."

The speaker knocked his thin fists together, and bowed his brown head over them. Once more Du Bois, the trapper, laid his broad hand on the slender shoulder with infinite compassion.

"So, so," he said simply, "we all sin, M'sieu, an' we mus' all sorrow. But zat great God, He is see in ze heart, an' ze good priest is assure me zat sin, sorrowed for, He is forgive."

The next day Du Bois set about mending his snow-shoes in preparation for the coming winter, looking over his traps, making new stretchers for skins. He tried to interest the boy in these homely tasks, but could not, so he bethought him of the books which Father Tenau had given him and unrolled the packet.

"See, M'sieu," he bragged, "I am of the inquiring mind—I would know of the outside world. You, too, perhaps?" But the other shook his head. Idly the trapper ruffled through the package. Among the rest he came across a pamphlet whose strange illustrations intrigued him.

"Ah," he said, "ze thumb mark! Zat's fonny—all zese small tracks ronin' roun' lak fox w'at t'ink she's trick ze hunter. Mebbe lak June bug w'at go crazy, eh, M'sieu?"

The boy, sitting on the rude bunk, shook his head and refused to look at the pictures. Du Bois, however, was all interest and laid aside his traps to play with the new idea. From the mantel he took his precious bottle of ink, and, dipping his great thumb in the liquid, made his mark all over the margin. He hunted in a can, and brought forth a dilapidated magnifying glass and studied it reverently.

"Zat's won'erful t'ing, M'sieu," he said presently. "Man—he is jus' lak bear—mak' his mark, an' all the world is know him forever after. Won'erful!"



Du Bois

But the boy only shrugged his shoulders and yawned wearily through the day. Du Bois, fascinated by this new study and his daily adoration at the shrine of the locket, was always busy.

Old Dame Fate was busy too, as she has a way of being when people have most thoroughly forgotten her.

TO the great gate of Fort St. Ann there came, one sweet spring day, a small cortege. That they had come far and were strangers to the land was very evident. The party consisted of an old man, evidently in failing health but with eyes bright with some consuming flame of the spirit, and a girl with deep blue eyes and of a great loveliness, who seemed, despite her long journey, still eager and unwearied. The rest of the party consisted of a man of middle age, handsome, courtly, with fine manners and a quiet tongue, a guide and several voyagers who manned the two canoes which served them. They were all anxious to rest for a few days at Fort St. Ann.

McQuoid gave them welcome, and set aside a cabin for their use. He looked with amazed eyes upon the girl's lovely face. It was not often that the lonely reaches of the Qu'Appelle could boast such beauty.

It was little Marcelle, bold as usual, who approached the divinity first and made friends. And Marcelle found her

THE BULLY OF ST. ANN'S,—Continued from page 10

very sweet and frank, and anxious to make friends in turn.

The little new wife was all sparkle and delight when she told Cosan of her so kind gentleness, and she could tell him, too, why there was that ever-present sadness in her blue eyes.

"For that she is seek her brothaire, Cosan," she said, "who has long been lost from their hearts—an' le pere he is fail an' fail, onlee to see the face of his son before he dies. La, the pauvre dears! She is carry his face always against her breast in fine locket, set thick with flashing stone."

"Eh?" said Cosan, alert on the instant, "w'at's dat you say, Marcelle?"

"Locket—fine locket, in which Ma'amselle Mora, she is carry her brothaire's picture."

So it was Marcelle, who felt only admiration for the stranger with the deep blue eyes, who brought about the workings of Fate, for Cosan, the vindictive, recalled at once the flashing bauble which had fallen from the garments of Artine Du Bois that night of the battle on the dance floor.

So it was that when, on the morning set for the departure of the small cortege on its vague quest up the Qu'Appelle, that meddlesome old woman, Fate, sent into Fort St. Ann another traveller, to whom Cosan went at once and with whom he held secret speech. It was Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Northwest Mounted, whom Cosan had served many times before.

As a direct result of this conference, the little party, intent only on its own affairs, was burdened at the start with company it least desired in all the world—an officer of the law. An officer, armed with all Cosan knew of the two lockets and the pitiful quest. And also armed with all the Service knew concerning the murder of Van Blunt in New York a year ago.

"My Lord!" said Rodney Blake,

for this was such a man as she never in her life saw before, a glowing god of a man, with tossing hair and red cheeks, with magnificent muscles showing beneath his rough garments.

With the simple directness of those meeting in lonely places, they accounted for their presence at the river's lip, and in a few minutes Du Bois had heard enough to send him back to his cabin and tell the boy there what he had just heard and whom he had met. Like a wild thing the lad would have flung himself outdoors to see his own. He tore at the iron grip in which Du Bois held him.

"Not yet, M'sieu," he begged earnestly, thinking of the thumb marks and the discovery, "there is much here to be unravel'—to be onderstan'. Trust Du Bois and wait."

The trapper visited the camp below the river's bend. He saw with quick eyes the tragic situation—the father, strung to breaking with fear and longing; the girl, strong in her courageous love; the man who loved her, and the stranger who was unwelcome because of the uniform he wore. He knew that first day that here was tragedy, only biding its time. He hated the lieutenant. And for Hargrave he felt a sudden swift antipathy, as if a snake had rustled unseen at his feet.

But over everything was the glamour of the adoration which had held him ever since he first saw the face of the locket. Now it was before him in the flesh—and Du Bois, famous for his loves, had met Love for the first time in his life.

Day by day he met the girl, for Mora, unconscious as a child, looked eagerly for his coming. Always the two looked into each other's eyes, the blue orbs and the black, wondering, absorbed, innocent, and did not guess that the ancient miracle was beginning to work. Time between them was if it had not been. A day—or a year—what mattered it when heart spoke to heart?

But, if these two lost sight for a few magic moments of the deep thread of the situation, there were those who did not—the lieutenant, who watched Du Bois like a hawk, and Hargrave, who watched everybody. Alas, for high resolves and roseate dreams! While the simple man of the forest knelt in his cabin loft and promised the impossible to quiet the boy's terror—promised nothing less than that, on the honor of Artine Du Bois, all should yet come right—Hargrave sat at the camp on the river, and told a tale of gossip he had heard at Fort St. Ann.

"And so," he finished smilingly, "it would seem our friend of the woods and river is somewhat notorious among women. It was as well the stolen woman died, for they say he was beginning to tire of her anyway."

Mora Blake arose and entered her tent very quietly, but there was a great and terrible sickness inside her, and all the new world of forest and stream had become desolate and hateful to her.

When Du Bois came to the camp that day she did not appear. Never again would she look into his eyes, she told herself—he was nothing but a trader in emotion, a thief, a profligate. With whirlwind decision she told her party that they would get ready to press on—lieutenant or no lieutenant—now that the canoe was ready.

With early day the little group was ready, its canoes waiting. They bade farewell to Lieutenant Cameron at the river's lip, for the man of the Mounted was to stay behind.

But, as they rounded the bend and saw the cabin of the trapper set against its wall of green, Rodney Blake wanted to stop and thank the man who had added so greatly to their comfort.

Du Bois stood in his door, a pipe between his teeth, his great figure alert, his black hair sparkling from his morning plunge in the waters of the Qu'Appelle. The end of the world seemed upon him as he watched them come, for he knew that they were going on, that the woman of the locket would soon be again merely the woman of the locket—and what about the boy beneath the eaves?

"Holy Mary," he prayed silently as Blake, Mora and Hargrave disembarked and came slowly up the shingle, "Hol' him steady. Don't let him betray hisself," for

Continued on page 12



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Mora

twisting his thin hands together, "what jest of Fate is this, Hargrave? What shall we do?"

But it was the girl who answered.

"Let us go ahead," she said, "and trust in God. There was never a murderer of Blake blood yet. I'll stake my soul on Roger."

In the meantime, Du Bois, at his lonely cabin, had made a great discovery with the help of his old magnifying glass, the precious locket, and the ever entrancing game of the thumb marks. It was discovery which set him watching the lad with new and eager eyes, which sent him stealthily to the other's bedside at night to get a print of his thumb.

Then, on a golden morning, when all the wilderness was one vast sparkle of dew and sunlight, when bird-calls enhanced the silence of the forest, and the soft voice of the river called him, he came upon his destiny—for swinging along the pebbly shore he met suddenly a girl in the smart garments of another world—a girl who stood and looked at him with fearless blue eyes that stopped the careless song on his lips—for they were the eyes of the locket!

"Nom de Dieu!" he whispered soundlessly, "Ma'amselle Mora—his sistaire!"

The old cap came from his black head and the natural grace of his manners was enhanced a thousandfold by the humility that softened his whole demeanor.

She stopped on the trail and stared,



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THE BULLY OF ST. ANN'S—Continued from page 11

he felt sure as death, that there was danger in this man Hargrave—vague danger, but real, with Lieutenant Cameron a stone's throw away.

"Ma'amselle," he started, stopped, swallowed, and went on again, "Ma'amselle—I would—would tell you—would have you know—"

Mora raised her eyes and they were hard and bright as jewels. All the light of the miracle was gone from them.

The trapper, quick to understand, shrank back into himself. He held out his hand to Rodney Blake, and to Mora—but not to Hargrave who was already turning back to the canoes. At that moment there came a step in the fringing forest and Lieutenant Cameron stood there, come by short-cut across the bend.

Du Bois hardly saw him. He was watching Mora go down to the canoes, her sweet face cold as stone for some unknown reason. He doubled his hand helplessly against his heart, and pondered on the cause of such a change.

Drawn suddenly by some sixth sense, he turned and looked at the lieutenant. His black eyes widened, every nerve in him tensed, for Lieutenant Cameron was looking over his head, straight at the cabin's eaves. Instantly Du Bois followed his gaze and beheld a thin young arm in a faded sleeve, with fingers spread in anguished appeal toward those two departing heads, the old gray one and the shining brown one. Blood was calling to blood at the risk of life itself!

"*Mon Dieu!*" he breathed to himself, and shot a glance at the officer's face. That face was adamant, expressive only of duty.

Du Bois in the doorway waited tensely. Cameron, keen dealer in danger and death, knew this man and read the signs in his face. For some unknown reason the trapper would shield that other—to the death if need be. At that instant he whipped out a gun and covered Du Bois.

"Steady," he directed, "I want the man in the loft."

Upon the instant, too, Du Bois saw clearly the way which he had promised to the lad. It was a terrible way, but the only one. He flung up his head. Once more he became the bully—the smiling, swaggering bully, who, with hands in his pockets, had dared all men contemptuously. He looked into the officer's eyes, not the leveled gun.

"Eh, M'sieu," he drawled, "have you not make one small mistake?"

With one great leap that carried him far out he was upon the officer, who fired point-blank. He took the ball in his shoulder, and laughed at its prick. As they went down together Cameron fired once more, but the bullet went past him into the eaves, and the hand of Du Bois crept up Cameron's arm, clasped his fingers, and forced them to drop the weapon. One strong hand swept up the gun and thrust it into his belt. And then there began the greatest battle the wilderness had ever seen, for at the lieutenant's call Hargrave entered too, and two of the three knew it was a fight to the death.

Back and forth across the little yard they clashed. Their faces were tense and white. Ever it was Du Bois against the twain, and in the silence the sound of their breathing was clear. Mora, clutching her father's arm, stood open-mouthed with horror.

For an interminable period the terrible thing went on. Then, like a shot, Du Bois struck Hargrave down in an awkward arc against the log wall, one bloody hand clutching at the surface, the other trailing from a broken shoulder.

Then the trapper took the officer in his great arms and slowly, deliberately, began to kill him. Bending his body backward he gripped his throat—and the world stopped for the horrified watchers.

Hargrave, crawling, went toward them, whimpering, for a gun. The trapper saw that ghastly progress and knew its portent. With one hand he held the swelling throat of his antagonist, with the other he snatched the weapon from his shirt and aimed it at the crawling man.

At this the woman, watching, roused herself from her lethargy of terror.

"Du Bois!" shrieked Mora, "Artine!" The gun wavered. The girl, her eyes fixed upon him with a terrible intensity, came a step toward him.

"For the love of God—for me," she cried, "let go—let go! Drop him! Don't shoot!"

Du Bois' body trembled with conflicting forces. But he stood as he was.

Then in desperation Mora Blake held out her arms. "I beg of you, Du Bois," she said piteously, "I beg of you—"

At the pleading of that soft voice Artine Du Bois, the bully, let go his hold on the whistling throat, lowered the pointing gun.

"Ah, Ma'amselle," he panted, "you know not what you do! An' I know not how it is, bot—for you, Ma'amselle, I would return from ze gates of Heaven. Is all because Du Bois—poor fool—is meet love for ze first time in his life."

"Stop," she cried, revolted beyond measure, "you thief! You killer! How dare you say such words to me—you who stole another man's woman!"

"Eh?" said the other stupidly. "What woman? A poor bird w'at is cage' by a brute—I tak' her away from him, yes, an' give her one year of peace. She is my poor small frien' w'at is not happy. My Gar, Ma'amselle—you are my mate!"

At the simple words, so full of evident truth, the girl fell back with a hand at her throat. Here were forces beyond her grasp.

Du Bois sighed and shook his great body. He touched the officer with his foot. "Tak' him," he said gently, "tak' them all—an' go—go quick. Du Bois has had enough."

He stood, huge limbs apart, hands on hips, grotesque with blood and dirt, and watched the canoes head away down river where might be had such remedial skill as the country afforded. Then he turned wearily away, but at the sill he stopped.

On the white surface of a split log set in the cabin's wall there lay the print of a hand in blood—Hargrave's. For a moment he looked at it, then he stepped inside and fetched the ancient magnifying glass and placed it above the spot where the thumb had struck. For a long time he stood still, studying the tell tale mark.

At last he shook his head again and entered the room.

He listened for some sound from the little loft above the room. Like a cat he scaled the wall, pushed up the familiar trap-door, and looked in—at a slim form stretched upon the boards, a dark stain spread upon its pathetic breast. Lieutenant Cameron's second bullet had also found a mark.

There followed two days when Du Bois sat hour by hour beside the rude couch in the room below and fought for the life that flickered so fitfully. But by another dawn Du Bois knew that another more skilled than he must minister to the wasting young body. For an hour he stood on the shingle in the pale morning light and pondered his duty. At Fort St. Ann was the company doctor. But the law was there too. The law that waited, not only for the boy but for himself. But there was always a chance—and Du Bois was fond of chances. So he snapped his fingers and decided.

Into the water went his good canoe, and into it soft robes. Also he made a curious package, spreading out upon the table a square of white buckskin and laying in it carefully, first the ancient magnifying glass, the pamphlet concerning thumb prints, the paper with the boy's mark and his own, even the precious golden locket, and lastly a chip cut from the log cabin wall—a chip which held a thumb print! Then, with infinite care he carried down the boy and laid him in the craft, put the package in his own breast, and slid away down the Qu-Appelle.

To the great gate of Fort St. Ann he came at sunrise, a strange figure, holding in his right hand a shining knife and bearing on his shoulder a slender form, its unconscious face hidden on the trapper's back.

To every corner of the post went his ringing call, and the populace came running—the factor himself, the youths, the women. Rodney Blake came on his daughter's arm, the lieutenant, and even Hargrave, his broken arm bound and slung.

When all the actors of the little tragedy were there, Du Bois spoke, knowing that every eye was leveled on him in hostility.

Continued on page 15



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JUSTICE WHERE YOU STAND

By H. Mortimer Batten

NIGHT was falling. Already the hollows of the landscape were draped with purple shadow, and somewhere a coyote was singing his sun-down song.

Harry Burnie, the range boss from Jim Hollick's ranch at Blue Hill, reined in his cayuse with a suddenness that enveloped him and it in a cloud of dust. "Hi there!" he called. "Anyone at home?"

Burnie was clearly in a hurry, and judging from his face he was ill at ease. His lips were drawn, and his eyes keenly alert. "Hi there!" he repeated, snatching impatiently at the bridle. "If you aren't asleep, come along out!"

The door of the bungalow opened, and Joe Ordell appeared in his shirt sleeves. "That you, Burnie?" he enquired. "What's in the wind now?"

"Nothing yet, but there may be," came the prompt answer. "Jim's got the jumps again, and, you know, there won't be any moon tonight. She'll settle as dark as pitch. He wants you and Dick to come along and help watch the range."

There was a moment's pause, and then—"All right, we'll come. What time are you starting?"

"Soon as you can join us. Come straight up to the ranch, and we'll wait for you."

Burnie wheeled his cayuse, then suddenly he again drew rein. "Say," he added over his shoulder in a more subdued voice, "don't ride by the trail. No use advertising the fact that we're out. The ranch may be watched. Savee?"

"Yep," replied Joe, and Burnie rode off.

Ordell found his partner, Dick Pickard, busy with some papers in the back room. "That's Burnie just called," he announced. "Jim's got the breeze up again. Reckons that as there's no moon the rustlers will be about. Coming?"

a blame sight better! Yet it's always Jim who comes in for the attention."

"Sure, that's true, replied Joe. "But that might happen whether the rustlers were red or white."

"More likely if they're white," Dick stated. "Look here, you want to remember that we didn't know anything about Jim Hollick before he came to this range, where it ain't fashionable to ask questions. It looks to me as though he might have made a bad enemy at one time, who's trying to get his own back by breaking Jim. Do you get me now?"

They rode on for a while in silence. "Whoever he is," muttered Joe at length, "the blame swipe will get a bullet if he don't pip one of us first!"

Half an hour later they approached Jim Hollick's ranch from different directions, and went straight in. Jim and Burnie were waiting for them. "There's only the four of us," observed Jim, "and it's like watching the Sahara. What d'you reckon's the best move?"

"Why watch the river from both ends and the two creeks from the tops," suggested Joe. "They're bound to come and go by the hollows—no fool would risk driving cattle over the skyline even when there isn't any moon."

"We watched the creeks before and they got through us," Burnie pointed out. He was a young man, and his responsibilities as Jim's range boss sat heavily on his shoulders. "My opinion is that if you hang about the valleys you can't hear much for the noise of the water. They came by the high country last time, so why not this? I propose that we patrol the open, keeping to the hollows, and—relying on our ears instead of our eyes."

It was a toss up anyway, for if they patrolled the hills the rush of water would prevent their hearing sounds in the val-



Peace and plenty on the prairie.

Dick put down his pen. "Yes," he answered readily. "Jim's got a most extraordinary instinct in this kind of job. Remember last time he expected them? They came all right."

Joe nodded. "It's all very well helping Jim watch his range," he observed, "but what about our own? If the thieves got to know we're over there, what's to prevent them riding right in and clearing out half our own stock? If the gang consists of Indians and breeds it's just the kind of stunt they would do."

Dick took the rifle and cartridge belts from a corner. "They've never troubled us yet," he said. "And I kind of think they aren't either Indians or halfbreeds!"

"Why?" snapped Joe.

They closed and locked the door behind them, then strode on towards the corral.

"Why?" persisted Joe. "There's not a white man in the country who'd be likely to go rustling another man's cattle!"

Dick uttered a low laugh. "The country's big enough to hide a hundred of them and us never know," he observed. "Our Ranch and Blue Hill are merely a couple of specks on the infinite. You want to think of the unsettled part—not just the strip down the valley. Then, if it were Indians, why do they bother none of the ranches up and down? Our beef's as good as Jim Hollick's, isn't it?—probably

leys, but eventually it was decided that, riding alone, they were to watch the most likely places of exit, and so, each with his beat allotted, they left the ranch house, and rode off into the silent mystery of the night.

SCARCELY had they left the house, however, when a cupboard door opened in the room in which they had been talking, and a fifth man quietly let himself out of the house. For a moment he stood in the starlight, listening to the retreating thud of hoofs, then he went across to the stable, took a carbine from its hiding place under some boards, and calmly helped himself to a pony. In less than five minutes he too had vanished into the gloom.

The country was so vast that a hundred men could not have watched the whole of the ranch boundary, still maintaining the necessary secrecy, and since this was the fourth time in six months that Joe and Dick had been called out, the keenness of novelty had somewhat abated. Joe was watching a wide belt, cut up by deep water courses, and sparingly timbered. There were cattle everywhere, and as is usual on thundery nights they were particularly restive. The angry croaning of bull once suggested that something was

Continued on page 14



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MAN.

JUSTICE WHERE YOU STAND—Continued from page 13

astir, but Joe was not long in discovering that it was him the bull had sighted. He removed himself to a more healthy vicinity, keeping to the shadows and the sandy hollows, pausing constantly to listen under the trees. He could not but feel distressed at the sensation that a whole herd of cattle might be stampeded down one of the ravines within a mile of him, and him never know it.

This surmise was borne out by actual fact, for after an hour or so of fruitless watching Joe suddenly noticed a spark of light in the dark earth not ninety paces from him. It brought him to his senses with a jerk, and he drew rein, listening intently. He could hear nothing, save the general movement of cattle on every side, and it occurred to him that never was there a night more suitable for the work of the cattle thieves. But that spark of light—what had it meant?

Joe had never for an instant doubted the meaning of it—it was the click of a pony's iron shoe against a pebble!

Then, if these were the rustlers, Dick had been right. They were not Indians, but white men, for no Indian would ride a shod cayuse on such an escapade as this. Joe waited a minute or so, watching intently, then he urged his pony into a slow trot, heading in the same direction.

To attempt to hold up the rustlers would, of course, have been madness. That was not the plan to adopt, for there must be three or four of them—possibly half a dozen. Once clear of the grass country, however, they would have very little choice as to which direction they took, for the territory beyond was so rugged that they would have to select their valley, and having selected it they would be compelled to keep to it for a day or more, driving the cattle at the best pace possible. So the obvious course was to mark them off the range, ascertain their chosen route, then return post haste for the rest of the party in the hope of ambushing them.

This was the plan Joe now intended to carry into effect, and following cautiously it was not very long ere a second sign indicated that he was on the right trail—the crack of a stock whip! The rustlers were by this time driving their herd out of the timber, and evidently the half wild creatures were reluctant to leave it. Joe knew that he was in deadly peril, for as yet there was no chance of making a detour without the risk of losing them, so follow he must, and follow closely.

Joe's rifle was unslung, and he was fully prepared, yet no man could have evaded the ill fortunes that awaited him. In his eagerness he presently heard the crack of a whip not fifty paces ahead, and saw the dark outline of a half breed cross his trail. Then almost simultaneously there was a second crack, and it seemed to Joe that someone struck him across the shoulder with a plank. He was aware that he was slipping from the saddle with a sickening sensation of being unable to help himself, and a moment later his face struck the dust. He felt something hot trickling down his arm from his paralysed shoulder, and at that instant he saw the dark figure of a horseman on the brow just above him, though in an instant it was gone.

"Pipped me, by jingo," muttered Joe, and humiliated and angry he began to tear away his shirt to plug the wound in the deep flesh of his arm. Then he heard another rifle shot away in the distance, followed by a third and a fourth, and he guessed vaguely that his companions, one of them having heard the shot that had proved his undoing, were handing on the signal.

Nor was Joe wrong in this, for ere many minutes were past he distinguished the thud of hoofs at no great distance from him. Already there was a faint brightening in the eastern sky, though in the hollow it was as dark as pitch. Joe struggled to his feet. His pony was out of sight, but groping round he found his rifle, and fired a signal. He heard his companions approaching him—they came up cautiously, keeping to the shadows, when suddenly an electric flashlamp blazed its full light into his face.

"Joe! Well I'll be —!" It was Jim Hollick's voice. He was standing ten paces away, a revolver in one hand the flashlamp in the other. "You devil!" he hissed. "I wouldn't have believed it of you! You come here to lend a hand, and all the time it's you — you!"

Joe stared in bewilderment, then understanding came to him. "Hold on old son," he advised. "Don't jump to conclusions! Fact is, I was following the band when one of them ambushed me and pipped me."

Jim swung on his heel with an impatient hiss. He turned almost pleadingly to Dick Pickard. "Dick," he cried, with a half frenzied gesture towards Joe—"Your pal! Look at him!"

Dick tore the flashlamp from Jim Hollick's hand, and approached Joe incredulously, shining the full light into his face. "Joe!" he muttered. He caught Joe by the shoulder. "In the name of all that's wonderful, what does it mean?"

Joe shook himself free. "Haven't I told you, you pack of fools, what it means?" he demanded. "I tell you again I saw the rustlers going out, and I followed them. One of them pipped me from that ridge there before I saw him—look!" And he indicated his saturated shirt sleeve.

THEN, glancing up, Joe saw the white anxious face of Harry Burnie peering into his own. "I know," said Burnie, with terrible deliberation, "it was I who pipped you. I followed you out, and took the first shot I could get. I didn't know it was you—you quitter! You unspeakable swine!"

Then Joe began to curse and to swear, for he had already suffered injury enough through being shot in the flesh of the arm. "Listen here," he wound up eventually, "it may have been Harry who plugged me, but that doesn't disprove my story. Why in the name of —!"

But at that moment a diversion was caused by the appearance of a fifth figure riding slowly towards them. Evidently his pony was unshod, for he came in silence. It was light enough for them to see each other's faces now, and the last arrival slipped from his cayuse and stood looking at them—a hard-faced young man of upright bearing.

"Sergeant Church of the N.W. Mounted," Hollick announced briefly. "The Sergeant has been watching with us tonight, but he asked me to keep his presence secret. I'd best explain the position, Sergeant—"

But the young man held up his hand as he approached, looking sternly into Joe's face. "No need," he answered. "I reckon I've seen enough to satisfy me. We can go straight ahead, Mr. Hollick."

Joe, white as a ghost from shock and loss of blood, sought the Sergeant's face, but the eyes that met his own were those of a panther. "I was afraid it would be so," the Sergeant said. "That was why I wanted to work on my own, with none of you knowing I was about. That was why I asked Mr. Hollick to get the same party to help him as before, when the thieves got away"—and his keen eyes sought their faces—"because I knew that the thief was one of the party," he added slowly.

There was a moment's pause, and then—"You saw him driving the cattle?" put in Harry Burnie suddenly.

"I did," replied the officer, and none could have told from his face that he was lying. "I saw also the two halfbreeds who were with him, and who have now gone on with the cattle, and I saw you plug him, Burnie. After that I followed you to make sure who you were, for when it is dark a man can't always believe his own eyes!"

"It's a lie!" cried Joe. "I never even saw the cattle! What's the game anyway? You're both lying! Dick—for heaven's sake, surely you aren't going to stand by—"

Dick made a step forward, but Hollick intercepted him. He flung out his hands, then seated himself on a boulder and hid his face, while the Sergeant, in the meantime, heaped together a pile of brushwood, and lit it. When it was burning he turned to Hollick. "This, I reckon, is a case for justice where you stand," he said, and the significant rigidity of his speech seemed veritably to stiffen his whole body. He became, as it were, the Law personified, inflexible and unyielding—an iron limb of the law, there to carry out some fixed purpose as remorselessly as a machine. "You know our methods, Mr. Hollick, of dealing with such obvious cases. There ain't no law in these lands barring ourselves, and if you wait for justice to come you'll as likely get more than you're waiting for. This man has confederates, at least two halfbreeds, who might prove dangerous if we waste time. Undoubtedly

JUSTICE WHERE YOU STAND—Continued from page 14

he is the ringleader, and I suggest getting him off our hands."

Hollick turned on his heel. "It's you who has to make the report, not myself," he stated. "I leave it to you, Sergeant."

Sergeant Church went over to his cayuse, and procured his lariat. He motioned to Burnie to lend him a hand, and one on either side they led the drooping Joe to the nearest tree. Joe allowed himself to be escorted, for speech was apparently beyond him. "Shooting's quicker!" observed the Sergeant in an undertone. "Take the other end of the rope, Burnie, and twine it round. Look slippery now! We want to get the job over!"

Burnie mutely obeyed. His hands were trembling, and his face was white. It was a horrible job, there in the wan dawn light, and only the Sergeant was cool. "Gee, can't you tie a knot better than that? Do you want him to get his arms loose? Haven't you ever seen a man shot before? Draw it up tight—that's better! Don't be afraid of hurting him. His life ain't worth much, anyway! Now hold his head up, while I speak to him. Hold it up, I tell you! Ordell! We're going to lynch you for cattle stealing! Anything you want to say?"

Their eyes met. "Yes," muttered Joe. "To hell with you!"

Sergeant Church turned on his heel, and took up his rifle. He walked ten paces, then swung round. Carefully, in the pale purple light, he examined the sights and re-adjusted them. He murmured something about the light being bad, then he took a mirror from his pocket, handed it to Burnie, and told him to throw its reflection on Joe's forehead. Burnie took it, but his hand shook so that he had no control over its rays. The Sergeant cursed him, then he raised the rifle, and for a second or so there was a tense silence.

It was broken by a cry which was midway between a groan and a scream. It broke from the lips of Burnie. He was on his knees at the Sergeant's side, clawing like a drowning woman at the upraised rifle. "No, for God's sake!" he cried, "I can't stand it. It isn't human!"

The Sergeant lowered the weapon. Their eyes met. A glint of steel came into those of the police officer, and Burnie seemed to shrink from him in cowering fear.

There was a sudden movement, then a click of steel. Burnie was cowering back, his two hands upraised, staring with haunted vision at his own gyved wrists.

"Got you," said the Sergeant quietly, but with the uttermost contempt. "This is the twentieth century, and you might have known we were waiting for you to show your hand! Hollick and I suspected you, but now we're dead sure! Ever hear the story of Solomon and the infant? It's a kind of a similar trick we've played on you!"

The BULLY of ST. ANN'S

Continued from page 12

"My frien's," he said, "I would parley. Even the savage has zat right. Also I am ready to kill ze man w'at make one false move. My good knife, she not onlee stab swift an' sweet—bot she is fly too, straight at him who might reach for gun. Attendez."

"Las' fall Du Bois is meet with stranger—young stranger who is in distress. He tak' him to zat cabin where Du Bois is master an' zey become frien's. Real frien's—for soon the trapper come to love this lad. Bot sorrow is in ze other's heart. Always he sit with head on hand an' try to recall a story. Always it ron up to certain point an' stop an' he cry 'I can't remember! My God, Du Bois—I can't remember.'"

Swiftly now the speaker sketched the tragic tale of that night in New York, the stag party, the drunken slumber, the waking, the dead host, the rifled room, the open wall safe.

"An' so he is ron away—an' come to ze Qu'Appelle."

As he ceased for a moment Rodney Blake leaned forward, his hands working, his mouth open. The girl at his side was white as milk. Hargrave moved uneasily, and stepped back a pace amid the hushed throng. Du Bois went on.

"So now we come to end of story—and Du Bois furnish something to fill ze gap."

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He stooped gently, still holding the crowd with his eyes, and slipped the body on his shoulder to the earth. The helpless head rolled over, and they beheld his face. Rodney Blake gasped and swayed forward, but Mora and the factor held him up.

"Wait," went on Du Bois, "there come to Du Bois' cabin some people on traverse—and his heart ache for his frien', for zey are zose who love him an' zose who would take his life—his own people an' ze law. Du Bois is hide him in attic an' laugh at ze law. Bot fate—she is betray him—an' zat law w'at nevaire sleep—it demand ze man in ze loft. So, Du Bois, who 'ave give his word of honor to save his frien', mus' be murderer if he keep it, if he let his frien' go free. An' so," he added pensively, "he is try for sure to kill two men. He is all bot succeed—w'en someone speak an' Du Bois mus' obey. In zat great fight a gun go off an' shoot ze poor lad in ze loft, so zat Du Bois mus' bring him at las' to zat civilization w'at treat him so hard—to save his life."

Here the spellbound listeners stirred, but Du Bois went steadily on.

"You recall this, Father Tenau?" he asked, holding up the pamphlet which he had laboriously extracted from the precious package with one hand.

The priest nodded.

"So. It is of great intrus'. All about thumb print. I tak' my own an' I get ze boy's. One day at dusk I sit at my door an' look at this locket w'at my frien' gave me for safe keeping—locket, w'at lie open on his breast zat fateful night, w'at someone look at, it would seem. Mark you, my frien's. Always I had notice somet'ing on inside of lid—faint an' fine, small tracks all ronnin' roun' lak fox, ver' fine—dark, lak rust or maybe blood. One night I breathe on it an' voila! I ron for ol' glass—an' see a thumb print. Attendez. In zat great fight before my cabin, someone strike a bloody han' against ze wall. I bring zat chip w'at hol' a thumb print! Ze one on ze locket, open on zat night of murder, and ze one on ze chip—zey are ze same. Stop zat man, M'sieus!"

For Hargrave had fallen back little by little among the staring crowd, and was now leaping wildly away in flight. It was a ghastly caricature of the suave and polished man of the world who presently came back among his captors, and poured out the confession of his guilt.

In the surging excitement of this astounding thing, amid the transports of the Blakes above the limp form of their beloved, Artine Du Bois backed away

to his canoe, his knife still ready. He stepped in and picked up his paddle, and then, as the factor sought for him above the moving crowd, he waved a hand, and, dipping deep, shot his frail craft far out to the river's breast.

"Adieu, my frien's," he called. "Du Bois will dance no more at Fort St. Ann."

* * *

It was early twilight on the Qu'Appelle. Great washes of color, flame-gorgeous, sprayed the sky above the forest. The river ran pale in the creeping shades. In Du Bois' cabin shadows crept from the corners and gathered round the man who sat in a chair beside the empty table, one great arm stretched listlessly along its edge, his head sunk on his breast. There was no friend for him to comfort, no kindly task to do. There was not even a locket in his breast to look at in the white rapture of his love. Life, that had ever been so gay for Artine Du Bois, had gone gray as the ashes of a long-dead fire. Nevermore could he play at his careless game of hearts. He had beheld the gates of Paradise, and earth was cold in shadows. So he sat in the creeping dusk, his arm along the table—and he did not hear the light splash of paddles, the beaching of a small canoe. He heard nothing save a woman's lashing voice, saw only blue eyes flaming with contempt.

Presently there came to his doorstep the faint sound of feet. A slender form hesitated against the lavender glow without. A low voice said very softly, "Monsieur Du Bois."

As in a dream he leaned forward, peering, unbelieving. His hand still lay supine on the table's edge. Then Mora Blake held out her arms and there was the sound of tears in her trembling voice.

"Artine," she said, "Artine Du Bois, I have come back to you—because—I know it now—I am your mate!"

Du Bois straightened. He leaped to his feet, his great arms spread wide to fold the girl against his heart. Then humility fell upon him, and he went slowly down before her to lift her garment's hem and lay his lips against her dress.

"But—my past?" he asked diffidently.

"What does the past matter when we have out great love?" she asked tenderly, "and the little Marcelle has told me of your tenderness and strength. I am content."

She gathered the black head against her breast as good old Father Tenau loomed in the shadowed doorway, his face shining.

"Now," he said, "my son, between us we'll save your reckless soul!"

GOING HOME

Mabel Lockhart.

I'm going home!

On thro' the night the long, black train is speeding

As tho' it to my heart's command is heeding.

No wheels too swift tonight to bear me on.

No hours too short for me before the dawn.

Oh wind, oh hills, oh sea, oh sky, oh lofty mountain's dome,

Oh great dark night I sing to you—behold I'm going home!

Can this be true?

Or shall I wake and find that I've been dreaming,

And that my guiding star has ceased its gleaming?

Shall morn still find my home far o'er the plain?

If so 'twill surely render me insane.

This is the one great hour for which I've lived and strived,

Deprive me of it now and all the world's deprived!

How thrills my heart!

Swift thro' the dark the engine thunders shrieking,

Beneath the wheels the iron rails are creaking,

The sudden signal whistles, piercing, shrill,

Re-echo angrily from lake and hill.

The lights of wayside homes and villages flash past—

This is no empty dream—I'm going home at last!

I'm going home.

Behind lie happy scenes I never will forget.

And yet I leave them all and part with no regret.

The reckless coaches rock and lurch and swing and sway

As thro' the night clad hills the train seeks out its way.

And, like the wand'rer singing never more to roam,

So sings my bounding heart—thank God—I'm going home!

THE ROCK HOUND

By William McHarg

PART II.

THE latter part of this operation had taken place in the early evening. The office was deserted; only old Roger, with his broom, was sweeping up the floors and emptying the waste baskets. The old man kept a curious eye on Atwill and the samples.

"What prospect you testing now?" he inquired speculatively.

Atwill laughed.

"No chance for you to invest, Roger," he denied. "This is a dead one—a dry lease. Lucky Tumble."

"Lucky Tumble! I reckon she is dry! I got two hundred shares of her I'll sell you for two bits."

Atwill gazed at the old man. He could imagine no one more deserving than Old Roger to get part of Alida's money.

"I know where you can get more that that for it," he offered.

"Where's that?" The old man faced him keenly.

"Sam Weld."

The old man's interest died.

"Sam Weld ain't buying Lucky Tumble. He's the one that sold it."

"Sold it? To whom?"

"To everybody. He drilled her, didn't he? More'n two years ago, at the beginning of the excitement. Weld come up here from a deep-well field where they had cable-drilling. I reckon he didn't know the rotary machine that they use here, and it drilled too fast for him."

"Wait, Roger! Let me get this straight. You say Sam Weld drilled Lucky Tumble?"

"Of course he drilled it! More'n two years ago, before you and three-quarters of these other people came to this city. It was Weld's first company here. Most folks have forgotten it, except folks like me that bought the stock. The rotary machine drilled too fast for him and proved his well dry before he got the stock all sold."

"Didn't a man named Mason drill it?"

"Never heard of Mason. Lucky Tumble was Sam Weld's company. I know. I swept floors in that office one time, too. He's got near twenty thousand dollars of that stock he never did sell—got it, unless he's burned it up since to get rid of it."

Atwill's muscles stiffened in his surprise and anger. It was not her brother's stock Weld was selling to Alida. They did not know even the name of her brother's company. It had been unreadable in the letter, and Weld, he recalled, had tried them out. "Looks like Lucky Tumble," Weld had said, and he had watched them to see whether the name was known to either of them. He had made sure they did not recognize the name. One of Weld's own "busted" companies which they had never heard of and which most people had forgotten! That was the stock which he was selling Alida.

Atwill's blood surged hotly with rage. Instinctively, he loosened his cuffs and rolled them back. At this hour of the evening, Weld would be taking his ease in a chair tipped back against the front of the Westland Hotel. First, he would get Alida's money back from him—the eleven thousand dollars of which he had mulcted her! Then—it would not be a fight, it would be punishment. To cheat the kind of girl Alida was—doing what she was doing! Suddenly, Atwill felt a great tenderness toward Alida.

He strode to the door, still tugging at his cuffs. All at once, he stopped. His purpose against Weld was checked, and he moved toward the little drying plates, staring at them as if fascinated.

Atwill's absence from town on the two following days was unexplained to Alida, except by his note saying merely that he had been called away and would return. When he got back, late on the second day, he left at the office the transit, spirit-level, and set of blue-prints which had been his only companions and went in search of her. The vaudeville had changed, and they attended it again that evening. He could not afterwards have told what he had seen.

Summary of First Instalment

ALIDA MASON, a young girl of high ideals but slim income, is greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brother Fred, by promoting a fake oil company, has been the means of ruining many unfortunate people, among them, widows, orphans, and the aged. On receiving word that her brother has died and has left her thirty-eight thousand dollars, she immediately decides to find the owners of the worthless stock and buy it back in an endeavour to rectify her brother's wrong. Arriving in Wichita Falls, Texas, she happens into the office of Meeks and Mather, Oil Geologists, and tells her story to Edwin Atwill, the youngest of the firm's field experts. He is deeply impressed with her sweet and unselfish purpose, and tries in vain to dissuade her. She is firm in her resolution, so he takes her to Sam Weld, an experienced promoter, whom Atwill believes to be reliable. Nothing is known of the company, not even the name, except that it was called the "Lucky" something. Weld looks into the matter and informs them that it was the "Lucky Tumble Oil Company." They examine the lease and find it quite dry. In fact, it appears that those who drilled it did not do so in the hope of finding oil, but rather as a sham to sell their stock. Though convinced that the well is dry, Atwill takes some specimens of rock from the land for examination. In the meantime, Alida is buying up all the stock that can be located.

"How much of—of your brother's stock has Weld got for you?" he inquired of her in the intermission.

"Nineteen thousand shares."

"How much more does he think he can pick up?"

"He said that was all he had been able to locate."

Atwill's flesh prickled uneasily.

"You mean he has stopped trying?"

"He said he wasn't able to find any more."

THE long, dim room into which Atwill turned with Alida from the busy street, after she had called for him at his office on the following afternoon, was well filled with people. In the corners and about the railing which enclosed the clerks stood sunburned men in soft white hats—the oil-operators. In equal number were paler, stouter men without uniformity of head-gear; these were the lease dealers and company promoters. On the benches and in the standing space



"Oil!" Atwill shouted at Weld.
"Oil, Weld! You see it?"
He caught Alida in his arms
and kissed her.

Atwill chewed his lip as he reflected. Old Roger had said Weld had almost twenty-thousand shares of unsold stock. Undoubtedly he had sold Alida all he had. He looked away from her.

"But there must be a good many more poor folks than that who own that stock, Alida."

Her face took on a look of pain.

"I know. I hate to think about them, Edwin. Very likely, the ones he didn't find are the very poorest and the most deserving. They'd naturally be the hardest ones to find."

"And you aren't trying to find them?"

"What do you mean?"

"The way to locate stock is through the stock exchange."

"I thought the exchange didn't trade in stocks of companies which have failed."

"I understand they'll list anything in which there is trading. If you tried to buy Lucky Tumble there, you'd get some more."

"Do you advise that?"

"You want to give the money back, don't you? Then I'd do it through the exchange. Step round for me to-morrow afternoon and I'll go over with you."

behind them were the traders, many of them women. Atwill, who knew many of these persons, saw dressmakers, laborers, clerks in stores, delivery boys, wives, sons, and daughters of the farmers. Until the day of oil, the financial ambition of these people had been thirty dollars a month; now no one could set a limit to their dreams.

The "caller," on his runway in front of the long blackboard, lettered with the names of hundreds of oil companies, shouted the bids and offers which they cried to him; the "marker" recorded the sales with his chalk. The lure of the game was that, while much of the stock which they bought and sold among themselves was worthless, some of it would be worth a hundred or a thousand times its par, and none among them knew which was which. Atwill guided Alida to a seat upon a bench, and they waited for the trade in progress to be finished. Having ended that, the caller recommenced his monotonous walk upon the runway.

"Call your trades, folks!" he invited.

"Call your trades!"

"Buy Lucky Tumble!" Alida called.

The caller halted.

"Buy what?" he questioned, in amazement.

"Lucky Tumble."

"How much?"

"One dollar."

The clerks stopped writing; the white-hatted men stopped talking. There was a rustle of persons changing their position in order to see Alida. The caller went to the end of his runway and consulted with one of the clerks. He evidently received the information he had asked for, for the marker then wrote "Lucky Tumble" in a blank space on the board.

"One dollar bid for Lucky Tumble, folks!" the caller shouted. "The dead has come to life. Resurrection day! Who's got any of that stock?"

"Sell at two dollars, came a quavering voice."

"How much?"

"Fifty shares."

Alida stood up to see who had made this offer. It had come from an old man who sat shakily bent forward on a bench. Atwill saw that this person was old Roger. As Alida studied him, there was a conflict of pity and irritation in her face.

"Why," she whispered to Atwill, "all I am trying to do is to give his money back. He must know the stock isn't worth anything—he must know that!"

"One dollar bid; two dollars asked!" the caller shouted. "Get together, folks. What's your offer, lady?"

"One dollar," Alida answered firmly.

"Sell at one seventy-five," said Old Roger.

He was so miserably pitiful an old man that Alida weakened.

"Buy at one five," she conceded.

"Sell at one sixty."

Eventually Alida bought fifty shares from Old Roger at one dollar and twenty cents.

"It's so plain," she whispered, "that that old man needs the money." But having made this trade, she reflected.

"Buy Lucky Tumble," she said, to the caller, "at eighty cents."

"Sell at three dollars." This was again the quavering voice of old Roger.

Alida was now distinctly angry.

"I won't stand this," she said to Atwill. "He didn't sell me all he had. He's just an old wretch, and he's trying to make money out of me. Come with me."

She led the way to the enclosure with its clerks, where she asked for the proprietor of the exchange. That person appeared presently from an office somewhere above, descending by a winding stairway.

"I want to explain to you," she said to him, "that I am trying to buy back the stock of a well where they didn't find any oil, because I think the people were cheated when they bought it and ought to have their money back."

The proprietor gasped audibly.

"Why, lady," he said "you can't do that—not at the price they paid for it, you can't!"

"Why, not?"

"Lady, what does a man do when he gets an oil-well? Does he go around and tell folks he's got a well? No, ma'am! He plugs the hole; he takes down the derrick; he gives out that work has been stopped. Then the stock goes down, and he and his friends go round and buy it up."

"But they know that this stock is worthless."

"No, ma'am. If you try to buy it, that's proof to them that it ain't worthless."

"But if I explained to them—if I got up here and told them what I'm doing?"

"That won't do any good. Get up there, lady, if you want and try it."

THE exchange had been rapidly filling with people and was crowded now to its furthest corner. At intervals, red-faced and perspiring men and women pushed their way excitedly into the room, gained the front rank, and halted suddenly, inquiring-looking and dazed. It was evident that these were holders of the Lucky Tumble stock who had received information of its unexpected activity. Alida—at first very pale and later very red—got up on the runway beside the caller and made her explanation.

Continued on page 25

The secret of having beautiful hair

*How to keep your hair
soft and silky, full of life
and lustre, bright and
fresh-looking*

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful, well kept hair.

Stop and think of all the good looking, attractive women you know. You will find their hair plays a mighty important part in their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich,

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of Better Baking*

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING that our Special Demonstrations of Better Baking, which met with such great success last year, will be given again this year.

Fifteen ladies from our Educational Department, each of whom is a highly-trained Domestic Science graduate, will be in charge of these demonstrations in leading stores throughout the Western Provinces.

The object of these demonstrations is not only to prove, by actual work, the superior quality and efficiency of Magic Baking Powder, but also to assist Western housewives to overcome all sorts of housekeeping perplexities.

Announcements will appear from time to time in various local newspapers, giving details as to the times and places of the demonstrations. Watch for these announcements. Plan to attend the demonstration in your locality. You will find them both interesting, instructive and very practical.

Ask the demonstrator all the questions you wish concerning any housekeeping or cooking problem; she is fully qualified by training and experience, to give you wise and practical advice, not only as to the various uses of Magic Baking Powder, but also as to housekeeping in general.

These demonstrations have been organized after long and careful preparation and they entail considerable expense, but we are confident that you Western ladies will enjoy attending them and will derive many benefits from your attendance. We shall greatly appreciate your presence at the demonstration to be held in your locality.



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BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Nellie L. McClung

Continued from June Issue.

ON THE third day of our stay at Rock Lake, we broke camp and made another day's journey to Eagle's Nest Pass, climbing all the way, sometimes hanging on the side of a mountain and looking down to the eerie depths below. But one soon learns not to be frightened, for the ponies have a cat-like way of climbing. If a foot slips, they stop and cautiously restore it to a safe place again, and go on as if nothing had happened. They have no nerves or apprehensions. Their philosophy seems to be—"We haven't been killed yet, and it is not likely we ever will—what has been will be. Up to the present the past has taken care of the future." My horse put his front foot through a rotten log in a bridge one day,—and instead of growing excited—as I did, he stopped, leaned his weight cautiously on the other foot, drew up the one that had gone through, and got safely over. Then he stopped and waited for me to get off, flicking an ear at me as much as to say,—“If you're a lady at all now, you'll go back and fix the bridge.”

He did all he could too, to encourage me to walk down the hills, when he found I had some tendency to do this, and at the top he would draw carefully up to a good dismounting place and stop suggestively.

The night we camped at Eagle's Nest Pass is one I will not soon forget. We placed our tent just behind the fire-ranger's cabin, which stands facing a broad meadow of bunch grass, with tall snow-capped mountains towering over it. At the other side of the meadow the hills slope gradually to a height of maybe a thousand feet, and on their sides are myriads of tiny paths hardly visible, the open roads of the mountain rats. The spring from which we got the water for our cooking, bubbles out from a depression in the meadow, greenish blue, and cold as ice, and of a hardness that defies ordinary soap.

The cabin, unfloored, unchinked, with bark flooring, is built of hewn logs, and the guides showed us with pride the great log at the top, which was put in place by Sam the Norwegian violinist who came to the wilderness to get away from the distractions of life, and lived in this cabin alone for years, but has now gone farther North. Sometimes when the mood was on him he would play for the traveller who happened to come and spend the night, and the men who heard him knew they were listening to one of the world's great Masters. One of them, who had been so favored, told us Sam had always the fear he would go back to the city, and mingle once again in its dusty, choking streets. He was afraid it would win him yet from the life in the open which he loved. So he had left his violin behind him at Entrance when he made his last northward trek, hoping that his hands might forget their skill and grow heavy and coarse as a woodsman's hands should be, and thus the door leading back would be closed forever. It is a strange story, and one can but vaguely guess at its meaning.

At suppertime, while we ate the beefsteak and onions we had brought with us in a can, and the dessicated potatoes which regain their moisture when they get a chance to soak, and taste very well when fried in bacon fat, the talk turned on bears. The fire ranger had seen a big one licking out a jam pail, right in front of where we were sitting, just two weeks ago. Tom grew reminiscent too of bears, and told us of a fight which had taken place a mile or so away, when a cinnamon and black bear had met in deadly conflict. The ground had been torn up for many rods, and in a sort of cache of brush and leaves the victorious black bear had left the body of his victim—very dead it was when Tom found it, but from the pieces of black bear scattered about, it would appear that the victory had been dearly bought.

The sun went early behind the mountains, and in this high altitude the night was cold as a raw night in November. We had a collapsible tin stove which we set up in the tent, and with a fire of dry wood, it soon had the tent unbearably hot, and we were forced to loosen the

pegs and get our heads out in order to breathe.

In that uncanny hour called the middle of the night, I awakened, and the tent was stonily cold and quiet and the night blue black. All the bear talk that I had heard came back to me in every gruesome detail.—Tom tells a story so well I could see the fiery eyeballs, hear the growls of rage and see the blood-soaked fur. I knew the mate of the dead bear had killed the other one, and now with the lust of killing, would walk these mountain passes, thirsty for blood,.... any one's.... ours would do!

Just then the bushes crackled, and soft, padding footsteps went around the tent. I stopped breathing,—and could feel my hair standing straight up. But I did not utter a sound, I felt it was a time to preserve a discreet silence. But in that hour I made resolves that if ever I saw the light break on the eastern hills, I'd be content to read books on mountain travel, and go to picture shows to see wild life, I would! I would!

tree line and not far from the perpetual snows. Before us was the cold, grayish purple shoulder of Cathedral Rock, with one side torn upward, showing broken strata of rock. In a black hole on the eagles' rock, far above the reach of human hands, is the eagles' nest, where each year the eagle population is augmented. Harvey told us he found a young one on the ground last Spring, scrawny and half dead from its fall,—and though he fed it and cared for it the best he could, it died in a few weeks.

At our right is the water-fall, which has worn out a great semi-circle in the rock with the great floods which go down in the Spring, but which when we saw it, was but a tiny stream falling into a quiet green pool below. The fire-ranger, who knows every inch of the ground, told me to throw a stone in the pool, which I did, and was surprised to hear no sound but its striking the surface of the water. We pelted many stones into this innocent and quiet pool, but no trace of a bottom could we find.

Harvey said. I asked him if a bear could out-run a horse, but he thought any of ours would be able to hold their own with a bear. So I decided not to walk down any of the hills; not to lag behind; not to take my feet out of the stirrups; not to hang one foot over the horse's neck; not to sit sideways; not to do anything in fact but hang on, but to do that pretty thoroughly.

Everyone was looking up the mountain-side for sheep or goats. I wasn't worrying about them,—I was quite content not to see anything. Harvey told us it was a rare thing to ride this way and not see something—he had never done it, but then of course he was generally alone. Talking frightens them:—(I was glad to hear that).

I could look up the grizzly side of the mountain, with its hanging rocks and broken fissures, starting growing pains in my neck trying to see to the very top, and imagine I saw bears with cubs lurking in a purple shadow, and every white rock of suitable size could be made into a sheep or goat—without a bit of trouble. Our party seemed to be a little bit disappointed at the lack of game. I believe they thought I had scared them away,—and I remembered guiltily that on the two occasions on which I had driven through Buffalo Park at Wainwright, I saw not one buffalo, and the people who were with me declared this to be most unusual.

I tried to make amends! Just before us, as we came down the stony path, was a darksome cave in the mountain opposite, with a grayish blue rock about it, perched uneasily on its southeast corner; such a blue-black, inky cave, it might have robbers, bandits, bootleggers, bears and mountain lions in it. I rode up close to the others and pointed dramatically, but without speaking, remembering my orders.

We all stopped and looked. No bear could have wished for a better location or a nicer place, high, dry, southern exposure, convenient to the roads—just a nice walk to the river, mountain rats, rabbits in abundance, open view.

I was willing to believe there were bears in the cave—I still believe it—great woolly ones, with fiery eyes and evil dispositions, purple pasts and seared consciences, muttering savagely to themselves at that very moment, and breathing threats of vengeance on us as we rode below. Harvey need not feel that he had failed as a guide, so far as I was concerned. The believing heart is a great thing to have, even on a hunting trip.

We came back to the railroad by a different road, spending three days on the road, for when at the end of the first day we turned in to a glassy glade beside the Hay just at sun-down, and made our camp in the velvety stillness, it seemed we could not leave it with only one short night's stay.

The night was bright with stars, and the big round moon stood over our camp-fire as we sat and talked. Harvey told us, in his quiet way, many tales of the wilderness, which he loves. He cannot understand why people herd together in cities, when the quiet places are still beckoning to them. More than twenty years ago he came, a lad from England, and when from the train windows he saw these mountains, tumbler clad and snow-capped, with flowering meadows and rushing streams, he knew it was his own country where he would live out his days. He came twice to Edmonton, but “could not stick it,” it was so noisy and crowded—and altogether nasty.

He told us of a wonderful view, a few miles from where we were, on a look-out mountain where the government were building a little house for a permanent fire ranger who could see the smoke of a fire for fifty miles many times. Harvey said he had turned aside from the trail to climb the ridge, just to see it again—this amazing view, with its hundreds of mountain peaks and glimpses of mountain lakes.

THE next morning we packed our bannock and bacon, and our camera and set off. To the Moberley cabin we went, and left our pack horses there with a

Continued on page 28



Upper left—The water-fall with the deep pool below, at Eagle's Nest Pass.

Upper right—This is what we saw from the tent door.

Lower left—At Eagle's Nest Pass; the cabin built by the mysterious violinist.

Lower right—The bear country at Eagle's Nest Pass.

But my courage came back with the sun, which was a long time getting over the mountains. I felt better when Harvey said it was quite likely a bear I had heard.

The next day we rode to the Pass, leaving our camp as it was, climbing all the way. The grass along the path grew stunted and small, dry and brittle looking, with queerly colored moss clumps. We had left behind us in the lower altitude the deeply blue Monks' Hood, which make the roads beautiful with rich color, and now real Alpine flowers appear. There are infinite varieties of daisies, purple with yellow centres, and yellow with brown centres, and a flower I have never seen anywhere else, a closely headed and cap-shaped flower, bearing many flowerets on the one stock, some yellow and some purple. The familiar dandelion could be seen too, so big and shaggy it looks as if it were setting out to be a Shasta Daisy.

When we reached the pass, we dismounted and sat on the hillside to have a good look,—we were then far above the

In a little pocket in the wall of rock, we saw a dainty flower blooming, with tiny white blossoms and a round and shiny leaf. About a saucerful of earth had lodged here, and some enterprising seed had found a lodgment here and opened up for business. I wanted it for a hanging basket, and lifted it out without disturbing a tendril, but when I looked at it in my hand, my heart softened, and I put it back carefully,—and I am glad I did. After a seed has pioneered as hard as this one, it deserves to live its life in undisturbed repose, and besides I was afraid it would be like the young eagle that fell out of the nest—civilization would smother it.

We were looking for sheep, goats and bear. I wasn't exactly looking for bear, but Harvey told us it was quite likely we would see one if we kept quiet. I asked Harvey, just previous to this, what we should do if we did see a bear, and received the reassuring word that it would not be necessary for me to do anything—the horses would do it all. “Just hang on,”

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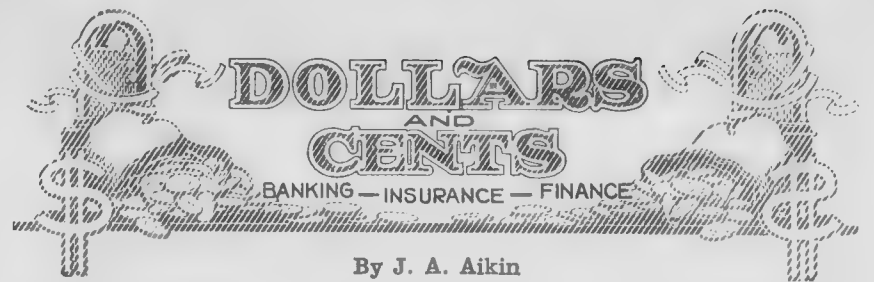
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WE NEED all our profits for the expansion of our business and the employment of more men. We are now making between \$8,000,000 and \$10,000,000 a month."

Such in brief was the concluding remark of Henry Ford in an interview about conditions and affairs. Linked up with a billion dollar offer to the U.S. Government to purchase the merchant marine; lending two million dollars to the City of Detroit at one half of one per cent lower rate than Wall Street; mixed up with possibilities of the coming presidential election, such are the sinuosities of the life of the man who produced the flivver which meets the every day needs of a million people. The plain lesson is, produce something which has utility value if you want to get rich.

Springtime and Hope

NOW that the Winter of Discontent has passed and the Springtime of hope and activity are here, the trend of conversation and thought in the daily newspapers has changed radically. The chosen representatives of the people in the Federal Parliament still continue to deliberate on national questions, but even they are less doleful, and there is evident a plainer desire to get something done. The prospects are such as to rid the mind of fear and dull notions. The crop has been seeded under a set of conditions which is full of promise. The market is not such as to make prediction on prices simple, but the general outlook is that the demand for Canadian wheat will be such as to enable payment of fair prices.

Increased Bank Deposits

FOR six months in succession the savings deposits in the chartered banks of Canada show an increase. The returns for April 30, 1923, show notice or time deposits at \$1,227,253,431, a gain of \$8,957,710, for the month and \$9,058,169, for the year. Notice deposits outside Canada show \$319,086,906, which is an increase of \$39,561,763, over the same date a year ago. Demand deposits are up \$47,363,901, for the month and \$34,970,179 for the year. Current loans and discounts are lower by \$75,005,544, than a year ago and stood at \$1,087,969,788 on April 30th. On May 31, 1923, the total savings deposits in the Manitoba Savings banks stood at \$6,294,000, as compared with \$3,947,000, a year ago, same date. This all indicates stability and increased strength in important relations for the Canadian people.

Industry and Agriculture

FROM statistics of manufacturing in Canada it appears there are 684,698 people employed, with annual total incomes of \$814,412,577. The cost of the material used in a year, 1920, was \$2,189,227,028, and the value of the finished products \$4,099,371,869. The capital invested in manufacturing is given at \$3,439,527,495, in 42,406 manufacturing concerns. The same authority, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, estimates the value of the field crops for all Canada for 1920 at \$1,455,244,050, and for 1922 at \$984,139,500, as compared with \$931,863,670, in 1921. This is in addition to the annual production value of mines, fisheries, forests and furs, which approximates the seven billion mark for production values annually for Canada.

The returns are not yet all available, and it is, therefore, not possible to estimate the annual net income of Canada, sometimes termed the net national income. It may be stated now, for the trade returns show it, that the exports are valued at approximately one billion, with imports at or near 130 millions less than exports.

Out of the net income there is every year added to the national wealth in the form of buildings, raw and finished material, improved lands, bank deposits, all of which aid in the development and progress of the nation.

It has recently been estimated by the Bankers Trust Company of New York

that two and a half billion of U.S. money is invested in Canada, which approximates to the total of British investments in Canada. Assuming that the total external investments amount to five billion dollars, and that the interest payments to be sent abroad will be four per cent, the outgo from this country in payment of interest will approximate \$200,000,000 annually.

Whatever view one may take of the balance of trade theory, it is apparent that importance may well be attached to the amount of exports, for it is they which largely help to determine exchange and the capacity of Canada to meet payments as they fall due.

The Growth in Manufactures

IT IS interesting to note that almost three quarters of the manufactured products of Canada were produced in Ontario and Quebec, with their larger centres of population and developed industries. But it is also interesting to find that one tenth of the total came from British Columbia and Manitoba, which are respectively third and fourth in the list of provinces in extent of manufactures. The production value of B.C. goods was \$239,794,988, with \$153,020,109 for Manitoba. The City of Winnipeg is fourth on the list of manufacturing centres following after Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, with an annual production value of \$133,124,442. Vancouver was a worthy fifth with \$98,689,520, for production value in same year, 1920. The water-power privileges of Manitoba and British Columbia assure these provinces an important place in the manufacturing life of Canada.

Reparations and German Money

IN CONNECTION with the improved prospects for a solution of the reparations question it may be stated that the masses of the German people will greatly benefit from anything which will replace their present mobile currency with a stable one. With the mark running from 70 to 80 thousand for the dollar, the cost of living measured in terms of wages and salaries becomes very high. A writer in Barron's Weekly who had been in Germany stated in May, when the mark was at 50 thousand to the dollar, that the lot of the middle classes was almost unbearable. The number of semi-starving professional men of all kinds is said to be "appalling." Taking the case of a university professor with an income of two million marks, which was then about \$100, it is a keen struggle for him to maintain appearances against the manual laborer's wages of six million marks. Out of his income the professor would be required to pay 460,000 marks for income tax, and 18 other forms of health and death insurance would call for 285,000 marks more, or 37 per cent of the income. This writer states one can get a better dinner in America for one dollar than for 21,000 marks in Germany. The same was true in his estimation applied to hotel accommodation, to clothing and boots and shoes.

Naturally the frugal ones get hold of all the dollars they can, from friends abroad, and in them they have a reserve against the worst ills of the currency. In one small village in Wurtemberg he found nearly every peasant held \$10 to \$20 in U.S. bills which were guarded as the most valuable of all treasures.

The inhumanity of the German industrial leaders who have been enriched by the underpaid employees and exports of cheap products paid for with foreign gold, is responsible for the hard conditions and the failure of the German government to make offers of settlement earlier which could be considered. They stored their gold in foreign banks abroad, in the lands where their bills were collectible, awaiting for the day when it may be safe to bring it to Germany. It is claimed by many that the industrial barons will be ready, once a settlement is agreed upon, to pay in gold. But the truth of that remains to be seen and to be proven.

WOMEN AND INSURANCE

By Emily F. Murphy ("Janey Canuck")
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It is only of recent years that women were allowed to buy insurance. For a female this procedure was unthinkable and quite as shocking as if your pet canary started to swear. But, for that matter, women were not allowed to have souls either, although in some countries where more enlightenment prevailed — it must be acknowledged in fairness — they were allowed small souls.

Still, being for the most part clever economists and desirous of providing for their dependents, women wanted insurance.

There is a French proverb which says "What woman wishes, God wishes." This is how the change came about.

The women who wished insurance were not the kind who wallowed in soft cushions all day and danced themselves into vertigo on hard floors at night. Rather were the maligned females once described by an irate speaker as "kind of suffragettes," meaning thereby—in his opinion—sourish, ill-balanced women, well worth the watching.

At first, and for quite a long while, the insurance companies charged women higher rates because they considered women greater risks than men. Then statistics showed that women actually experience a lower death rate than men, and that this has become continuously lower because of improvements in medical science in diseases peculiar to females.

For these reasons, the companies have unnailed their minds and make no discrimination whatsoever against what they called "the feminine hazard," or "the sex handicap." Yes! Yes! the world does grow.

Indeed, the insurance companies have actually found out that women, as a class, not only live longer than men but take their policies more seriously. Everywhere they have become regarded as gilt-edged risks.

Because women have been accorded the tremendous advantages secured in life insurance, the tragedy of poverty which oftentimes comes to them in the thick of life has been markedly abated. He was an experienced man who said there is really no tragedy for the person who has a hundred dollars in the bank.

Women on the whole are not wastrels. They are natural savers. Men talk economy: women practise it. For this reason, women are poor gamblers. They want to make sure they are getting something for their money. This is why they turn naturally to insurance. They have come to understand that it is not entirely an investment, but an investment which is at once a saving and a protection. It is the meat, the bone, and the marrow left in the bone.

Women teachers, private secretaries, stenographers, cashiers, physicians, nurses, clerks, bankers and barristers are insuring their lives either on the endowment plan or upon the straight life. Married women and widows are also taking out ten or fifteen year policies for the purpose of educating their children, or for the children's protection in the event of death taking the bread-winners.

Women of wealth are also buying insurance because they know it to be a safe and desirable investment for their money, without the costs of collecting or without entailing the expenditure of money in legal expenses.

There are other reasons, Gentle Ladies, why you should insure but I will only mention two:—First, because you may not be insurable next year; secondly, because your premium will never be so low as now.

BUILDING BETTER BOYS AT CAMP ROOSEVELT

Exclusive to "Western Home Monthly."

HOW can we improve the general morale and well-being of our growing boys? It is a question which never ceases to engross the interest and attention of parents and boy welfare workers. One of the most progressive moves in this

direction is the establishment of Camp Roosevelt, on the shores of Silver Lake, Indiana, where boys from all parts of the United States and Canada congregate each summer and enjoy a life of freedom and wholesome activity, at the same time being carefully directed through a course of intensive boy-building and character formation. It is the first institution of its kind coming under the direction of a public school system, and having the support of the War Department of the U. S. Government, the American Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., and other national organizations. The funds needed to carry on this big undertaking are secured yearly by donations from public-spirited men. The boys who attend are required to pay but a nominal fee for bed and board.

The camp is divided into three divisions, to meet the diverse needs of the seven hundred and more boys who yearly congregate there. The summer schools division, which includes seventh and eighth grade, and all high school subjects, is

operated on the same plan as are the Chicago summer schools. The daily life of work and play is so interspersed with character-building policies that boys unconsciously become square, upright, truthful, self-reliant and self-respecting, each noting the high standard of the other, and trying to emulate it.

Major F. L. Beals, the founder and commanding officer of the camp, has made "boys" his life study. In the instruction as carried on at Camp Roosevelt, he believes that the benefits which result to each individual are such that they will never be eradicated from his future. In the matter of health alone, the benefits are marked. No boy, obliged to come out for tooth-brush drill each morning, or go for a daily bath, will return to his home in the fall and immediately drop his newly acquired habits. Or, if he should, he will quickly realize that a bad habit once outgrown, can never return.

Since the inauguration of the camp in

1919, more than five thousand boys have passed through the various courses of training. More than one hundred officers, instructors, scoutmasters, "Y" secretaries, athletic coaches, etc., assist Major Beals in his big task of not only providing a happy, wholesome summer, out in the open, but of teaching them thoroughly the groundwork of good national citizenship. Statistics reveal that an average of seven boys to one instructor is maintained during a period, which, it will be seen, is almost individual attention.

The 1923 camp will begin on July 2nd, and close on August 18th. Our readers would find much of interest and benefit in a careful study of the Roosevelt Plan. Major Beals, who occupies the position of Professor of Military Science and Tactics and Supervisor of Physical Education in the Chicago public high schools, is always glad to offer his aid in "boy training." Inquiries sent to his office, 460 South State Street, Chicago, will receive prompt attention.

How to Safeguard The Future

When you think of possible deprivation of income for your family, you perhaps consider only the possibility of your "death from natural causes."

But there are three other possible "routes to poverty" for your loved ones—and it is well to provide against them all.

There's **Accident**—which removes so many in the prime of life.

There's the loss of earning-power, caused by **disability** of the bread-winner, either through illness or accident.

And finally, there is the retirement from Life's activities when overtaken by **old age**, often without any savings.

Do you know that you can protect yourself and your family against all four of these contingencies, in one complete policy.

Such a policy is now issued by the North American Life Assurance Company.

A Policy That Pays 4 Ways

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This, the fullest insurance covering available, would pay your beneficiary on a \$10,000 contract—

At your death, \$10,000.

If death be accidental, \$20,000.

If you become totally disabled through accident or sickness, this \$10,000 contract pays:—

- (1) \$100 to you each month for your lifetime.
- (2) All future premiums on your Policy as they fall due.
- (3) \$10,000 to your estate at death.

Write for full particulars of this Policy that "Pays Four Ways." Use attached coupon.

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AGENTS WANTED

A NEW INVENTION—Pyro Fire Extinguisher weighs only 3 lbs. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Guaranteed. Puts out fire in ten seconds. A child can use it. Already selling like wildfire in organized territory. Price of only \$2 makes easy sales—100% profit. J. S. Perry, P.E.I. sold 750 last 30 days. Alvin McAulay placed 14 in two hours. Investigate today. Pyro Extinguisher Co., 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn, the article most in demand. Everybody is knitting. We supply sample card of twenty-four shades of the best two ply and four ply knitting yarn on the market. This yarn is specially adapted for use on knitting machines. We allow large profits and supply your customers free with printed instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments. This helps make sales. Write for sample card and territory. Donald Manufacturing Company, Dept. 156, Toronto, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS—\$100, \$200 monthly selling Easy-Wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. **9-23**

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Describe and state price. R. A. McNown, 380 Wilkinson Bldg., Omaha, Neb. **9-23**

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash prices, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. **7-23**

WANT TO HEAR FROM OWNER having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. **8-23**

HONEY FOR SALE

CLOVER \$8.00. Amber \$6.00, Buckwheat \$5.00 for 60 lbs. Large orders at lower price. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. **tf**

FOR SALE

BETTER BREAD! USE HO-MAYDE BREAD Improver! It will give a finer, sweeter, larger loaf. Perfectly wholesome. Ask your grocer, or send 15 cents to Western Agents, C. and J. Jones, Lombard St., Winnipeg. **tf**

WHY NOT WIN \$1,000? \$5.00 buys beautiful pin, watch chain or string Oriental pearls, worth double. Also chance winning \$1,000 prize in letter contest. Write for particulars. Novelty Gift Trading Co., Box 1266, Mobile, Alabama. **7-23**

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STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. **tf**

MISCELLANEOUS

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. **tf**

PAINT AND VARNISH. Prepared in the west for westerners. It stands up. Buy direct from manufacturer and save middle-man's profit. Prices and color cards supplied on request. C. J. Wyers, Brandon, Man. **8-23**

PEACH'S CURTAINS. Ideal Home Decorations. Catalogue Free. Curtains, Case-ments, Household Linens, Laces, Underwear, etc. Direct from The Looms, "The Weave that Wears." Prompt shipping facilities. Delivery guaranteed. S. Peach & Sons, 608, The Looms, Nottingham, England. **11-23**

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS—Save time, worry and money. Order our special complete baby outfit—44 pieces, best material—\$15.95 f.o.b. Winnipeg. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Mrs. McKenzie, 235 Donald St., Winnipeg. **7-23**

I WILL PAY YOU \$200 to \$400 each for silver black fox pups raised from my stock. Easy to raise, easy terms. Enclose stamp for particulars. Gerald F. Todd, St. Stephen, N. B. **8-23**

PORTRAIT AGENTS AND OTHERS—Get Big Profits. Sell Perry Photo Medallions. You charge \$2.98; make 400% profit. \$10 daily easy. Big, exclusive line. 4-day service. Perry Photo Novelty Corporation, Section 81, 360 Bowery, New York. **7-23**

\$5.00 COUE book for 50c. Complete method. 100 large silk pieces, 50c. Big lot fancy cotton remnants \$1.00 postpaid. Catalog free. Novelties, St. Zacharie, Quebec. **11-23**

WILL 1923 BE LUCKY FOR YOU? Send Questions, Birth Date. \$1.00. Dreams Interpreted 25c. Nellie Lewis, Psychologist, Silver Lake, Oregon. **7-23**

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. **tf**

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1966 Broadway, N. Y. **7-23**

WANTED—Housekeeper for farm. Permanent position for one with capabilities. State age and wages expected. Wm. Perkin, Waterfield, Sask. **8-23**

GIRLS—WOMEN—Learn Gown Designing—Making. \$40 week. Learn while earning. Fascinating. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W529, Rochester, N. Y. **7-23**

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. **tf**

HOTELS

HOTEL GROVENOR—European. Private baths. Dollar up. 491 Yonge, Toronto. Take Yonge car at depot. **8-23**

A TREATISE on the Horse—FREE!

This book is one of the best ever written for the horseman and the farmer. In plain, everyday, understandable English it deals with every ailment that horseflesh is heir to, and tells how to treat them. It has chapters on shoes and shoeing, breeding and feeding. The book is worth many dollars to the handler of horses, but all you have to do is to ask your druggist for it. It is absolutely free. Here is one opinion:

SOUTH BERWICK, N.S., Jan. 19, 1922. "Please send me by mail your GREAT book showing positions and actions of sick horses. Have been using your Kendall's Spavin Treatment for years and think it is a great treatment."

PERLY CORKUM.

If your druggist has not a copy of the book left write us direct:

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburg Falls, Vt., U.S.A. **8**

About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

Points on the Storage of Eggs

TO avoid disappointment in the storage of eggs, it is essential to take the following precautions:

The eggs must be fertile.

Use perfectly fresh eggs only.

See that the eggs are completely immersed during the whole period of storage.

Eggs keep better if stored in a low temperature, say from 40 F. to 45 deg. F. With regard to the addition of salt where lime water is used, it has been found by a series of exhaustive experiments that such a practice is not advisable as it frequently imparts a limey flavor to the eggs.

Lime water is considered by experts to be the best means of preserving eggs, with water glass a close second choice. If good, freshly burnt quicklime can be obtained, one pound to five gallons of water should be used. All that is required is to slake the lime with a small quantity of water then stir the milk of lime so formed into five gallons of water. After the mixture has been kept well stirred for a few hours it is allowed to settle. The saturated lime water is drawn off and poured over the eggs, previously placed in a crock.

The vessel containing the eggs should be kept covered, as exposure to the air tends to precipitate the lime. Should there be a noticeable precipitation of lime, the lime water should be drawn or siphoned off and replaced by a fresh supply.

Around midsummer when eggs are at their lowest price, it is a good policy in the interest of economy, to preserve a considerable quantity of them, as the process is not a very involved one, and later on, in the winter time, it does seem rather extravagant to put eggs in a pudding or custard when they are retailing at 75 cents per dozen, while they could have been purchased at about 25 cents per dozen during the summer, and, with a small outlay and a little care, preserved for the time when prices are exorbitant.

Reminders on Sawfly Control

IN taking action against the Western Wheat-Stem Sawfly it is advised that all infested stubble be ploughed down between August 1st and June 6th of the following year, the ploughing to be not less than five inches deep and turned upside down so that there is little or no overlapping edge. This careful turning of the furrow is necessary, as the insects are in the stems of the stubble and the act of merely turning a good percentage of the stubble on its side will not prove an effective trap.

Oats, barley and winter rye are considered to be immune from attack. Clover, flax and all other broad-leaved plants are immune.

Rye grass should be cut between July 5th and 20th in order to kill the larvae infesting it before they reach the ground.

In ploughing operations against this insect, a wide furrowed plough is better than a narrow one. Disc ploughs are not at all suitable for this operation. Discing stubble land does not prove a satisfactory method of destroying the larvae of the sawfly.

It is important to specially deal with the edges of fields in newly infested districts, as the sawfly commences its attacks from the edges and works its way inwards. Years of drought are favorable for the sawfly's development and with this fact in mind one may be on the watch for this pest when the rain becomes scarce. An attack from this insect gives the grain the appearance of being badly lodged and at times hail has been blamed for the appearance of a field of grain suffering from an attack by sawfly, when the presence of this pest was not noted.

As a method of handling an infested crop it is suggested that such crop be harvested toward the end of July before the stems begin to fall so as to avoid loss through having to gather loose grain which shells badly in the process of gathering.

Winter rye is well adapted to withstand the attack of the sawfly as the early ripening of the grain and the drying of the stems makes a condition that gives the

larvae great difficulty in obtaining sufficient nourishment, with the result that a large percentage perish. Also the cutting of the rye takes place normally before the larvae has had time to reach a point in the straw long enough to escape the binder, hence their retreat is cut off and consequently they do not survive.

In order to ensure that the winter rye reaches maturity "on schedule," or before July 18th, cattle should not be allowed to graze upon the crop in spring time.

The Best Conditions for Milk

IT is a very hard task to keep milk in sanitary condition where the barn and cattle are in a dirty state. There are a great many ways in which milk will become contaminated, and when cows are covered with mud, for instance, it is practically impossible to milk into an open pail and at the same time be sure that milk is the only substance that is falling into the receptacle. Under good conditions it is a matter of conjecture as to whether dust and hairs are falling into the milk pail. There is a good kind of milk pail made that has the greater part of the opening covered, thus guarding against the entrance of a good deal of foreign matter.

Before milking, if the stable is cleaned out and fresh straw put down, the cattle brushed off, and the milker goes to the work of milking with hands fresh from soap and water, the conditions are fairly good. It is advisable, by the way, to have the shirt sleeves rolled up, clear of all contact with the flanks of the cow.

The milk pails, cans, and all other utensils used for milk must be thoroughly washed and scalded twice per day and well aired in a room free from dust and flies.

Ice is a valuable thing to have where good milk is desired as the handling of milk after milking has a considerable influence on its value. Milk should not be allowed to stand in the barn after being drawn from the cows, but should be taken into a clean room adjoining barn, which is an essential part of the barn where cows are kept for the purpose of commercial milk supply, and, after being strained through cheese cloth, poured into clean cans and cooled as quickly as possible in an ice tank. The milk should be kept at a low temperature until delivered to the consumer.

As an aid to cleanliness, clipping either the whole body of the cow, or at least the hind flanks, is an advantage. The actual operation of clipping takes but little time and the saving of time needed to keep the cattle clean will pay for it in a week, to say nothing of the almost certainly better quality of the milk produced.

Last but not least, kindness to the cows is an efficient aid in increasing milk yield. Kindness makes the cow contented and consequently her nervous system is in such a condition that she gives the fullest yield, while, on the other hand, abuse and excitement will lower the quantity of the milk and often lower the percentage of butterfat.

"The Enterprising Guy!"

You never see him lolling round, watching the passers-by. He's always "up and doing," the enterprising guy. No job too hard to tackle, no pinnacle too high. He aims to "get there" everytime, the enterprising guy!

Sometimes he takes a tumble, the same as you or I. But does he get discouraged, when his plans go all awry? No! Sir! he gives a cheerful grin, then has another try. A knock or two, can't make him blue, the enterprising guy!

The World's an oyster rich in pearls, the limit is the sky! A place in the sun for everyone, the ladder of Life towers high—"I'll reach the very top-most run, or know the reason why!" "With brawn and brain, success I'll gain," says the enterprising guy. —Isobel Wilson

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If you haven't yet advertised in *The Western Home Monthly*, you haven't learned what your classified advertising can do when directed to the buyers in the rural and small town homes of Western Canada. Users of our classified section have found it most resultful as an advertising medium for poultry and eggs, farm produce, farm and general help, seeds, lands, pets—everything of interest to those in the homes throughout this territory.

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The Still, Small Voice

By Edward William Towler

EVEN the clearing was wrapped in slumber. The cabin itself stood upon a little rise that made it immune to floods from the nearby river. All around the giant spruce and fir made a seeming impenetrable wall of blackness. High up into the night their cathedral spires fretted and swung in the breeze, and nature, like a tired child, slept.

Inside the cabin under his thick Hudson Bay blankets slept the rancher, peacefully and unsuspectingly. Outside, his face pressed close to the small window, was a man. His hands tightly clutched a 30-30 Winchester; while across his face swept the ghost of a wintry smile. A smile so cold, so implacable, so relentless and void of all feeling save that of revenge, that it was hard to believe that a human heart was sending the warm blood coursing through the frame in which it beat.

For a brief space the figure outside stood motionless, gazing upon the figure of the sleeper. Even as he looked a smile passed over the sleeper's face as if some bright remembrance crossed the pathway of his dreams. Outside, the peepsight of the rifle was—lifting—lifting, until it covered the breast of the sleeping occupant of the cabin.

Bang!!!

The figure at the window slipped away like an evil spirit into the dense-

He stopped dead, the sweat gathering upon his forehead. "He used to sing that song," he said, huskily. All the six feet of him was rooted to the spot. All that six feet that feared nothing that walked the earth, stood paralysed at the sound of a voice humming an old Irish ballad.

"My God! His song, he used to sing it night after night." For a moment longer he listened, then turning upon his heel he ran rapidly from the spot; but even as he ran, he could have sworn he heard a mocking laugh echoing from the accursed shack.

Inside his own shack he felt more at ease, though the beads of perspiration still stood upon his forehead. A pull at the bottle steadied him and made him feel more of a man, and by the time he was ready to turn in he had persuaded himself that it was an attack of nerves consequent upon the day. Upon his bed sleep refused to come and he tossed and turned from side to side, but to no purpose. A little later he heard footsteps coming down his trail. That was good; he would be glad of company. Closer and closer they came. Listen! What was that? One foot dragging a trifle after the other. My God! Murdock, the victim, was lame.

The man in the bunk shoved his fist into his mouth; waiting for the door to open as he knew it would open to



A luxury of bloom near High River, Alta.

Photo by I. T. Parker.

ness of the forest, even as the discharge split the night's silence with its shattering explosion. Inside, a pitiful wreck of humanity rolled gasping from the bed and coughed out its last brief moments of life upon the rough hewn floor. Alone, uncared for and unheeded a soul passed to its Maker.

Days passed, the discovery of the body and the necessary inquest caused much excitement in the little settlement. The man was arrested, then discharged owing to lack of evidence. Later he returned to the settlement. A mystery before, it became doubly so now. The man also was a mystery, the Court had been unable to find out anything about his antecedents. Of this world's goods he had plenty, his cattle in numbers roamed the bush and he appeared to be well endowed with money. Nevertheless he grew more morose and sought not the companionship of his fellow man, desiring only to be alone, and you cannot hang a man for that. After his trial and acquittal he retired into his shell more than ever and was only seen upon those occasions when he went to the store for grub.

A year passed. It was the anniversary of the murder, the man was only too cognizant of the fact; but it was not worrying him and the evening saw him crossing the clearing by his victim's cabin. As he neared the shack, now deserted and shunned, he heard a voice singing an Irish song.

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,

The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill."

admit that Dreadful Presence. The latch lifted—slowly—slowly; just as slowly and just as surely and steadily as the peepsight of his rifle had lifted a year ago to cover his victim. Not a sound came from the man, stiff with horror he sat up in his bunk. His mouth worked but no sound came from his lips, he could only look and look as the shack door opened and Murdock entered; seating himself upon a stool he gazed steadily at the man.

It was not the kindly face he had known in life before the fatal quarrel. Every line of it showed the agony of that sudden and fearful end. Then, swiftly, it changed and it became the placid face of the sleeper as the man had seen him upon that terrible night. The murderer gave vent to a choking cry and buried his face in his blankets. When he looked again the cabin was empty.

The sun shining through the windows flooded the room with brightness, wiping out every trace of the terrors of the previous night. From the door stepped the man with his grip packed, a hunted look upon his face, and for a month the settlement knew him no more. In the vortex of the city he tried to forget and to hide as it were from himself. One night in a vaudeville show a tenor gave a rendering, for an encore, of the ballad he had last heard echoing from that shack. A prey to the wildest emotions he sat out one verse then rushed from the theatre. He thought the singer fixed him with his eye and was singing at him. On the returning steamer a

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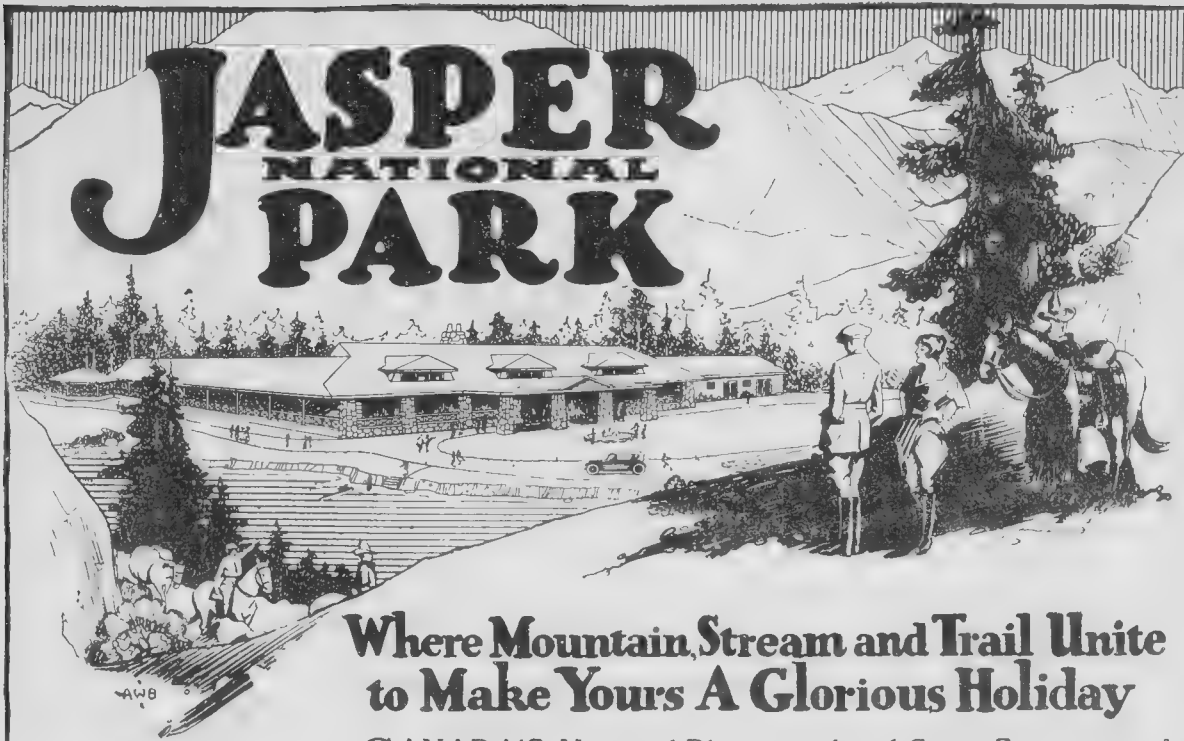
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THE STILL, SMALL VOICE—Continued from page 23

steward that waited at the table had a limp, only a mere trifle, but in that limp he saw his victim dogging him. It was only his iron nerve that prevented him from shrieking aloud.

Back in the woods he felt more at ease. His own cabin with a warm fire in the heater and the westering sun glinting through the trees brought back a sense of comfort and homeliness. It was the best place after all. Nothing happened to disturb his peace of mind until one day when he was sawing up a log he heard footsteps walking along the fallen tree, one foot dragging a little after the other. He stared and stared, yet nothing met his gaze, only those ghostly footsteps pattering up and down the log. With a curse he wrenched the "cross cut" from the log and ran as he had never run before. Nearing his shack he saw fresh footprints and the heel indentation of one foot was deeper than the other. As he read that fatal sign, he stayed not and the boarding house four miles away had him for a guest that night.

The weeks crept by until they had run the gamut of the calendar and again the dread anniversary arrived. This time but a wreck of the man faced the ordeal that he knew would come. It was nearing eleven p.m. when first he caught the sound of those by now familiar footsteps. With a strange but unnatural calm he braced himself for the ordeal he knew must come. Slowly the door opened and Murdock entered, seating himself upon the same stool he had used a year ago. There was a smile upon his victim's face, and for this he was grateful. Then screwing his courage to the sticking point, the man

spoke, the words coming thickly from his lips.

"Well, damn you, now that you are here what do you want? I fixed you once living and I'll fix you dead." With that he seized his rifle and swung it upon the figure seated upon the stool. Even as his finger hung upon the trigger, Murdock spoke.

"I have come, John, as I always shall come, until the day that you go back with me. Wherever you are, I shall be. Never shall you be alone. I died alone with no hand to soothe my last moments. No friend to say farewell, or breathe a prayer for me. But you, you are never going to be alone. I—shall always be with you. Always, do you understand? No moment of your life is yours, you belong to me; here and hereafter. There is no escape for you and I suggest you pray while time remains to you. You see that I am more merciful than you. I give to you a grace that you refused to me. A human court acquitted you; but a higher tribunal awaits you. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." Put down that rifle, John, you are trembling, you know nothing can hurt me now. Sometimes I shall sing for you; sometimes you will hear my footsteps upon the trail as you heard them to-day upon the tree you were sawing. Sometimes I shall come and sit with you as I sit with you to-night. You were never fond of company, and that will be a part of your punishment. You are between the upper and the nether millstones. Have you anything to say in extenuation for yourself? If so say it, I am listening." But the man was speechless.

An hour later, a friend making a belated walk through the woods, called in and found the man praying wildly to an empty stool. When the settlement heard of it, they said the "woods had got him;" but the man who found him praying to an empty chair knew better, and in the quiet of his humble shack put up a piteous prayer to heaven for a distracted mind.

The third anniversary, and again the victim faced the man. "Mercy, he gasped weakly, "Mercy."

"Had I mercy from you, John?"

"At least I killed you with a single shot," shrieked the wretched man. "I never haunted your every footstep, your every hour."

"The mills of God, John. The mills of God."

"Kill me and end it all," cried the man. "Here is my rifle," and he pushed the gun over to the other.

"Listen, John," said Murdock, "You think I am the ghost of the man you slew. Look well at me, John, look well at me, and say who I am."

The man stared hard for a moment, then gave vent to a piercing cry.

"So you know me at last, John? I am the counterpart of yourself. I am your conscience, that is why I can never leave you, even if I would. Sometimes I am just yourself and at other times, I am Murdock, your victim; but one or the other I must always be. There is no escape for you. I have come to tell you that I am lonely where I sleep under big maples. Soon you will join me there. Yes, you had better bring your rifle."

The next day a settler ran to the store with the news that the man had been found lying shot dead across the grave of his victim.

Blue-Ribbon Mongrel Pets

By Evelyn Gowan Murphy.

THE white mouse which has hitherto been held in such slight esteem by the women-folk of the household, has at last come into its own. The most mongrel of "yaller hound dawgs" need no longer cast envious glances at his highly-pedigreed, blue-ribbon canine relation, for the inauguration of Pet Parades in many of the States across the Border is literally giving every dog his day.

The basic thought underlying these Pet Parades is to encourage and to foster in children the love for dumb animals, and surely no better way could be devised to instill in the hearts and minds of the little folk a kind consideration for the four-footed pets, nor one better calculated to create an intense interest among the grown-ups in the community, than a Pet Parade.

In this contest, while there may be a class for the blue-blooded aristocrats of the dog and cat world, yet such a standard is not the basis on which the awards are given. The prize may be awarded for the "ye-lowest" yellow dog, the dog with the longest ears, or the pig with the curliest tail,—though no doubt stipulations would be in order that patent curlers were taboo.

In one such parade held in the United States, the prize for the smallest pet was awarded to a laddie marching in the procession who proudly carried his two pet lady-bugs in a glass. Those were probably the two proudest lady-bugs known to civilization and no thought of "houses afire" or "children alone" would cause those prize-winning lady-bugs to "fly away home" and miss their triumphal journey.

The award for the biggest pet was conferred upon an enormous horse who had for many years pulled the town fire-hose and had become a great favorite among firemen. When advancing age, and his rival the motor fire-engine, removed him from this vocation, he was put to trundling the lawn mower about the parks. This horse was also entered as a contestant for the "oldest pet" but a parrot who had reached the venerable dignity of thirty-three years of age won the coveted honor.

The idea of a "Pet's Exhibition" originated in 1905 in San Francisco, and in 1915 one of the largest buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition was set aside for the 1500 exhibits of children's pets who were gathered together. Indeed, there was such an accumulation of pets to be brought across San Francisco Bay that it was found necessary to charter a special ferry to handle the traffic.

This novel idea growing from a small inception has now attained a nation-wide prominence,—the motto of the organization being: "A Child without a Pet is like a Flower without the Sunshine."

The children entering their pets in the contest, march in procession carrying in their arms their black pussies with white feet and white pussies with black feet, or they trundle their precious grey tabby cats in the doll's carriage or the baby's go-cart. There are nanny-goats and colts and wobbly-legged calves to add joy and interest to the procession, not to mention such entrants as crates of bunnies, bowls of gold-fish or the pet goose of some child waddling along in the rear. So long as the contestants, either flesh, fish, or fowl, are really "pets" all are eligible for honors, so that a stranger viewing the parade might well be pardoned for thinking that Noah's Ark had broken loose.

All over the North American Continent is an awakened interest in the humane treatment of dumb animals. In many districts the last week in April is observed as a "Be Kind to Animals" week, and during this period the lesson of humane treatment is emphasized in the home and in the school. The subjects for the children's compositions deal with the faithful traits and virtues of animal pets. The songs sung are selected with a thought of impressing this lesson of humane treatment upon the children's mind. A feeling of compassion, fairness and kindness is awakened in the heart of the child towards a defenceless or suffering animal, and this must, no doubt, have an uplifting and refining influence on the little folk.

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BLUE-RIBBON MONGREL PETS—Con. from page 24

was recently issued by the Department of Humane Education of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and these might well be memorized by our Canadian children. The tenth commandment reads;

Thou shalt not covet the bird's plumage, nor the animal's fur; thou shalt not covet the robin's nest nor her young by her side, nor the pigeon the freedom of the air, nor the deer the joy of the lair."

THE ROCKHOUND—Continued from page 16

"So now," she said, in conclusion, "I hope you all understand what I am doing. The stock isn't worth anything at all, but I am willing to pay a dollar a share for it—the price for which it was purchased."

She came down on to the floor again beside Atwill.

"Buy Lucky Tumble stock," she said to the caller, "at one dollar."

"Sell for four dollars," came a voice out of the crowd.

Some one laughed. Alida turned the color of fire and bit her lip in rage.

"Why, they think I've been lying to them!" she exclaimed to Atwill. "They don't believe me! The wretches! I won't buy a share of their old stock. I'm going to tell them so."

"Buy," Atwill shouted at the caller, "at two dollars."

"Sell," returned the voice, "at three dollars and half."

Alida seized Atwill by the arm.

"I won't pay two dollars," she declared. "These poor folks need the money."

"Poor folks!" she exclaimed. "They're money grabbers! They want to wring every last mortal cent out of me that they can!" Her face softened, and her eyes filled with tears. "If I'd known they were going to act like this, I'd never have come down here!"

He led her to a bench. He was shaking excitedly; he could feel his blood beating and his palms were wet.

"Alida," he whispered, "there's oil on Lucky Tumble. I don't know how much; and these people don't know it's there—but there's oil!"

She stared at him.

"Those little fossils that I found," he went on swiftly, "are found only in the stratum which overlies the oil sand—they didn't mean anything; for the sand might be there without any oil in it. But there's seepage in the ravine—so little that it can't be seen; it comes up from far below. It was only when I made a chloroform test that the oil showed in the rocks—there was oil left on two of the little plates. It's what we call a 'sealed fault.' The earth cracked sometime along the line of that ravine. These rocks on the south side are older than those to the north. Those old rocks were pushed up across the newer rocks that held the oil and have sealed it in." She seemed endeavoring to understand. "I can't tell how much oil, Alida; no one can. I spent those two days out there making sure of only as much as I am telling you. To find out, the well will have to be deepened several hundred feet. It's just a gamble."

She was following now closely what he said.

"Listen," he urged her; "Alida, you've got over nineteen thousand shares of stock. If you were to buy six thousand more, you would control the company. If you did that, you could get money for deepening the well." He leaned closer to her. "Alida, that old man—old Roger—had two hundred shares. I asked him last night if he knew others who had shares. He said 'yes; plenty.' I told him to pass the word to them to be here at the exchange this afternoon, and to tell any others who owned stock. I hoped you would get the stock without my telling you all this. It seems you couldn't. But perhaps you can buy it at the prices that they ask. Only, I want to be sure you realize that it's just—a chance. The oil may not be there in paying quantity, and your twenty thousand may not be enough to buy the stock."

"Not enough to buy six thousand shares?" she asked incredulously.

"This is real money we're talking of now, Alida. Twenty thousand is a bagatelle. If the oil's there in quantity, you'll be rich—rich!"

His voice shook. There was nothing he wanted so much as to make Alida rich. She thought an instant; she had grown suddenly pale.

"Buy at two dollars," she said to the caller cautiously.

Alida bought two hundred shares at two dollars and forty cents; four hundred at two sixty-five; three hundred at two eighty."

"Buy at two ninety," some one called.

Atwill looked for the bidder. It was Weld. His muscles hardened and his flesh grew hot as he crossed to him.

"No bids from you!" he ordered. The promoter bristled.

"The exchange is free. You wouldn't be paying these prices unless you knew something. I think she and you have put something over on me—got me to sell."

"Got you to sell? Weld, the worst licking you ever received has been bottled up in me for three days, and the cork is slipping."

"You can't bluff me. I've got a right to buy."

"Then you'll be carried out of here." The promoter fronted him threatening; suddenly, he whitened and backed away and ceased to bid.

WHEN the exchange closed at six o'clock, Alida had bought forty-five hundred and sixty shares of Lucky Tumble; but the price had been ten dollars and no more shares were offered.

She was silent as they went out on the street.

"I've got less than a thousand dollars left," she mourned finally, "and I don't own half the shares."

He did not answer. There was a queer quality in his silence. He turned quickly and nervously in at the door of his office. A slip of paper lay on his desk which he picked up and read, and his breath lengthened with relief.

"It's all right," he said to her.

"All right?"

"Yes, there are three exchanges in this town. I had pretty nearly two thousand dollars of my own, and this morning I borrowed five thousand more of Meeks. A couple of men from the office here picked up what stock they could for you in the other exchanges. They got fourteen hundred and thirty shares. So it's all right. You control the company."

"I?"

"Yes."

"With your money? Money that you borrowed?"

Her eyes had filled. Through her tears, a light was shining at him which he had never seen in any eyes before.

"I couldn't let you go away again," he said; "I couldn't!"

"I—I wouldn't have gone away."

IT was very hot on Lucky Tumble.

The sun was reflected back by the white wood of the new, empty tanks built expectantly close to the derrick. The motor carrying Atwill and Alida crawled up the slope and stopped at a distance from the well, and they got out and stood looking at the motionless machinery and the idle drilling-crew.

Her color heightened.

"I'm glad," she said, with a shy glance up at him, "that we didn't wait to find out about the well before we got married; for—suppose, now, the well doesn't come in."

Atwill laughed happily.

"Then you and I start life together owing Meeks seventeen thousand dollars."

He turned to the driller.

"You sent word the drill was on the sand?"

"That's right. Got some show of oil, too. Of course that don't mean anything. But a few feet more'll tell the tale when we start drilling again."

Atwill's lips were set to a thin line; his look was eager.

"Good enough!" he exclaimed. "You may fire when you are ready, Grid—Butwell, I mean."

The driller went to the engine-levers. The pumps began their put-put-put; the chain rattled on the hoist; the rotary began its revolution, grinding the two thousand feet of casing and the drill down into the sand below.

Continued on page 28

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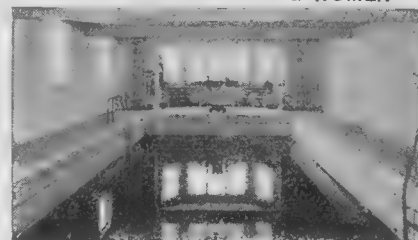
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there some of our happy party decided to make preparations for lunch while others hastened onward to our final camp at Mount Assiniboine.

The mighty massif, which included five huge spurs, covering an area of some thirty square miles, and visible from a great distance in every direction, was now in plain view, and those of our party who had seen the far-famed Matterhorn of Switzerland at once noted the resemblance and understood why Mount Assiniboine is called "The Matterhorn of North America," though perhaps the Dent Blanche is more nearly its prototype in the better-known Swiss Alps. The watershed line passes directly over its highest point, so that it is a link in the Great Divide in separating the waters which flow eastward to the Atlantic or westward to the Pacific.

On topping a final rise the white tents of the camp appear on a charming site at the north-east corner of Lake Magog, lying in a hollow of the group of peaks with the glacier-clad Mount Assiniboine rising high above its fellows.

Wonder Pass

WITH the majority of members, climbing, of course, is the prime object of the camp, yet for those who did not wish to do any strenuous climbing, or those who wished a somewhat restful day between climbs, there were many beautiful places within easy walking distance. The first of these was the trip up Wonder Pass. Here one reaches a point of land which juts out into the valley and from this vantage can be seen one of the most wonderful panoramas of the entire Rockies. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise." About 2,500 feet below are three lakes of most exquisite hue; Gloria, Terrapin, and Marvel, the upper and middle lakes being of a delicate turquoise color while the lower one is a deep azure. Turning to the right, and looking up the valley, one could see the giant east face of Assiniboine. Connecting with this monarch of the peaks, and forming a great glacial amphitheatre from which issued many small streams to feed the lakes below, stood Lunette Peak, a spur of Assiniboine, 11,150 feet, Mount Aye, 10,640 feet, Mount Eon, 10,860 feet, and Mount Gloria, 9,500 feet.

It was the writer's good fortune to be one of a party who, after climbing Mount Towers joined, by arrangement, another party forming a picnic of seventeen, on this truly enchanted spot. First a fire was made, and before long the contents of our ample coffee pot began simmering with a pleasing music all its own. All were willing to help and soon each laughing, light-hearted individual was busily engaged doing his or her part as no other could. Our luncheon quarters commanded one of the grandest views possible of natural scenery. The magnificent mountains, the peerless lakes, the delicate tints of shrubs, and mosses, the curling smoke from our little fire, the deep azure of the sky above and lastly, our own gay company, comfortably reclining around our varied spread, merrily enjoying life, as life can be enjoyed by those only who see and appreciate the glorious beauty of Nature, the visible manifestation of God.

The Graduating Climb

THE graduating climb was Mount Magog, 10,050 feet. It was one of the stiffest graduating climbs in the club's history and forty active members were added to the club's roll call, five of whom, including the writer, graduated on Assiniboine.

The order of the day for the Magog climb was up at 4.30, a hasty skirmish for breakfast in the cook tent, and then the trail which led down through the woods to the shore of Lake Magog, then along the north shore of the lake till the moraine at the base of the cliffs was reached. Here the guide roped each of the party, which usually consisted of five. A hundred and twenty foot rope is generally used so that members are about 20 feet apart. The guide leads and the second best climber is supposed to bring up the rear, and on the return lead the party. The cliffs which constituted the first part of the climb, were very steep and it required fully an hour's hard climbing to reach the top of the higher moraine. After this a stiff shale and scree climb, then a long steady grind on the glacier, ever upward, requiring about one and a half hours, then more scree and stiff rock climbing and towards the top a rather difficult climb up a practically perpendicular cleft or crevice commonly called a "chimney," that required considerable nerve for a beginner. In some of the more difficult parts, progress was necessarily slow, for the footing in places was treacherous and the handholds were inclined to break away under pressure. The view from the top well repaid for all the labor. It was grand beyond description. As far as the eye could see in every direction, tier upon tier of massive snow-capped mountains rose like mighty billows on an endless sea.

Mount Assiniboine

Ambitious schemes seem puny as we gaze Up through the moonlight at thy massive form;
Thou guardian of the clouds that kiss thy face,
Thou tower of strength that buffets every storm.
Man gathers from thee strength for every test
And inspiration—henceforth 'tis our best.

MOUNT Assiniboine, 11,870 feet, was first climbed by the well-known climber, Sir Jas. Outram, who has made first ascents of many of our fine Canadian peaks. He, with two Swiss guides, made the ascent on Sept. 3, 1901. Up to that time it had repelled more assaults by mountain climbers than any other peak in the Canadian Rockies, one of which almost terminated fatally, and gained a reputation of extreme difficulty, or even inaccessibility. Since then, until "Welcome Home Camp," only one other party reached the top, although quite a number of unsuccessful attempts were made. The peak is grandest from its northern side. When viewed from that side it rises, like a monster tooth, from an entourage of dark cliff and gleaming glacier. On the eastern and southern sides the walls and buttresses are practically sheer precipices, 5,000 to 6,000 feet in vertical height, but the contour and character of the grand northern face more than compensates for the less sheer and lofty precipices. Sir James made the ascent from the southwest face and found it not so difficult as he had anticipated. The descent was made by the north-west arete and they experienced considerable difficulty in reaching the bottom in safety. It was by this north-west arete that ascents were made last year, about twenty of our members being successful in reaching the top, under the guidance of Swiss and local guides.

The committee in charge of the various climbs were exceedingly careful in their selection of those allowed to attempt Mt.

Assiniboine as it was well understood that in addition to nerve and a considerable amount of skill in rock climbing, that a great deal of endurance was required. On the morning of August 5th a party of five, including Rudolf Aemmer, a notable Swiss guide, was called at 2.30 a.m. to test their mettle on the giant of them all. After a hurried dressing and a dash of cold water, the first essential was breakfast which at that unearthly hour had to be prepared by the party. We stumbly found our way into the cook's tent, lit a few candles, found plenty of bread, biscuits, bacon, stewed prunes, jam and porridge, that had been prepared the night before, which along with coffee made an ample meal. By 3.45 a.m. we were on our way and at 5 had reached the lower cliffs and were ready to be roped. The route was the same as for the Magog graduating climb until we got some little distance past the cliffs, from which point their route branched to the left. At 7.15 we had reached the great pyramid of rock and prepared for serious work. We had been roped fully two hours, but the work heretofore, comparatively speaking, had been child's play to that which was to follow, as almost 4,000 feet of rock climbing still lay ahead of us. The morning was clear and quite cool with a tang of frost in the air, and a slight north wind blowing. The snow was frozen solid and the wind stiffened considerably as the morning wore away. We had fortunately taken some extra clothing in our ruck sacks, knowing that local snow or sleet storms were not unusual, even in August, in that altitude, and we gladly used all we had with us. Those of our party who had caps pulled them over their ears and those with hats tied them securely. At one time our guide feared that we might be forced to turn back owing to the strong wind, as we were climbing on an acute arete, but fortunately about this time it began to abate.

The Great Pyramid

FOR the first 1,500 feet after reaching the massive pyramid, we found it hard going, as there was considerable shale lying on the rocks, but after passing the immense red band which encircles the mountain, and which shows so distinctly to a great distance, we found the climbing, with few exceptions, excellent. Here for about 2,500 feet the hand and foot holds were solid. Despite this it needed careful going, as in places on one side the rocks dropped perpendicular, and one could look straight down for between 2,000 and 3,000 feet and the arete we were working on was very narrow. Occasionally we had to stop and figure out the best place to make a safe ascent, and at times a series of gymnastic efforts were required to surmount some of the straight-up rocks, and buttresses, where holds were few and far between. In one or two places we encountered that abomination of the mountaineer, verglas, the thin coating of ice upon the rocks from the night's frost after the melting of snow during the previous day. Then in places Rudolf had to cut steps in the ice and frozen snow. However, as all the party were good climbers, little time was lost and steadily we reduced the distance, the coveted peak showing plainer and plainer, till at 11.20 we reached the summit.

We found an enormous snow cornice overhanging the stupendous east precipice and one at a time we crawled to the extreme edge of the huge overhanging crest, being securely tied and held by the other members of our party, while we looked



View of Camp at O'Hara Meadows

THE CANADIAN ALPINE CAMP

Continued from page 26

down the sheer wall to a great, shining glacier 5,000 feet or more below. This is part of the great glacial amphitheatre mentioned earlier in the article.

We had a few brief rests on the way up, on one occasion stopping long enough to eat our first lunch. As the sky was clear, we enjoyed the full glory of the various marvelous views, yet it was not until we reached the top that we had an opportunity of seeing in every direction. We spent half an hour admiring the wonderful views of high Alps, wooded valleys with their streams, like tangled silver threads, all golden and glowing in smoky, purple hues, and the mighty snow-clad peaks. Although the day was clear, yet it gave one the feeling that we were in that region

"Where the white mists, forever
Are spread and unfurl'd
In the stir of the forces
Whence issued the world."

And for the joys of that glorious half hour spent on its snow-capped summit we granted Mt. Assiniboine our love of a lifetime. It was very impressive and to the writer, at least, brought forth the words of Matthew Arnold—

"I come, O ye mountains,
Ye pine woods, I come."

The Descent

OUR party was one of two that made the return trip by a different route. Our excellent guide had been told that there was a certain ledge on the south-west side that would take us around the shoulder of the mountain about on a level with a pass between Assiniboine and Mt. Sturdee and as he was anxious to explore and find a new way down, we started to search for it. After descending a long stretch of exceedingly coarse shale, we found a ledge at the base of the red strip of rock and although Rudolf felt this was too high, yet as it appeared the only one as far down as we could see, and we could see what appeared to us to be at least two thousand feet, we decided to try it. After following this narrow strip for a considerable time we came to an absolutely jumping off place so we were reluctantly forced to retrace our steps. We then made a further descent largely amongst loose stones in size from scree to boulders, with a few pieces of rock down which we invariably sought chimneys and again went along the ledge in vain. This time, however, we could see another one further down, but unfortunately had to return even a longer distance before we could begin our descent. The mountain at this point was more perpendicular, presenting a rugged face and a series of escarpments broken by tiny ledges, and occasional sharp pinnacles, and rent at distant intervals by clefts and crevices nearly vertical. Here two of the chimneys which we had to descend were quite good from a rock-climbing standpoint. On the lower one we had to be let down, guide included, a short distance by rope.

The third ledge proved to be the right one and while going along it we had the novel experience of walking under a mountain waterfall which tumbled over our heads from a rock face above. It reminded one of the line "Azure sky a gleam on high, and icy torrents leaping." It was not late in the afternoon and as we were well down the mountain on the southwest side the effect of the hot August sun could be heard and seen. There were numerous rivulets and occasionally the thundering roar of an avalanche down the precipitous east face could be distinctly heard, as well as the more distant rumblings of other avalanches on nearby mountains.

We reached the pass between the mountains at 5.10 and here ate our second lunch, standing on the glacier in the shadow of Sturdee, then walked on ice and steep snow, glissading where the snow was not too steep, crossed several crevasses, went down the cliffs, and reached camp at 8.45, tired and hungry, but not exhausted.

"Down again, triumphant, sliding,
Down the spotless snow-slopes gliding,
Down to camp to bear the tiding,
Nature's battle's won.
See the camp-fire leaping, darkness o'er
us creeping,
Song and jest to drown our quest,



KODAK

And afterwards it's all in the album

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto

While stars their watch are keeping.
Here's the life that's worth the living
Here's the victory worth achieving
Here are memories worth the weaving.
Comrades, heed the call."

It is also wonderful the range of area that the club draws from. At that camp, besides the large number from Canada, from coast to coast, almost every state of the Union was represented, particularly New York and the District of Columbia, then there were quite a few from Great Britain and one each from India and Switzerland.

Camp Fire Evenings

ONE of the many delightful features of the Alpine Club holiday is the evenings spent around the camp fires. Every evening during the outing there

is a program, usually in charge of the members from some city or district, and there is a lot of talent of a very high order that contributes freely for the enjoyment and edification of the listening members.

Another splendid feature of this unique outing is the friendships that are formed. Of course it goes without saying that there is naturally a strong bond that cements the members one with the other—their common love of the big outdoors. With that to begin with, and frequently followed with the sharing of hardships and occasionally real danger, it naturally follows that lasting friendships can be made in the course of a few hours, the like of which would be impossible in as many years while living under the veneered conditions of modern city life.

"Far away in the mountains where
bigness abounds,

Where worth is not rated in dollars or pounds;
Where the gold of our natures is sifted from dross,
Where friendships are real, without tarnish or gloss;
Where we live as our Maker intended we should,
Each life growing better for one common good.
Thus while mountains abide, or true love doth endure,
There is nothing can equal the Alpine Club's lure."

God is always near. If we love Him, this makes us glad. If we do not, it makes us uncomfortable. But we cannot change it. We live and move in His mighty presence.

Union Bank of Canada

THE Directors of the Union Bank of Canada announce that a revaluation of the assets of the bank has been made and that it has been decided to transfer \$4,250,000.00 from Rest Account to Contingent Reserve Account and to reduce the rate of dividend to shareholders to eight per cent. per annum.

The Capital of the Bank now stands at \$8,000,000.00; Rest Account, \$1,750,000.00; Profit and Loss, \$159,360.00.

In making this revaluation the Bank has had the benefit of the valued services and concurrence of a high officer of the Bank of Montreal, loaned for the purpose.

The transfer of the above amount from Rest Account to Contingent Reserve Account is due to writing down assets, which were found to have depreciated owing to the heavy deflation and depressed business conditions recently experienced, and to making prudent provision for loans, the full liquidation of which has been delayed owing to abnormal circumstances. Large recoveries on these assets so dealt with are to be expected, but in the meantime they are being placed in Contingent Reserve.

The Board of Directors has been strengthened by the election thereto of Mr. R. T. Riley, a former Vice-President of the Bank, who is well known throughout Canada.

The Directors give the assurance that the Bank is in a very sound position and that there is every promise of a successful and profitable future for it.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,

W. R. ALLAN,

President.

Winnipeg, June 21st, 1923.

CARHARTT



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OVERALLS LIKE THESE"

Everybody Envy's You Your Trip by Water To the East

When a long land journey half way across the continent, can be broken so delightfully by wonderful days on the Great Lakes, do you wonder that folks travelling East ask to be routed via the Northern Navigation water way?

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Northern Navigation Company

CANADIAN NATIONAL ROUTE



BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS—

Continued from page 16

corral full of other horses belonging to the men who are building the cabin, and with just our three saddle ponies, began the climb.

It was a tough one—the last two thousand feet we had to make on foot—but it was worth it all. Unfortunately the day was hazy, and the camera did not work well, but I can see it yet when I shut my eyes.

Away to the east we looked out across the foothill country, the prairies of our own country, of farmhouses and fields,—where patient people wait for rain upon their crops. But to the west, north and south there was spread before us all the fantasy, the extravagance of nature in her most whimsical mood. The hills were folded one upon the other in grotesque disorder, and yet with such calmness and dignity, such stillness and majesty, there seemed to be a purpose in it all. Between us and the highest hills, were smaller ones whose bare backs were ridged with fallen timbers, giving something of the effect of exaggerated shredded wheat biscuits; beyond them, glimpses of the placid Hay River, whose Indian name means "God passed this way."

On the sky line are the snow-capped mountains, some with sharp peaks like spires, some blunt and spread out like great hipped-roofed barns, and all softened with a glorious blue haze, beautiful like liquid velvet, and over all, towery white clouds against an azure sky.

On the look-out mountain, nearly six thousand feet high, it was cold and fiercely

but had missed us somehow,—everyone counts when people are few. Everyone is important and precious, and that is why the few scattered people of the wilderness develop into such decided, colorful, positive people. They are either good or bad. In the cities, faces and characters too, blur in the crowd—grow indistinct and vague, we become dull people who are merely the millionth part of a crowd. It isn't our fault—humanity is pliable and life's forces are very strong.

I thought of all this when we "sat in" with the two men, at their hearty invitation, to a good meal of their own cooking, on the shady bank beside their camp. They were eager for news of the outside,—and the questions they asked were clear cut and thoughtful,—the stamp of the lonely places was on them—and it was a stamp of true gentleness and worth.

Now we are home again and back at it. There are meetings to be attended, letters written, bills paid, coal to order, meals to cook; tag days, receptions, delegations, dressmakers; resolutions, amendments, saving clauses, committee meetings. Somebody is always starting something,—and above all earth's clamor, cutting through it and multiplying it, insistent, commanding, imperative, not to be denied or ignored, comes the ring of the telephone.

Even so! I am not worrying—I know what I am going to do. I know a place where the cries of the market-place will never penetrate. We picked it out while we were at Rock Lake. It's a sheltered corner, with a horse-shoe of woods around



Crossing the Solomon,—a small stream now, depleted of its waters by the burning of the forests.

windy, but we did not notice how cold we were until we turned to go, and even then we went reluctantly, looking back to see the trailing shadows marching over the valleys below us dulling the living green of the forests as they passed, but moving always with stately, unhurried pace.

On the highest point, the Look Out Cabin is built, and anchored safely at each corner with guy ropes to hold it from the tempest that comes with fierce suddenness and goes as quickly.

Here the ranger will live all year, and with the aid of the telephone, will be able to watch the forest for fires, and warn the other rangers of the danger. It will be a quiet life for some one.

The men who were building the house, James Mills and Louis Holm, were talking about us when we came, wondering if by any chance we might come to see them. All day they had watched the trail below,

it, commanding the length of the lake and the snow-capped mountains beyond. There are trees there for hammocks, and we'll make them ourselves of poplar poles and spread over them red blankets with green stripes, and we will build a cabin of the logs and a fireplace of stones, the pretty ones that glitter with quartz, and have veinings of red and blue,—and we will get water for cooking, in the spring which comes green-cold out of the leafy bank and falls with a musical gurgle into the lake below.

And all day we'll watch the trout leaping in the green blue waters, and the mountains weaving and draping their lavender veils around their heads, and we won't know what the day of the month is, only that it is summer, nor the time of day, only that it is afternoon and thus will be restored unto us the years that the cankerworm and the caterpillar and the grasshopper have eaten.

THE ROCKHOUND—Continued from page 25

Another motor was crawling up the slope. Atwill glanced toward it. Others, apparently, had heard that they were on the sand, for the occupant was Weld. The promoter got out and stood near the well, speaking to no one.

Atwill looked back again. The water flowing through the sluice into the slush pit had grown black with oil. Oil was welling upward round the turning pipe. The driller stopped the engine.

"Great God!" he shouted. "What are we tapping here? An ocean? Look out! She's going to blow herself in! She's going to spout!"

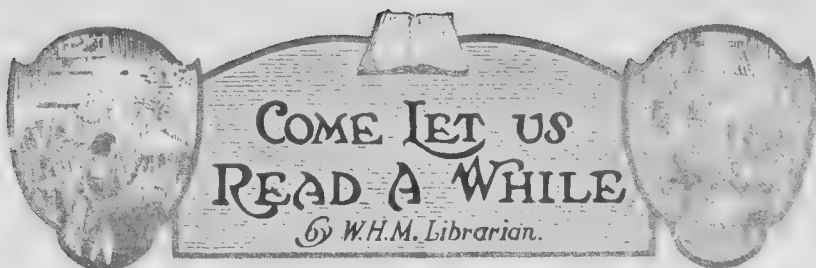
They ran back from the derrick. Oil was dripping, then flooding from the derrick floor.

"Oil!" Atwill shouted at Weld. "Oil, Weld! You see it?" He caught Alida in his arms and kissed her. "There's your well!" he exclaimed to her. "Your well!"

"Your well," she answered. "Our well!" Her expression softened; her eyes were bright. "Maybe we ought to call it Fred's well."

Atwill looked beyond her. He was not ready to tell his young wife yet that this was not her brother's well; only recently he had learned that that well had been called the "Lucky Boulder." He stared warning at Weld.

The promoter watched for a moment the black wealth which was soaking the sands; then he swore under his breath and turned back to his motor.



Life's Ironies

SIR Harry Johnston has written some amazing short stories which are published in a volume entitled "Little Life Stories" (The Macmillan Company of Toronto.) Sir Harry, as you doubtless know, is a traveller, explorer, hunter of world wide reputation. Since giving up the pursuit of big game, this energetic man, nearing his seventieth birthday, has devoted himself to the capture of Fame, not with a gun but with a pen. Within the last three or four years, he has published several novels and now comes this collection of short stories. I enjoyed them because they are rather quaint, written in that easy, garrulous style one connects with folks of experience and education whose youthful days coincided with Queen Victoria's ascension. Sir Harry introduces us to different families (mostly wealthy) and exposes for our amusement their amazing and unique love affairs. Some of the stories are a little cynical. Sir Harry has lived a long time, seen much, and cannot at times refrain from a quiet dig at the frailties of mankind.

The Queen of Mystery

It would be hard to find an author to rival Anna Katherine Green for the number of people she has kept up at nights shivering and paling over one of her many mystery stories! Rather strange, is it not, that a woman should have specialized in this particular form of fiction. Somehow it seems to belong to a man, a young one at that, who has not outgrown his desire to be a highwayman or a private detective. But here we have Anna Katherine Green mistress of the mystery, and in her latest, "The Step on the Stair" (Toronto, The Ryerson Press) more mysterious than ever. Of course I wouldn't think of spoiling your fun by telling you the plot of "The Step on the Stair", so I will just say that there is a wealthy old uncle poisoned, two wills, two nephews and a beautiful daughter. After the death of the old man there is sullen hate, sinister silence, serious suspicions, clues, accusations, alibis, growing and growing suspense until the final solution.

An African Romance

Cynthia Stockley is called by many who know her stories well, "The Tiger of South Africa", the idea being that she not only knows every inch of the ground but she writes with such virility and realism her stories have the ferocity of the tiger who inhabits the jungle country of which she writes with such power. I have just finished reading her latest novel, "Ponjola" (Toronto, The Ryerson Press) and although I found it rather hard to believe that a lovely young girl could live in the Rhodesian gold fields disguised as a man, nevertheless I admired Miss Stockley's skill in making her exciting story sound true enough for the pleasure of the reading hour!

Whimsical Wells

How does H. G. Wells keep it up? Keep up, I mean, this incessant outpouring of books. It staggers one just to read down the list of fiction he has written, to say nothing of longer lists of romantic and fantastic stories, and serious works of a political, religious, historical and socialistic character.

"Men Like Gods" (Toronto, The Macmillan Company) is the latest of Mr. Wells' productions. It falls into the category of fantastic stories in which Mr. Wells seems to delight for he has written a great number—The First Men in the Moon, The Time Machine, The War in the Air and so on. There is this to be said about this type of story. The author is safeguarded from all criticism by the power of his imagination.

If Wells chooses to imagine that a man motoring through England can suddenly run his machine into another planet where the civilization is two thousand years in advance of our own—we can do nothing. We must accept the impossible and read Wells' story with as much credulity as we can muster! Barnstaple—that is the name of the newspaperman who was driving his little yellow car along the Maidenhead Road—did not seem to be so overcome as I was, when he found himself on another planet. Another motoring party on their way to some important social function were just ahead of the little yellow car. They too drove into Utopia and all the other chapters in this story called "Men Like Gods" describe what befell them in this new world. As in all of Wells' novels, we are soon aware that Mr. Wells has set the stage for Mr. Wells to strut upon. He has a few ideas on education and morals to unload. He comes into the centre of his stage and says his speech. Call him Barnstaple if you like. He has the tongue of Mr. Wells. Now sometimes Mr. Wells is very interesting and we are quite pleased to hear his views. Then we do not mind that he has fooled us into thinking he has written a novel for our delight. But at other times there is so little in the message he would convey that we are irritated to think he was clever enough to fill three hundred pages with words of "sound and fury signifying nothing." This is what he has done in "Men Like Gods." I think any High School student could boil down this "novel" and give the central ideas in about five hundred words. They are not original either. There isn't a thoughtful person alive who is not aware that our educational system needs much improvement, that our attitude to life is far from perfect. I suppose we could—had we a yellow motor car—drive into a world of our own imagining where everything would be a great improvement upon this planet. Perhaps it is just as well that we haven't all got little yellow cars like Mr. Barnstaple. What would this poor planet do if we all skidded round the corner into a Utopia where men and women were physically perfect, mentally giants, and spiritually god-like?

Castles in Spain

If anyone doubts that Romance is dead, let him or her read Lord Dunsany's "Don Rodriguez" (Toronto, The Ryerson Press). This novel is like the lovely old fairy tales that used to delight us in childhood. The setting is Spain of the Golden Age, the hero is a young man who can wield a sword and play a mandolin. His adventures, until he met with his heart's desire, are most thrilling and romantic. A fairy story for grown-ups who have not allowed their hearts to grow old.

Fragrance

"Faint Perfume" is the title of Zona Gale's new novel. (Toronto, The Ryerson Press). It is an excellent title, because it hints at a fragrance that hangs about this love story and makes it a beautiful memory for the reader. It is not often that one has the happiness to read such a delicate, perfumed piece of work. The bare plot is sad enough and common enough. A great love that seems to have come too late. But the manner in which the man and woman meet this catastrophe, the essence of beauty they distil from the crushed flower of love, is told by Zona Gale so exquisitely that the reader feels refreshed in spirit and inhales deeply so as to miss none of the faint perfume that emanates from this story.

New England

The spirit of the Puritan settlers breathes from out every page of John

Ayscough's story "Dobachi" (Toronto, The Macmillan Co.). You will, I am sure enjoy this wholesome story laid in the coast village of Zennon, a New England Settlement of Cornish Puritans. This is a book that mothers can pass on to their daughters, knowing that it will give not only pleasure but uplifting thoughts. There is excellent characterisation in this novel, each person standing out clearly and distinctly and holding one's interest from first to last. Of course, there is a love story running through and no one feels sorry that Dobachi, the glowing heroine, finally loves the bad boy of the village.

For The Boys

Boys, men, lovers of animal stories, will be glad to hear that a new volume of stories by Charles G. D. Roberts has been published by the Macmillan Company of Toronto. "Wisdom and Wilderness" contains nine stories hitherto unpublished in book form; stories that once again emphasize the genius of Mr. Roberts for portraying animal life scientifically and yet with the story element so strongly developed we are carried away by our emotions just as when we read Kipling's Jungle Tales. I never tire of reading stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. His style is magnificent, his English superb; his descriptions of nature are unforgettable. It is a joy to be in possession of a book by this greatest of Canadian short story writers. Listen to this, taken from "The Winged Scourge of the Dark."

"To ordinary ears of man or beast, the silence of the forest at this hour was absolute. But to the great owl's super-sensitive eardrums—veritable microphones, they were—the darkness was filled with innumerable furtive sounds. A far-off beach leaf, suddenly unburdening itself of a gathering load of dew, spoke loudly to him. He caught the infinitesimal whisper of the crowded young twigs as they occasionally stretched themselves in their growth." And so on—paragraph after paragraph equally vivid and intense.

Information for British Immigrants

A new and interesting feature in the annals of Canadian Immigration, is the public spirited offer made by The Royal Bank of Canada, in a recently published hand book entitled "Canada—The Land of Opportunity." Distribution of 100,000 copies of this book is now being made in the British Isles to those who contemplate coming to Canada.

The bank offers a very tangible service to prospective settlers who seek fuller particulars as to conditions in specified localities in the Dominion, than can be found in official literature, when it invites communication direct with any of its 600 Managers in Canada. No one more than the immigrant himself, will appreciate what it will mean to have some one with an intimate knowledge of local conditions in or near the locality to which he has decided to go in Canada, to whom he may write and obtain first hand information.

The preface of the book points out that by availing themselves of this service, immigrants, both men and women, will be enabled to avoid many initial and costly mistakes and to improve their prospects of success in Canada.

The booklet embraces a brief historical sketch of Canada, a synopsis of the system of government, short descriptive chapters on the provinces, and chapters on Lands and Opportunities, Employment Service, Passports, General Information and Travelling Helps. There are a number of excellent illustrations depicting both urban and rural scenes, and a map of the Dominion showing the provinces, principal cities, towns and many railway lines.

The book is one of the most useful that has yet been issued for the purpose of assisting immigration.

Wanted the Job

"What line did you say you were in?" "I manufacture a face powder that can't be kissed off."

"Who has charge of your proving ground?"

Have Music in Your Home on Easy Terms of Payment



Catalogues and full particulars will be forwarded on request. Our immense volume of business enables us to quote lowest possible prices and easiest terms of payment on pianos, player-pianos, phonographs and any of the smaller musical instruments.

Write us to-day

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

\$9.50

Buys this exquisite French Ratine Dress. Misses sizes 16 to 20. Ladies sizes 36 to 44.

Order by No. 122. The material is fine quality French Ratine in plaids and stripes, colors tan, rose, lavender, green and American Beauty, combined with harmonious plain colors.

Could anything be newer than this latest New York Model? Isn't it a beauty? And we have cut the price to bring them within the reach of all.

The same model is being sold by exclusive city shops at \$15.00. We are sure you would be more than pleased with this smart style. If not, return to us and we will refund your money.

When ordering, give first and second choice for color. State size and length required.

SHIPPED ANYWHERE CHARGES PAID

Write for advertising matter re other special style Dresses, Coats, Suits, etc.

DU' BARRY'S

77-79 King St. WINNIPEG, Man.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c. each. Sold everywhere. Can. Depot: Lyman, Limited, 85, Paul St., Montreal.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Using Spare Time

A SHORT time ago I heard an educator remark that "there is no doubt we have failed to educate our students in the proper use of their leisure time."

Such a remark is not original, but it is true and it is forceful. Hundreds of young people, in spite of the education they have received, are unable or unwilling to plan for the economical and beneficial use of their free hours.

Consider, for a moment, just how much spare time the average young man has at his command. In the first place, he has his Sundays, which should admittedly be used for worship and for recreation—re-creation. There is, no doubt, much work and considerable studying done on Sundays, but apart from religious obligation, it has been proved in industrial organizations that even from an economic point of view, Sunday work does not pay. Profound wisdom dictated the command of one day of rest in seven.

However, the young man has his evenings, and in many cases, his Saturday afternoons. Putting his spare time at from seven to ten-thirty in the evenings, with four hours additional on Saturday afternoons, he has at his disposal a total of twenty-five spare hours a week, to which he is often able to add by early rising. The proper use of this spare time may count for almost as much as the use of the regular hours of employment.

During these regular hours the young man is working for his employer and he is also working for himself, but in his spare time he may, if he uses that time wisely, be working for himself in a very special sense.

Assuming again, total spare time of twenty-five hours a week, many young men might with advantage chart and divide this time according to its most suitable uses. For instance, ten hours might be devoted to recreation and fifteen to self-improvement, or some might wish to devote fifteen hours to recreation. Even five hours a week devoted to self-improvement would lead to a splendid mental advance in one year.

There are those again who could get along very well with five hours of recreation, thus having at their disposal a splendid reserve of time for self-instruction and advancement. It is important, however, to keep the body in good physical condition. The danger lies in the extremes,—some few may overstudy to the neglect of recreation, but many others are using all of their spare time in amusement and in loitering and thus are missing golden opportunities.

How Not to Lead

AN ADVERTISEMENT has come to my desk urging me, in exchange for the trifling sum of five dollars to get one hundred prepared speeches on as many different subjects and thus to become "a leader in the community."

These speeches, I find, cover almost any contingency in the life of the average man. There are for instance prepared addresses covering such subjects as:

- A Tribute to Our Honored Dead.
- Welcome Address to a Sunday School Convention.
- Address to a Departing Foreman.
- Address of Mayor at the Close of His Term.

To be sure, there is an element of speculation in the transaction. One, for instance, might never be elected a Mayor, and even if he were, there seems to be no provision for an "Address by the Mayor at the Beginning of his Term."

Then again, one might be lucky enough to have a foreman working for him, but supposing the foreman never departs? The address would then be ornamental rather than useful.

This method of becoming adept in the making of speeches may be all right and it may lead to community leadership. There is danger, however, of the man who has one hundred speeches in his suitcase, becoming a public nuisance.

The old-fashioned idea was that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," or, as an old preacher said, "Fill up the cask, young man, fill up the cask; and then whenever you tap it you'll get a stream." In other words, if you want to make a speech, do some real studying and speak your own convictions.

In the meantime, if you want some hints from a master of the art of speaking, read the following suggestions once offered by Mr. Gladstone:

1. Make your language plain, always preferring the simpler word.
2. Use short sentences rather than long ones.
3. Be careful to speak distinctly.
4. Test your arguments beforehand, not waiting for critics or opponents.
5. Seek a thorough familiarity with your subject, and rely upon this to prompt the proper words.
6. Remember that in order to sway an audience, you must watch it. Do not talk at your audience, but to it.

Foundations of Success

SUCCESS in life is not an accident. The elements making for success can be identified if one will take time to analyze. The principles underlying all real success are identical in all cases of success, though there may be differences of manifestation.

In my own experiences, remarks Gilbert J. Waller, a merchant, those principles stand out conspicuously as the foundation of success which has attended my activities, in the following simple rules:

1. Deliberation in forming judgments. The endeavor to trace the possible consequences which would be the result of a given course under a given motivation.
2. Determination and tenacity in carrying out a judgment when once it had been formed. In this way, force of will brings triumph over obstacles and wins the success possible in the enterprise, and these are only part of the gain, for above this immediate success is the development of character. Where there is no will there is no character.

3. The cultivation of a philanthropic nature in which truth and righteousness are made the determining factors in any enterprise or project; all things being valued in the light of this standard rather than personal advantage or gain.

This develops a consciousness of responsibility to others in which talents, opportunities and returns are regarded in the light of a stewardship.

Instead of functioning economically for personal profits, the larger and truer vision of being able to work for the economic well-being of the social whole is the dominant motive.

4. Finally, the pervading knowledge that as a child of God all men were my brothers and consequently my success could only prove its reality as it would make for the increase of the happiness of the whole.

This makes business a servant of religion because it is the vehicle through which the strongest and deepest passion of life is expressed.

These four principles: Deliberation, determination, the sense of stewardship, and religion, are at the foundation of whatever success has crowned my life.

Touchstones

THE remarks of Mr. Waller, in the preceding paragraphs, are taken in part from a little book of inspiration entitled, "Touchstones of Success," published by the Vir Publishing Company of 200 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

It is of very convenient size, attractively printed in plain type, and contains the success stories of one hundred and sixty men of affairs.

It was written especially for the guidance and inspiration of young men and is highly valuable for the ideals and character-building suggestions that each anecdote contains.

Each article is short, attractive and compelling. It is a book that will make splendid summer reading, and if studied with a sincere desire to achieve better things, it should help many a young man to prepare plans for a fall and winter of success-building activity.

By the Way

WHEN a fellow has half knowledge of a subject, he usually finds that it is the other half that would really come in handy.

You must keep on absorbing new ideas, as well as new air.

Try to find out what you can do best, and then do it all the time.

You cannot build a reputation on the things you are going to do.

The successful worker is the one who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it, whether he wants to do it or not.

The secret of success is in the man and not in the stuff he works on.

It takes men with character to stay there after they get there.

The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world. Make yourself necessary to the world and it will give you bread.

Give your body and soul plenty of sunlight.

Wealth is easy to attain, difficult to retain and of no value when unaccompanied by health and happiness.

Put all your eggs in one basket, and watch that basket.

To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early.

For one, he said, to labor bred
Was a match for fortune fairly.

—Burns.

Difficulties

HAVE we difficulties to contend with? Then work through them. No exorcism charms like labor. Idleness of mind and body resembles rust. It wears more than work. "I would rather work out than rust out," said a noble worker. Schiller said that he found the greatest happiness in life to consist in the per-

formance of some mechanical duty. He was also of the opinion that "the sense of beauty never furthered the performance of a single duty."—Samuel Smiles.

What do our readers think of the last two sentences? Are they true?

The English Language

"FOREMOST in colonization, at the front in industrial and commercial achievement, possessed by that impulse of actual doing in the concrete world which we call 'practical,' full of the enthusiasm for freedom for each individual life, and yet with that power of combination that can cement millions scattered far over land and sea into the cohesion of an empire or a world-republic, spoken by more human beings than any other tongue now or in ages past existing among men; the English language must beyond all others seek and attain fulness of expression.

"It presses close up to the foremost line of the world's advance, to be ever ready with a new word or phrase for every new thought, discovery, invention, or achievement."—Fernald.

Inventions Wanted

IT IS reported in the press that the British Institute of Patentees has started a "What's Wanted" book, in which Sir William Bell offers his suggestions as to inventions needed by the world. The list includes:

Glass that will bend.
A smooth road surface that will not be slippery in wet weather.

A furnace that will conserve 95% of the heat.
A process to make flannel unshrinkable.

A noiseless airplane and an airplane that can be managed safely and easily by a boy or girl.

A motor engine of one pound weight per horsepower.

Methods to reduce friction.
Practical ways of utilizing the tides.

A process to extract phosphorus from vulcanized India rubber so that it can be, so to speak, boiled up and used again.

A pipe that can be cleaned easily and effectively.
A temperance drink that will keep and yet not pall on the palate.

Talking moving pictures.

Perhaps there are opportunities here for some of our young men. A well-known psychologist suggests that many inventions might be worked out through the method of association of ideas. He points out, for instance, that the man who first thought of the fountain pen must have thought of an ink-well and an ordinary pen in conjunction and that from this conception came the fountain pen which carried its own ink reservoir.

Again, the man who built the first Morris chair may have had a conception of a chair and a lounge and thus thought out the combination of the two.

Don't Stop Studying

SCHOOLDAYS, says Tregare, never end for him who yearns to be proficient in his work and is not just satisfied to stand still.

The preceptor's rod and the daily curriculum are but introductions to school days of more vital realities, when the daily task is often performed amid discouragements that make necessary tenacious resistance unless defeat is to be expected at the end.

Apparently study is the price of progress, for mark the man who has stopped going to school, who feels there is nothing more for him to learn, and contrast him with the man of eager spirit, who in the daily grind, which dulls most strong men, is able to keep the fire of enthusiasm alive and alert for any scrap of information that may make his work a little more efficient.

On one hand is the man whose powers will steadily decline and whose interests in life will diminish, and on the other hand the man who will be refreshed by victory after victory, and to whom the world will daily become more fascinating.

Time

IN reading one of the burlesque stories in a dingy little old book by that forgotten humorist, Artemus Ward, this sentence at the beginning of one of the chapters struck the writer as being worth more than a moment's thought: "Time Passed. It's a sort of way Time has." Here is one great fundamental truth which no cynic has ever been able to deride successfully. Time passes. Almost every other thing has been sneered at by somebody—ideals, innocence, love, even the most sacred things have been made light of. But nobody has ever successfully sneered at Time, or made light of it. It keeps moving on. On and on march the minutes and the days and the weeks and the months and the years—the most inexorable of marchers. With each revolution the creeping minute hand puts one hour behind. What is past is past. But the future is always just ahead, and it is ours.

Educational Advertising

FOLLOWING up the successful work accomplished last season in their educational campaign, the E. W. Gillett Company Limited are extending the same policy this year with the intention of eventually covering the entire



Miss Merle Cuthbert, one of the capable young ladies taking part in the Gillett demonstration.

West. In the work are engaged fifteen Domestic Science experts, capable of explaining and demonstrating the problems that face the average household. The young ladies who have taken up this work are all graduates of Domestic Science institutions, and combine a thoroughly practical knowledge with theory.

The rather novel idea initiated by the Gillett people has met with a wonderful reception on the part of store keepers throughout the West, and all demonstrations have so far been splendidly attended and fine interest is shown. The demonstrators do not by any means confine themselves to the limits of Gillett products, but readily assist in the solution of all housekeeping difficulties. No more attractive form of publicity has been presented to Western people, and it is hardly necessary to add that no more reliable product than Magic Baking Powder is for sale in this territory. As an evidence of the high qualifications of the young women engaged in this work, it may be added that one of their number whose photograph we produce herewith, Miss Merle Cuthbert, is a science graduate of this year, from the University of Manitoba, and also was the winner of a scholarship of one hundred dollars.

The province of Saskatchewan is at present being covered and readers of this magazine can, with profit to themselves, attend the demonstrations when they come to their nearest town.

The New Nursemaid

By N. De Witt Rowell

If women are invading conventional fields of male activity, the reverse is just as true. For a long time there have been male dressmakers, beauty doctors, houseworkers, cooks and hair-dressers. Now comes the male nursemaid to relieve busy mothers of the duties of caring for their children of tender years.

The Student Y.M.C.A. Employment Bureau of New York University, in advertisements asking for employment for students mentions "baby tending" as one of the occupations for which it can supply trained college men.

Harold Sasse, Assistant Secretary of the New York University Y.M.C.A., in explanation of the advertisement declared that 20 men undergraduates last term earned money towards their education by caring for Bronx babies. Some of the students even wheel out the babies in perambulators, with their books propped open on the carriage tops, "grinding" at their Greek and Algebra while they trundle their precious charges up or down the steep grades of the Bronx streets.

Mothers who attend club meetings certain nights each week put their babies to bed in their cribs, leave a bottle of milk ready and instructions for the nurseboys in case of emergency, and go to their meetings confident at least that the babies won't be neglected while the nurses are spooning with policemen at the back door or entertaining their plumber sweethearts in the parlor.

If baby sleeps peacefully, the student nursemaid memorizes a lot of Latin roots and geometrical formulae, but if baby wakes, the student has to be prepared to walk the floor with the unhappy infant until the mother returns.

Engineering, arts, law or applied science students get the preference when mothers apply for student nursemaids. These students follow instructions, the mothers claim, but medical students think they know more than the mothers who have a horrible fear that an embryo sawbones is liable to try chloroform or some other dangerous narcotic or pacifier, in case baby should be inclined to awaken too early.

The hardihood of one of those male nursemaids in boldly wheeling his infant charge up to the University campus, resulted in one of the most exclusive Greek letter fraternities hastily adding an amendment to its clubhouse rules to the effect that "No babies may be brought into the frat house."



Some of the students adopt a baby in their freshman year and take care of the same baby through the successive years of their term. By the time the student graduates, quite an attachment has sprung up between the student and the baby.

The Union Bank Take Commendable Executive Action

THE trying period which followed war inflation was felt in decided form by the banks as well as by other organizations in trade and finance. The Union Bank of Canada, now in its fifty-eighth year of active co-operation in the building up of Canada, especially of the Western Provinces, was among the banks which took its share of the losses due to readjustment. It is satisfactory to the general Canadian public to learn that this well known and popular banking institution has, after a thorough examination of the bank's resources, been demon-

strated to be strong, with ample liquid assets to secure investors and depositors. Following careful consideration of the situation it was decided by the directors to transfer \$4,250,000 from the rest account to the contingent reserve, which it is confidently believed, will more than provide for losses. The reports made warrant the expectation that considerable recoveries will be ultimately realised.

The Union Bank of Canada still holds unimpaired the paid-up capital of \$8,000,000, the rest account of \$1,750,000, and \$159,360 in the profit and loss ac-

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Hundreds of Styles

Hundreds of Pens

In all this wide world, there is not another hand just like yours.

Your hand is your own—as individual and distinctive in its character as in its finger-prints and the traceries of its palm.

And yet—there is made a

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Ideal
Fountain Pen

to suit you—a pen which you will know to be yours the moment you put it to paper—a pen that is your own particular weight, your own peculiar balance, and a point that suits your own particular style of writing—a pen that will grow on you so speedily that you will become unconscious of its presence in your fingers—a triumph of writing comfort and efficiency.

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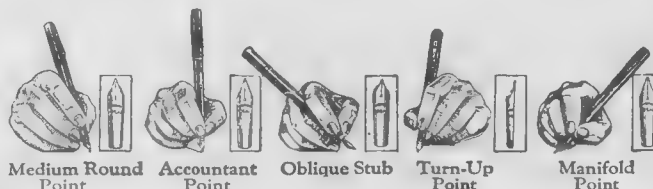
\$2.50, \$4, \$5 and up

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count. The fact that the affairs of the Union Bank of Canada were the subject not only of a thorough audit but also an inspecting examination by an official of the Bank of Montreal, supports the statement issued and the confident comment by Sir Frederick Williams Taylor of that Bank. The appointment of Mr. R. T. Riley of Winnipeg to the Board of Directors gives added reason for the belief that under the new executive, with W. R. Allan for President, J. W. Hamilton as General Manager, and R. T. Riley as Chairman of the newly constituted executive committee of the Board, the business of the Union Bank of Canada will be carefully conserved and carried on with the energy and enterprise which has been long associated with the institution.

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4 1/4 x 6 1/2, 5 x 7	6	70c.

Be Sure and Put Your Name and Address on the Roll

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Intimate Adventures in Loneliness

A WOMAN who is keenly responsive to out-of-door values gets more out of life than a woman in a crowded city where distractions often really prevent development of personal pleasure and accomplishment.

Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene—a painter and author—spent last winter alone on a farm. With no other person on the farm for eight months to help her, she regarded every animal as an interesting friend and studied their habits so carefully that she makes them almost human in her book entitled "The Lone Winter." In this book she gives to scenes and duties a romantic exclusive atmosphere that robs the common place of its usualness. Some of her friends thought she was foolish to spend so much time farming when she writes and paints so well—but Mrs. Greene maintains that there is no other life that can furnish her so much joy. Her "lone winter" was crowded with hard work but she made her work interesting to herself and others. Even though the animals were responsible for her lack of leisure they were responsible for her happiness.

Politeness Police

A NEW organization has been started at Smith College. The name is "Politeness Policemen." This group

will see that the college girls are courteous. The members wear badges and may rebuke any action they consider discourteous.

One rule is to avoid hilarity and loud talking.

The Path of Attainment

A YOUNG woman of my acquaintance has filled her position as stenographer this year and studied evenings in her room and completed the second year's work in the University. She passed her examination successfully and is determined to finish the course. Many people discouraged her and told her it was impossible for her to study so much after office hours. She is very popular with the young people, but she refused nearly all invitations. While this means sacrifice this girl is building a foundation that will insure her popularity and pros-

perity in a few years that will mean far more to her than the social affairs she misses now.

Another Canadian girl among the many who see the vision of womanhood supreme! These are they who will make a clearer idealism triumph over materialism. A girl's future is the logical development of her present. Her mental attitude now paints the background of the years to come.

The future is ours to make, not to receive. With high-souled courage the real girl of today is determined to develop the best that is in her for the sake of the generations yet unborn, and she works with a clear vision that she may face all new difficulties that cross her path.

Trained intelligence, moral integrity, brave determination, fearlessness and honesty are sufficient armor for a girl to meet any crisis in life.

Dominating vs. Domineering

Two types of women rule over others. I know a fascinating woman—well educated, becomingly dressed, charmingly pretty who dominates every group she is with because of her lovely manner and beautiful voice.

Another rules the crowd in a domineering way. She is haughty, overbearing and loud. No one else in her presence can say much for she never stops talking. The pronoun "I" stands out in Kaiser-like arrogance. She is the domineering woman that we like to avoid. Her loud harsh monotonous voice irritates us.

The other woman through personal magnetism is welcome everywhere.

The Grafting Girl

YOU know her—so do I. She has a most insinuating way of suggesting the things she admires and wants to have. This girl develops into the woman parasite—the most insidious foe to her sex, to the home, to the business woman, to the coming generation—to all that is closest to the heart of a woman. The grafting girl places a young man in most embarrassing positions in her effort to get him to spend his money on her. She knows he will purchase foolish extravagant things if he is under the spell of her fascination. I think she is dishonest for she takes unfair advantage of her power. She touches his pride. As a rule a grafting girl loses her young men friends. A grafter will accept attentions from young men they do not care for. These heartless girls often lead a man on and cruelly turn him down when a more desirable suitor comes along who can buy more costly presents, expensive amusement tickets and indulge her in her selfish desires. More than one grafting girl has missed the chance of a happy home.

Beginning

SHE is a dainty little bride of a year and when I talked with her this morning I learned that we have with us today economical girls even like those of forty years ago.

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my bedroom furniture!" she exclaimed with healthy pride.

"You know Jack and I have a long while before us to work for luxuries and I do not mind going without now."

"There is not a bedroom suite in the stores I would trade mine for," she continued, "and it only cost thirty dollars."

Her enthusiasm carried her on excitedly through the story of her accomplishment.

"You see it was an old, old lot of furniture and I painted and enamelled it until every piece is covered with six coats. I even cut the bed down lower."

"You deserve credit for undertaking all this hard work!" I remarked.

"No, no!" she objected. "I do not deserve credit or praise. We can have anything we want if we are willing to work for it—and I wanted a little home of our own so much that I love to plan and work because I am so happy with Jack."

Her face beautiful in its expression of animation and love promised a home life creative in ambition, faith and progress. When I shall see her husband I will congratulate him, for with good health—thirty years from now he will have a bank account and a business.

How can he help it with a wife like the one in his home?

And when Mr. Grouch, with the corners of his mouth drooping, moans: "The men cannot afford to marry these days—the girls are so giddy and extravagant"—or Mrs. Pessimism whines: "What are our future homes coming to—the young women of today are so inefficient," I shall tell this story of one of the most up-to-date brides I know. In one year she has designed and made with her own hands the furnishings of a tidy, comfortable, attractive little home from material the average woman would discard. I have met more capable ambitious girls this year than ever before, but I have not seen them at second-hand jazz affairs or "wild night parties." The man who will make a splendid husband does not go to such places to find her, either.



GIVEN To You CROCHETCRAFT CONTAINING 414 of the Choicest Crochet Designs

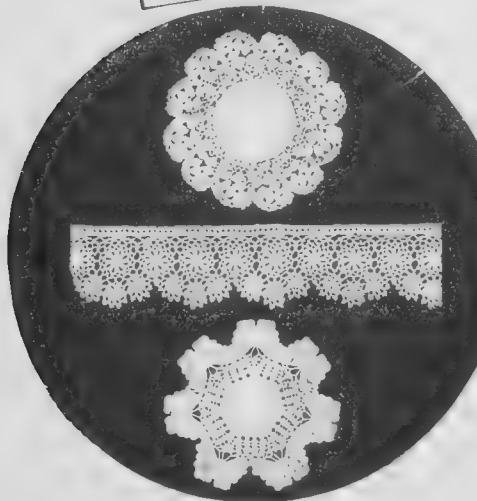
HERE is a rare and beautiful assemblage of crochet designs for those who prize the distinctive and artistic. America has never before been shown such a collection of crochet designs. The world-famed crochet workers of Europe have contributed the best of their crochet lore—that American women may have a glorious collection of the newest—the most exclusive—the most exquisite patterns in all crochedom. The newness—the simplicity—of these designs will delight you, and all are so clearly illustrated that your fingers will fairly tingle to start working them. Beginners quickly become experts and experts acquire even greater skill—with this magnificent book of crochet designs.

A Brief Description

Crochecraft is a 112-page book of 414 complete original designs. The book is substantially bound and printed in blue on white paper. Pages measure 9x10 inches. Each design stands out clearly and distinctly, showing every minute detail to best advantage.

A Partial List of the Designs

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Insertions | Edgings |
| Floral Pattern Insertion | Lace Point Pattern |
| Thistle Insertion | Cypress Edging |
| The Picot Insertion | Baby Lace |
| Fairy Insertion | Leaf Edging |
| Doilies | Marguerite Lace |
| Solder Web | Bridge Edging |
| Sunflower | Floriette Edging |
| The Alisa | Clover Leaf |
| Ring | Rosanna |
| Square Doily in Filet Crochet | Naples Edgings |
| The Starfish | The Wheel and Shamrock Edging |
| Hexagon Doily in Filet Crochet | The Pilgrim Pattern |
| The Presto | The Pumme Lace |
| The Roman | Cornflower Edging |
| The Anemone Design | Spotted Edging |
| The Daisy Design | Thistle Lace |
| The Pearl Doily | Borders and Corners |
| The Star Fish Doily | Star Border |
| The Serrated Doily | Snowflake Corner |
| The Lark Doily | The Silhouette |
| The Rose Spray Doily | Clyde Border and Corner |
| Yokes | The Lily's Corner and Border |
| Evelyn Blouse Yoke | Dutchess Corner and Border |
| The Olivia Nightdress Yoke | Goose Girl Lace and Corner |
| The Kanna Camisole Yoke | The Strathmore Border and Corner |
| The Malvern Yoke | Cherry Lace and Corner |
| The Fedora Camisole Yoke | The Everest Border and Corner |
| The Floral Pattern Chemise Yoke | The Grapevine Corner and Border |
| Crochet Square | The Water Babies Corner |
| Snap Crochet Square | The Marguerite Lace and Corner |
| Goose Girl Square | Oak Leaf Lace and Corner |
| Mistletoe Design | |



HOW TO GET IT

Just send us in two annual subscriptions to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY at \$1.00 each, and we will forward Crochecraft as described above, postpaid to your address.

As there are only a limited number of these books for distribution purposes, it is suggested that this offer be taken advantage of as speedily as possible.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Continued from page 32

Where?

A YOUNG woman from a home of education and culture is in domestic service. She has lost both her father and mother recently and is in a strange city trying to adjust herself to the new plan of life that faces her. The girl has money—she regards her present position as an interesting study. As we discuss her experiences we try to solve the phases of difficulties that prevent girls from going into domestic service.

"They look down on me," she explained. "They really regard me as very inferior—even though I try to dignify my position."

The young woman is an excellent cook, neat and tidy and very capable.

"I smile sometimes when I think of my home and training in contrast with their home life—and I wonder what my friends would think could they see me in the uniform—but it is interesting," she added. This makes me think of other girls from the old country I have known—girls who had seen better days—a mistress really may have in her kitchen a young woman of superior birth and training. In these days I really would think twice before regarding my maid as inferior.

"But it's the uniform that makes me feel so strange," this girl told me. "I do not feel like myself with that on. When I dress in my regular clothes to



A lovely view on the Highwood River, Alta.

go out I am the same as other girls," she added.

"The nurse is proud of her uniform, so is the college girl—why are not you?" I asked.

"Perhaps some day—when house work has a similar class dignity—but not yet," was her reply.

"I want to go to a Sunday School class where the members are girls who work. Last Sunday I attended a class but I will not go back again. The girls live at home and they made me feel I am not their kind. Find me a class where the girls really work because I am very lonely," she urged.

I inquired of several churches, then I remembered a class that welcomes every girl regardless of class or creed. I asked the leader if this girl might attend and the welcome attention she gave the girl convinced me that there is a class in that church where any girl may find a religion of strength, consolation and joy that shall carry her on through conflicts with courage and peace.

Wishes Coming True

Many letters come to this department from girls who want an education and ask if there are good homes where they may work for their board and room while they attend school. Miss Davison, the young woman who has charge of the teen age girls in Manitoba Government Employment Bureau, tells me there are good homes for girls who want this opportunity.

Other letters from girls see no opportunity in their country environment.

Having gone through that experience myself when a girl, I have searched for all information possible regarding the kinds of work women and girls are doing. Perhaps our readers wonder why I have had a short review nearly every month of the different occupations of women. The object of this review is the hope that our readers may see an opportunity for their own future. This department has repeatedly urged an interest in the many lines of farming. I believe in Western Canada is the best promise in the world for woman's progress in farm opportunities. This month four girls from England who have won distinction as farmerettes have come to Canada to attend our Agricultural College. These scholarships were presented by Sir Henry Thornton. The girls range in ages from fourteen to eighteen. They earned this unusual opportunity through their interest in the work on their fathers' farms. Three won prizes in judging cows and showing calves. One of the girls, Joan Moore who is only fourteen years old, defeated her father's exhibit at the same show. Another Emma Absolon, won the Apis club medal with her colony of bees that she kept in the garden. I might add that Manitoba honey is considered in the class of the finest on the American continent. Bee keeping is an opportunity for the older women who are writing to me. The Agricultural Colleges would give information on this subject to correspondents. There is no doubt that bee keeping will be an important industry in Western Canada.

Another farmerette in this quartette is Ivy Townsend of Surrey who won the silver medal of the British Dairy association for judging cows. Mildred White also was a prize winner for cow team judging.

If I were a girl on a farm, I would write to the Agricultural College for advice concerning any phase of farm life that might unfold an interesting and profitable life work. It exists on every farm. These helps from Agricultural Colleges were not possible in the days of my girlhood. Mrs. Nellie Brewer Pierce is a member of the California State Board of Control which plans to reduce in the next two years expenditures to the extent of \$12,000,000. There are only three members on this board. As a girl she was so delicate that her parents moved west for her health. She finished a course in law and after several years of practice she was appointed assistant public defender of Los Angeles. Speaking of her views on public life for women she says: "Of course women have certain handicaps in public life, but they also have many advantages. I do not believe any woman should enter on a career that brings her before the public unless she is willing to assume exactly the same responsibilities a man assumes in a similar position and to take the same share of abuse that would be given a man under similar circumstances. If she can do both of these things without loss of poise, she has nothing to fear and probably more to gain than a man in a similar position."

Every vocation for girls and women seems to demand brains and mental training. A London newspaper is conducting a mannequin contest in conjunction with England's most fashionable dressmaking establishment, and has drawn applicants from all parts of the British Isles. Those who apply send in their photographs, physical measurements and description of facial features. But the best London experts of the profession declare that the mannequin of the future must possess brains as well as beauty and form. Mere beauty and figure they say are no longer enough for the efficient display of artistic creations of costume. The struggle for originality is so acute that the girls who wear their creations must cooperate intelligently in the work and not merely look pretty. Truly beauty of soul and intellect, nobler and higher ideals are fast making their way into every profession and occupation for girls and women.



Retain This Bloom and Complexion Charm

of your wedding day. On that day of days you were looking your best. And now whatever the future has for you of its sunshine and showers one thing is certain—good looks—lovely complexion and youthful bloom can be yours through all the days by this Boncilla Method of facial treatment.

For, the Boncilla Method has this particular advantage—its results are immediate with the very first treatment. Boncilla is guaranteed to—

1. Clear the complexion and give it color.
2. Cleanse and close enlarged pores, removing excess oiliness.
3. Remove blackheads and pimples.
4. Lift out the lines.
5. Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles.
6. Make the skin soft and smooth.

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The Pioneer Women of the West

OF THE women surviving from the time when the Red River settlement was isolated in mid-continent, far out of the world and accessible in its remoteness only by long and arduous journeying through wild regions, the oldest is Mrs. William Cowan, of Winnipeg, whose father's house, in which she was born, stood on the banks of the Red River a few miles below the north limits of the present city of Winnipeg, and who will enter upon her ninety-second year on the ninth of this month. She was born on July 9, 1832. In conversation with "The Philosopher" recently Mrs. Cowan, whose memory is extraordinarily good and all her faculties unimpaired, spoke of a retired Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, John Bunn, who was a frequent visitor in her father's house when she was in her early twenties. He was then in his eighties, and was an active and bright old man, with many stories about London and many reminiscences of his early life on the other side of the Atlantic. He had last been in London in 1879, and remembered the French Revolution, and the horror that was caused in England by the news that the French King and Queen Marie Antoinette had been beheaded. It is strange to think that there is living in Winnipeg today a woman who remembers distinctly the recollections, as she heard them told by himself, of a man who remembered the French Revolution—the two lives thus spanning a length of time which extends back from this third decade of the twentieth century into the eighteenth century! Mrs. Cowan travelled across the plains with her father in 1848 to Galesboro, in Illinois, where she spent two years in Knox College, a boarding school there. At that time the Minnesota territory—not yet a State—which they crossed in Red River carts, contained throughout its whole area of 80,000 square miles—an area as great as England and Scotland together—only a few hundred whites and mixed breeds, and Minneapolis, now a city of 400,000, consisted of one log cabin. Three times she crossed the Atlantic in sailing ships, by way of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait—in 1864, in 1865, and in 1870, returning from England in 1872 by steamship to Montreal. It is satisfactory to know that Mrs. Cowan's recollections are to be preserved in permanent form in the book which the Woman's Canadian Club of Winnipeg is preparing about the Women of Old Red River.

The Changes in Dominion Taxation

THE radical change made in the national system of taxation in Canada by the great war is to be seen at a glance when the totals of taxation derived from the only two methods of Dominion taxation in operation before the war are contrasted with the totals from the many methods of Dominion taxation which are in operation now. From the formation of the Dominion until the war customs taxes and excise taxes were the only Dominion taxes. In 1914 the amount that went into the Dominion treasury from customs duties was \$104,691,238, and the amount from excise duties was \$21,452,037. The customs revenue rose to a much higher total during the war and for some time afterward. But to come down to the latest figures accessible, we find that for the Dominion fiscal year 1921-22, the revenue that went into the treasury at Ottawa from the various forms of taxation by which Dominion revenues are now raised was as follows: Customs, \$105,686,645; excise, \$36,755,206; sales tax, etc., \$73,656,488; income tax, \$78,684,354; business profit tax, \$22,815,666; miscellaneous taxes, \$2,327,650. The total for the fiscal year 1913-14 was \$126,143,238. The total for the fiscal year 1921-22 was \$321,926,209. In the former of these two totals four-fifths came from customs; in the latter, about one-third came from customs. In every land under the sun the great war has left as one of its legacies a heavily increased burden of taxation, which has meant necessarily that new methods of taxation have had to be brought into operation. The heavy black cloud of increased taxation is there to stay for a considerable time; it is the part of wisdom to look for its silver lining. The silver lining is there, unmistakably. In the days before the war all the Dominion taxes were indirect taxes. Now we have, in addition to indirect taxes, other forms of taxation, of which the income tax is the most strikingly direct. Direct taxation makes people pay closest attention to the manner in which the money they pay in taxation is spent. That is to say, it makes them pay more attention to the public business, or in other words, to what is their own business as citizens.

Agriculture and True Canadianism

A WISE statesman in ancient China said a true and memorable thing about agriculture, which deserves to be repeated often in Canada today, and should be inscribed in large letters on the walls of our national Parliament, so that the legislators would always have it before them when they are in session. "The well-being of a people," said that ancient sage, "is like a tree; agriculture is its root, manufacture and commerce are its branches and its life; if the root is injured, the leaves fall, the branches break away, and the tree dies." Agriculture is a great national interest and the chief factor in determining the fortunes of the nation and the character of its people. And so it is that while the improvement of Canadian agriculture affects primarily the farmers of Canada and their families, it affects the status of Canada, its outlook and its destiny. No nation has ever achieved permanent greatness unless this greatness was based on the well-being of the great farmer class, the men who live and work on the soil; for it is upon their welfare, material and moral, that the welfare of the rest of the nation

The Philosopher

ultimately rests. It is at least as important that the farmer should get the largest possible return in money, comfort and social advantages from the production to which he devotes his thought and his labor as that he should get the largest possible returns in crops from the lands he farms. Agriculture is not the whole of country life. The great rural interests are human interests, and good crops are of little value to the farmer unless they open the door to a good kind of life on the farm. This fundamental truth concerns not only the farmers of this country and their families, but it concerns every Canadian, whether he lives and works in a city or on a farm. The carrying of this fundamental truth into actual operation in the national life does not mean class legislation, to provide special advantage and privilege for any special interest. It means truly national Canadian life and work. It means true Canadianism.

A Pessimist Under the Stars and Stripes

ONE of the most interesting books published thus far this year in the United States is entitled *Democracy and the Human Equation*, by Alleyne Ireland, who was for many years closely associated with the late Joseph Pulitzer, the owner of the New York World and the originator of much that is most characteristic of the newspapers of this continent at the present time. Mr. Ireland begins by saying that the United States, which started on their national career "with the greatest advantages and opportunities with which any people have ever been blessed," have within a century and a half "run into almost every problem which Americans have regarded as the odious monopoly of despotic rule, of populations sunk in ignorance and condemned to misery by a poor soil, a primitive agriculture and a still more primitive industry and by the slavery of social caste," so that, in Mr. Ireland's gloomy view of affairs under the Stars and Stripes, "the stability of the national institutions is threatened by every form of discontent which threatens the national institutions of Europe." Mr. Ireland is a pessimist. His forebodings about democratic institutions are unwarranted. His demand for government by "experts" with "firmness and strength" and his repeated declarations that "government is a science," which can be carried on only by the aforesaid "experts," with power at their command and "firmness" in using it is based on the ideas that dominated Germany and brought on the world war. He does not realize the wisdom of the words of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Premier of Great Britain when the Union of South Africa was established, and who replied to the forebodings of those who opposed the creation of that self-governing Dominion, that "self-government is better than good government." The people of the United States, like the people of Canada and the people of Great Britain and the people of every other democratic country under the sun, have to work out their own salvation. Writers like Mr. Ireland need more faith in humanity. True it is that democratic systems of government, like everything else that is human, have their shortcomings and their evils. But autocracy, whether of an individual despot or of a governing caste of "experts" with "firmness and strength" is not the cure for them.

How Old is Disease?

THE belief has always been prevalent that in what is called "the state of nature" human beings were free from many, if not all, the diseases which afflict mankind in the state of what is called "artificial civilization," meaning civilization. But if one tries to think out what is meant by "the state of nature," it is hard to define what that expression is intended to signify. Primitive men, you will often hear it said unthinkingly, lived in a state of perpetual health, and died a natural death—though it is hard to make out what is meant by the word "natural" in this connection. The most ancient skulls and other bones of ancient human beings show that the living beings whose skulls and bones they were, suffered from various diseases, including as serious trouble with their teeth and jaws as any human beings of today suffer from. A writer in the Scientific Monthly points out that the men of the Stone Age suffered from severe headaches, as a cure for which the tribal doctors used to cut holes in their skulls with flint knives, to let out the demon that was causing the pain. Ancient skulls have been found in Peru which reveal five such cruel operations, the wound made by each one of the five having healed. It is suggested that the Peruvians of the Stone Age knew the anaesthetic properties of the coca plant, from which cocaine is made, and their tribal doctors may have used preparations from that plant to deaden the pain when they were operating with their flint knives. The same writer shows that the backbones of prehistoric animals show plainly that those creatures suffered from tuberculosis. From the beginning, the larger animals have preyed upon the smaller, but so the smallest upon the larger, and the most dangerous

creatures in the world are those which are so small that we cannot see them—our invisible enemies, the microbes of disease.

Socialism, Communism and Ownership

HUMAN beings need food, clothing, housing and the things which satisfy our other physical needs, and we want also as much leisure as is consistent with the obtaining of these things. Moreover, we want as much liberty of action as we can obtain—subject to the satisfaction of our material needs. How are we to get all this? How, in the first place, is man to subdue the earth to his needs and obtain the thousand things which he so anxiously desires? There have been philosophers who have held that man is really happiest with a jug of water, a loaf of bread, a book, and somebody of the other sex to whom he can read aloud when she is not engaged in baking the aforesaid loaf, or filling the jug. But such philosophers have lived in warm climates, where the problems of obtaining clothing and shelter are not at any season of the year formidable; their philosophy will not do for the climate of Western Canada, or of most of the countries in the world. And even in the most luxurious of tropic and Oriental climes, where bread fruit and bananas and dates are supposed to be there for the picking, some work is necessary providing food. In most of the countries in the world a vast amount of human energy has to be developed in order to supply human beings with what they want (including the books in which the philosophers have said that man should be content with the minimum required), in addition to jugs and loaves of bread. The amount of energy which is required to produce all the things that mankind needs and wants is, as has been said, vast. How is it to be developed? The Socialists and Communists say that the best way would be to abolish private ownership of all the means of production and to have only a limited amount of ownership of any kind. They say that the desire of every individual to serve the welfare of all would, under careful direction by the State, generate more production of everything than there is at present. But neither the present state of affairs in Russia nor any previous experiment in either State Socialism or Communistic Socialism or any other system of doing away with private ownership has ever worked out that way. Every system of doing away with private ownership has resulted in lessened production and in failure. And moreover, every such system means the abolition of the freedom of the individual, who is made a mere cog in the machine, with his work prescribed for him by the men controlling the system, and his food supplies likewise regulated and his whole method of life planned out for him. There is no land under the sun in which there is less freedom of the individual at the present time than there is in Russia.

A World Object-Lesson

THE developments in Russia since the end of 1917 have not been such as to make the theorists and arguers who are advocates of Communism point to them as proofs of the blessings of humanity which would result from putting into practice the doctrines of Karl Marx, whose writings are the gospel of Socialism and Communism. From the end of 1917 up to about a year and half ago a "non-capitalistic" system was in full blast in Russia. The Soviet regime went the full length in putting into operation the Socialistic panacea for human ills, namely, "the abolition of private property in production." It cannot be argued that the system has not had a fair chance in Russia, or that the efforts of Lenin and Trotsky and the other "Comrades" who constitute the Soviet government have been hampered by the resistance of opponents. True it is that the Soviet government established itself in power when Russia was in a bad state of disorganization and war-exhaustion. But there were a hundred million people on the land, to grow the crops. The railways were injured, but not destroyed, and the ships could still sail the seas, and the incomparable system of rivers, lakes and canals was there, and inland navigation could go on. The new Russian government had absolute power of life and death, and did not hesitate to use it. The Soviet executions hold the world's record. The destruction of the freedom of the press and the prohibition of public meetings and of comment on public affairs were not regarded as sufficient. All who were believed to hold opinions and convictions opposed to the Communistic doctrines of the Soviet government were ruthlessly disposed of. From the beginning of 1918 the new regime has had the greater part of Russia absolutely at their disposal. And yet look at the results from the point of view both of production and of liberty. It is true that there is now an improvement in mining and manufacturing production; but how has that improvement been brought about? It has been brought about by the deliberate casting away of Communism by the Soviet government in regard to mining and manufacturing and the introduction of "the capitalistic system" by leasing concessions to foreign capitalists and by otherwise bringing foreign capitalists and organizers into the country with their managers and other skilled assistants, who are not paid as "Comrades" on the Communistic basis, but are paid as such men are in other countries.

The Mental Life

FISKE says that by means of the intellect we know, by means of the sensibilities we feel, and by means of the will we choose; and in the co-operative action of these three elements there is the movement and experience of man's mental life.

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OUR FASHION PAGE



A Dainty Set for the Boudoir, 3770.—Pattern 3770 supplies these three models. It is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. The Cap No. 1, will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27 inch material. No. 2 will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard. One pair of slippers will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for a medium size. For the caps: lace, batiste, net, lawn, satin, silk, cretonne and chintz could be used. The slippers are attractive in silk, satin, cretonne, chintz, flannel and eiderdown. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Two Comfortable Corset Substitutes, 4111.—These designs may be developed in linen, jean, drill, muslin, silk or satin. They may be trimmed with lace or binding, or finished with stitching. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36 inch material for either style. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New and Attractive Under Garment, 3777.—Pattern 3777 is here illustrated. It is a style correctly simple and very comfortable.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 24-26; medium, 28-30; large, 32-34; extra large, 36-38 inches waist measure. A medium size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Cambric, batiste, voile, lawn, crepe, China silk, satin, and crepe de chine may be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Up-To-Date Underwear Style, 3893.—Beauty, comfort and grace are combined in this model, which comprises a chemise in vest length and "step in" drawers. Crepe, crepe de chine, or pongee would be attractive for this style, also batiste, silk and nainsook. Embroidery, lace and insertion are attractive for decoration. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44 and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for the vest and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the drawers. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Style of Pajamas, 3079.—This is attractive in silk or cotton crepe, in crepe de chine, satin, silk, lawn, dimity or flannel-ette. The blouse is made in slip on style. The bloomers may be finished with loose or gathered lower edge. The ruffle below the gathers could be omitted. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Negligee and Cap, 4045.—Dainty and altogether attractive is this boudoir set. As illustrated figured crepe was used trimmed with "lattice" bands. Dotted Swiss with val or filet lace would be pretty, or radium silk or crepe de chine, with hemstitching. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material. The cap alone requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Under Garment, 3834.—Properly made under garments are essential to well-fitting dresses. The style here shown shows ease and comfort in its simple lines. It lends itself well to a development in batiste

with trimming of Val or filet lace edges, or to crepe, with briar stitching, or other simple decoration. The pattern is cut in 1 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Unique and Pretty Negligee, 4129.—This model is attractive in crepe, satin, corduroy, printed crepe de chine and georgette. Beacon cloth, flannel and eider-down may also be used for it. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 4023.—Dotted Swiss and batiste are here combined, the Swiss being used for the bands. Radium silk, satin and crepe are also attractive. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style of a Two Piece Under-Garment, 4131.—Radium silk, gingham, satin, crepe de chine and crepe, also lawn and batiste are good for this model. The drawers may be finished with or without leg bands. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for the drawers and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the chemise. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Serviceable Undergarment, 4191.—A slip is a very essential garment. The model here shown is easy to develop. It has good lines and comfortable fullness. It may be made of long cloth, batiste, crepe, silk or satin. As here shown batiste and filet lace are combined. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Reports from some Manitoba Institutes

Students' Evening

A NUMBER of young ladies and gentlemen of Hamiota graduated from college this spring, receiving their bachelor's degree. To show appreciation of the accomplishment, the Institute planned an evening reception, inviting all in the community to come and do honor to those who had brought honor to their community.

Baby Adopted

An eight months old baby has fallen into luck,—it has been adopted by the Benito Institute. Baby will live at the Children's Home in Dauphin, but all his expenses will be paid by Benito.

Policy Adopted

When a member of the Rosser Institute moves away to another district she is given a letter of introduction to her new friends, and an Institute pin. This policy was adopted at the last meeting and will be followed with all future members moving away from the district.

May Attendance

The Institutes having the highest percentage of membership in attendance during May were: Edrans 86%, Ewart 77% and Napinka 76%.

Clinic

Already Lyleton is planning for the holidays. The very successful children's clinic carried on under the auspices of this Institute last summer encourages the members to hold another. An attempt will be made to cover the territory east and southeast of Lyleton, each member being asked to locate children who are suffering from adenoids or diseased tonsils.

Directors Elected

At the organization of the Women's Institute at Rapid City on May 2nd, the following were elected: Miss Harriet Turnbull, president; Mrs. Cooper Stone, secretary; Mrs. Gordon Murray, treasurer; and Mesdames McIlvrade, Parker, Mulvey, Riesberry, Crookshanks, Elliott, Radcliffe and Flaws, and Miss Stone, as other members of the directorate. Katrine organized an Institute on May 3rd, with Mrs. Gair, president; Miss Edith Edgeworth, secretary-treasurer; and Mesdames Heslewood, R. A. Clarke, G. Jack and R. O. Kelvey as other members of the directorate.

Problems

One of the problems confronting the Tummel Institute is "approved flocks." Hoping to obtain the assistance of a poultry expert in the district, a letter of inquiry was sent to Mr. McCulloch, Scott Block, Winnipeg. The other problem is "what we are able to do in the temperance campaign." It was decided to get a list of the names of those to the south and west of Tummel who live in districts having no temperance workers, and to send them letters as well as literature. In addition \$70.00 has been donated to the cause.

Quilting Bee

Just at the season of the year when homemakers are busy making quilts, the Ewart Institute planned a social afternoon. All the women were invited to come, the members' quilts being quilted free, and those of non-members were done for a dollar. A committee looked after serving the lunch.

Interested in the Town Beautiful

The members of the Morris Institute are interested in making their town one of the beauty spots of Manitoba. The first move in that direction was in planting trees, shrubs and flowers in the court house grounds; the second is in planting trees along the different streets. Interest in the same subject is shown by Durban Women's Institute offering \$5.00 to the Boys' and Girls' Club as a special prize for the best plant, and the best bouquet of flowers. Elm Creek has made arrangements to have flowers and shrubs planted in the park. Arizona planted trees around the Hall, at the earliest possible date, so they would get a good start for the summer's growth.

Working Committees

The most effective way to accomplish results is to work between meetings. The different committees at Manitou brought in the following reports at the last meeting:

1. Knitting and sewing started in school.
2. Girls' cooking classes supervised in their weekly work.
3. Bulbs purchased to the amount of \$7.50.
4. Entertainment of hockey boys who got into the semi-finals in intermediate hockey, to a dinner, each boy being allowed to bring a friend.
5. Paid the board for a month of a convalescent after a serious operation in a Winnipeg hospital.

Donations

Gimli has given \$15.00 towards the payment of the school piano; Russell \$10.00 to a needy family; Roblin, \$50.00 to the Red Cross. Decker voted \$20.00 to be paid to the credit of the memorial hall, and sent a 30-dozen crate of eggs to the Fresh Air Camp at Gimli. While nearly all the money raised by Pipestone goes towards paying the debt on the memorial hall, a small amount has been set aside to start a fund for emergency cases in connection with W.I. work. The temperance campaign has received \$10.00 from Gimli, \$50.00 and the promise of more from Portage la Prairie, \$25.00 from Russell, \$25.00 from Birtle, and \$10.00 from Treherne. Pipestone has members working on the polling, publicity and finance committees.

Community Welfare

"We are beginning to have more country ladies at our meetings. Having the meeting on Saturday, furnishing an interesting program and serving a cup of tea before adjourning, all helps to draw more of a crowd. Our May meeting was certainly a very fine one; to start with, the roll call on 'Sanitation' was good. Dr. Shaw's address on 'Sanitation' was inspiring and the immediate outcome of it was the appointment of a committee of four to interview the town councillors, asking their co-operation in securing cleaner and more sanitary conditions in town."

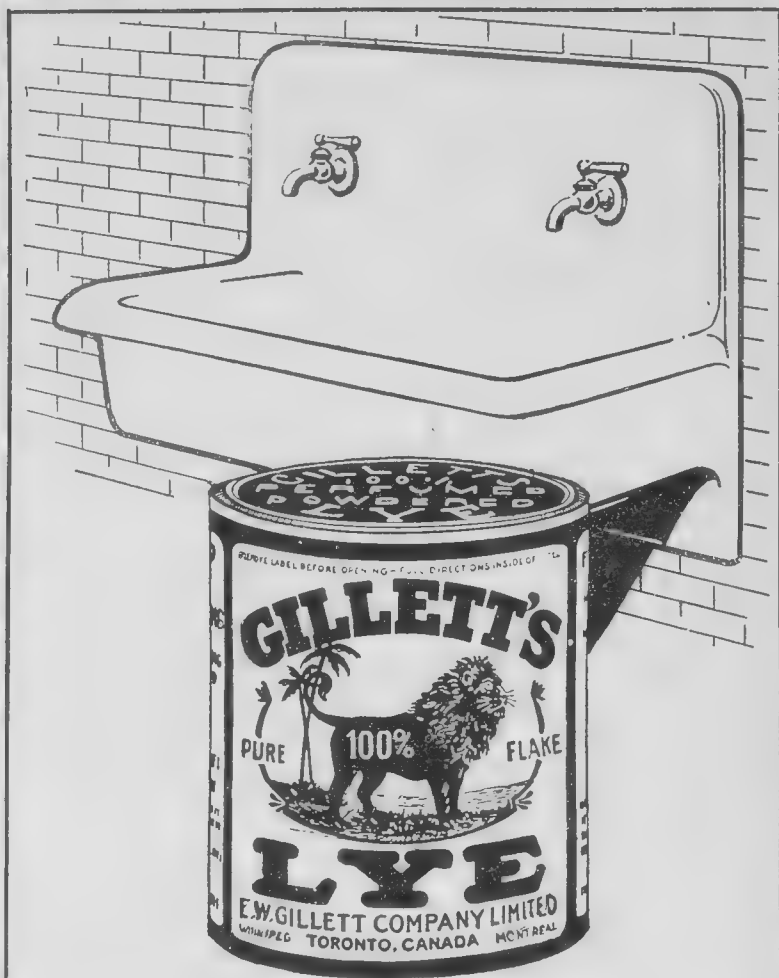
The above extracts were taken from a report of the Russell Institute. Although not yet two years old this society is maintaining a library for the benefit of the community, having added seventy-five new books recently. Feeling that temperance would be very much for the good of the district the sum of \$25.00 was voted to the Russell allotment of the "campaign funds." During Easter holidays the Red Cross and local doctors held a clinic in the school for removing diseased tonsils and adenoids. The members of the Women's Institute were asked to assist in nursing the children who were operated upon, and needless to say they responded splendidly.

Convention Time

Beginning June 12th, twelve district conventions of Women's Institutes will be held throughout the province. At the afternoon session, reports will be read from individual Institutes, as well as discussion of live questions pertaining to the work and to community welfare. At all points a cordial invitation is extended to the United Farm Women to attend these conventions.

The evening meeting is an open one for the whole community. The program will consist of music, addresses, readings and demonstrations. An address will be given by one of the following: Professor Lee, Acting President of the Agricultural College; Professor R. W. Murchie, Agricultural College; Professor Wallace, University of Manitoba; Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, president of Winnipeg's Women's Canadian Club; Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Superintendent of Junior Red Cross; and Mrs. D. Watt, President of Manitoba Women's Institutes.

The annual conference takes place the last week in June at the Agricultural College. Included in the lighter side of the program will be a banquet, a motor trip to points of interest, and a play by the Norwood Dramatic Society.



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Entertaining in Hot Weather

DURING July and August we seem to have more occasions for entertaining guests than at any other time of the year. The girls and boys are home from school. Those who are away teaching during the other ten months, are home. Our best friend has a sister from the East visiting her. Showers are in order for the girls who are to be married. Whatever form a party may take, it should not involve too much work for the member of the family who does the cooking. Formal dinners seem much more appropriate for cool weather.

Much could be said in favor of a breakfast. A simple menu, the coolest, most pleasant part of the day, and the feeling of informality, make it the easiest form of entertainment for the hostess. It may be served at any hour up to eleven o'clock, and would consist of fruit, a cereal if desired, a hot bread, eggs, or a light meat dish, or fish, and a sweet, and coffee. Salad may take the place of eggs or meat.

Whenever possible, it should be served out of doors—on a verandah, or under a shady tree. We know a girls' organization which has an annual strawberry breakfast, in the strawberry season, which is one of their best money-making affairs. Small tables are arranged under the trees on a large lawn. Strawberries and cream, fresh rolls, ready-to-eat cereals with more berries and cream, and delicious coffee, draw large crowds.

Where one is fortunate enough to have electrical appliances, toast, coffee, waffles, etc., may be made on the table, which really adds to the enjoyment of the occasion. Failing this, a hot dish may be cooked in a chafing dish, for a limited number of guests. When using one out-of-doors a small metal screen should be arranged to protect the blaze from a wandering breeze.

Fresh fruits are numerous. Fresh pineapple cut in cubes and allowed to stand with the sugar on it, then before serving, mixed with fresh strawberries cut in halves, is especially delicious.

For a "Strawberries Natural" sugar is heaped in the centre of each plate, with washed, hulled berries around it. An egg cup is useful in shaping the heel of sugar.

Red Raspberries, red and white currants may be gathered fresh from one's own garden. They may be served with cream and sugar, or the currants may be washed and left on the stems to be dipped in a small mound of sugar on the plate.

Grape Fruit Cocktail

Scoop the pulp from grape fruit, cut in halves, discarding the white membrane and seeds. Put the shells in cold water till serving time, and pulp on ice if possible. When ready to use, pile the pulp, mixed with other fruit juices if desired, in the shells. Sprinkle with chopped mint, or put a candied cherry on top.

Hot Breads

For a few people, waffles seem particularly attractive for breakfast, served with honey, or marmalade, or jam, or maple syrup.

For a larger number, rolls or biscuits or muffins can be more readily prepared. The muffins may be plain white, graham, or cornmeal. If all the dry ingredients

are mixed, the day before, the liquid will only take a moment to add and the baking may be done in a short time. Biscuits may be mixed and put in the pan, then kept in the ice box all night, leaving the baking to do while breakfast is being prepared. Rolls, if freshly baked, will mean earlier rising for the cook.

Eggs seem especially suited for the main dish for breakfast.

Shirred Eggs—Butter individual dishes—custard cups, ramekins, or scallop shells are suitable. In each one break an egg carefully, season with salt and pepper and small piece of butter. Bake in a moderate oven till the white is firm.

vegetables, such as asparagus, cauliflower, celery or tomato.

2. Cheese.
3. Chopped Parsley.
4. Bacon.
5. Chopped Ham.
6. Oysters.
7. Chicken Livers.
8. Jelly.

Mushroom Omelette

Add one half to 1 cupful of mushrooms sautéed in butter to a plain omelette, placing some of them on the omelette before folding it, and garnishing with the remainder, or the mushrooms may



Omelettes

The two types of omelettes are French and Puffy. These may be varied in a great many ways.

In French or plain omelettes, the yolks and whites are not separated. In puffy omelettes they are. Allow one tablespoon of liquid to each egg. This may be milk, water, stock or fruit juice.

Plain Omelette

2 Eggs 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tb. Liquid (Milk or Water) A little Pepper
1 tb. Melted Butter
Beat eggs slightly, add liquid, salt and pepper. Pour into hot frying pan in which butter has been melted. Shake gently over the fire. Stir with a fork or spatula. When browned on bottom, set in the oven to cook slightly on top. Fold, and serve at once on a hot platter.

Puffy Omelette

Beat the whites till stiff and dry. Fold into the well beaten yolks, liquid and seasoning. Proceed as in plain omelette. A large variety of seasonings may be added to either of these omelettes, stirred in them, or spread on them between the folds and used as a garnish.

1. Any delicately flavored and cooked

be added to a brown sauce and served with the omelette. For the brown sauce, melt 4 tb. butter, add 4 tb. flour and cook till foamy. Add 2 cups dark soup stock, or 2 cups hot water in which 2 bouillon cubes have been dissolved. Cook till thick, season and add 2 or 3 drops of brown color such as kitchen bouquet, or granulated gravy.

Asparagus Omelette

Either fresh or canned asparagus may be used—lay the tender cooked stalks on the omelette before folding it and garnish with more buttered stalks.

Green Pea Omelette

Tender cooked green peas may be folded in the omelette, or added with a cream sauce as in the mushroom omelette.

Corn Omelette

Cut the kernels from three cooked ears of corn and add them to the egg before pouring into the heated pan.

The sweet served for a breakfast usually takes the form of a marmalade, or conserve, to be eaten with the hot bread. On the table may be placed small dishes of radishes, olives or salted nuts.

The Luncheon

If one chooses a luncheon rather than a breakfast, the same menu may be used, but it is quite permissible to add to it. The meal may begin with soup rather than fruit. One or two vegetables may be served, or a salad. The dessert may be fruit, pastry, cake, pudding, or an ice.

Entrees formerly used between courses for dinner, are now frequently the main dish at a luncheon or supper.

Chicken Oriental

Simmer the chicken till tender, cool, and cut in cubes. Reheat it in a sauce made of one cup milk, one cup chicken stock, four tb. butter, four tb. flour, salt, pepper, onion juice, and curry if desired. Heap in the centre of a large dish, and surround with a border of rice, steamed till each kernel stands out distinctly. Over the top of both rice and chicken, sprinkle a teaspoonful each of chopped olives, green pepper, pimiento, and nuts.

Chicken or Sweetbread Risssoles

Cut puff paste in oblong pieces four inches by three inches, on one side put a spoonful of creamed chicken or sweetbreads, moisten one edge, then press the other over on it, like a turn-over. Brush with beaten egg, and bake till a golden brown.

Chicken Mousse

Cooked Diced Chicken, 2 cups
Milk, 1 cup
Whipped Cream, 1 cup
Pepper, 1/8 t.
Salt, 1 1/2 t.
Gelatine, 1 tb.
Chopped Onion, 1/8 t.
Celery Salt, 1/8 t.
Chicken Stock, 1/2 cup

Beat the egg yolks, add the milk, scalded, the salt, pepper, onion, celery salt, and cook in the top of the double boiler till thick, soften the gelatine in the chicken stock, add with the chicken to the hot custard mixture, carefully fold in the whipped cream, pour into cold wet moulds and chill till set. Serve on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing if desired.

Timbale Cases

Flour, 3/4 cup Milk, 1/2 cup
Salt, 1/2 t. 1 Egg
Olive Oil or Melted Butter, 1 tb.

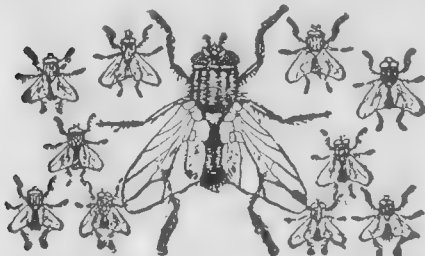
Add the milk and beaten egg to the sifted flour and salt, beat well, add the fat and beat again till perfectly smooth.

Have on the stove, a kettle of hot frying fat, heat the timbale iron in it. Hold the bowl of batter in the left hand, with the right hand remove the iron from the kettle of fat, shake off all drops of fat, dip it into the batter, coating the iron to about 3/4 inch, from the top, holding it slightly sideways to prevent the case sliding off the iron into the fat, immerse in the hot fat, taking care not let the fat get inside of the iron, when the case is a golden brown, carefully remove from the kettle, being careful not to let it slide off the iron back into the kettle. Drain on a piece of brown paper. Fill the cases with creamed fish, chicken, vegetables, etc., or some dessert mixture.

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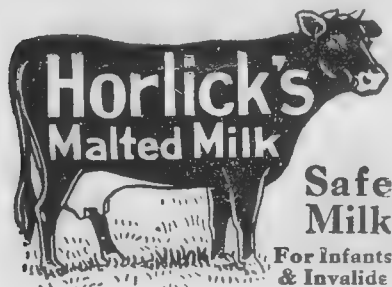
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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 38

Vegetables

Of all spring and summer vegetables, asparagus is perhaps the most delicious and among the least known, unfortunately. To cook it, wash carefully, break off the tough ends, which may be boiled for cream of celery soup. Tie the stalks in bundles, and stand upright in a deep saucepan, pour in boiling water to come nearly to the tender tips. Add salt, 1 teaspoon to each quart of water, cover and cook till tender. It will take from 15 to 30 minutes according to the age of the asparagus. A useful utensil is the lower part of a double boiler, inverting over it, the upper part for a lid. Remove from the kettle, untie the strings, and arrange the sticks neatly on a platter, or on slices of toast, pour over it a cream or cheese or mousseline sauce, or melted butter, or serve cold with salad dressing.

Cauliflower Mousse

1 Large Cauliflower Pimiento (canned)
Milk, 1 cup Gelatine, 1 tb.
Flour, 2 tb. Cold water, 2 tb.
Butter, 2 tb. Whipped Cream,
Salt, 1 t. 1 cup or 2 egg
Pepper, ¼ t. whites
Tomatoes

Cook the cauliflower till tender, in boiling salted water—drain well—chop. Make a white sauce of the flour, butter, milk, and seasonings. Add the gelatine soaked in cold water, then the cauliflower, and the chopped pimiento. When beginning to stiffen, fold in the stiffly beaten whipped cream, or two egg whites beaten

Strawberry Cream Puffs

Put ½ cup butter, 1 cup boiling water in a saucepan, over the fire. When it boils, sift in 1 cup flour. Beat vigorously till it leaves the sides of the pan. Turn into a bowl, and add four eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet, shaping in 2-inch balls, about one and a half inches apart. Bake about twenty-five minutes. When cold open across the top and fill with sweetened whipped cream and fresh strawberries.

Sandwiches

Cut the bread, which should be at least 24 hours old, in very thin slices. Spread evenly with creamed butter, place the filling on one slice, and cover with a slice which matches it. Cut in any shape desired. For teas, the crusts are usually cut off. For picnics they are left on.

Nut and Raisin Sandwich

Chop equal quantities of nuts and raisins. Moisten with cream or grape juice and spread on thin slices of bread.

Surprise Sandwiches

Chop and mix to a smooth paste equal quantities of pecans, cream cheese and orange marmalade, and spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

Egg and Olive Sandwich

4 Hard Cooked Eggs. Salt and Pepper
2 tb. Chopped Olives. Salad Dressing



Strawberry Cream Puffs

till dry, may be used. Pack in a cold wet mould to set. When ready to serve, turn on a plate, and garnish with sliced ripe tomatoes.

Molded Vegetable Salad

Use any cooked vegetables available, taking care that colors do not clash—carrots, white turnips, peas, corn, string beans, etc., cut the larger vegetables in cubes. Heat 1 cup of soup stock to boiling point, add 1 tb. gelatine soaked in 2 tb. cold water. Cool, when beginning to thicken, add the mixed vegetables, with 1 t. chopped parsley. Pour into wet individual molds. When ready to serve, turn out on lettuce leaves, or arrange around a platter of cold sliced meat.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Corn

Boil the corn and cut it from the cob, mix with half a chopped green pepper, moisten with cream salad dressing. Scald and peel the tomatoes, and scoop out the center. Fill with the corn mixture, and chill.

Tulip Salad

Ripe Tomatoes Peas or other
Lettuce nuts
Salad Dressing
Scald the tomatoes, peel, and chill.

With a sharp knife, cut from the blossom end to the stem end into points, and press open, leaving a bulb of seeds in the center. On the seeds place a spoonful of salad dressing mixed with chopped nuts. Serve on lettuce leaves.



Chicken Pie

Cut up and wash twenty-five pounds of dressed chicken. Put in a kettle with boiling water to cover and cook slowly till tender. Add salt when half done. Remove chicken, skim off fat, thicken 4 quarts of the stock with 1½ cups flour mixed to a smooth paste with cold water. Season. Remove the meat from the back bones, separate the breasts into four pieces, arrange meat in baking dishes, taking care that drum sticks, wings, etc., are correctly apportioned. Add gravy to cover. Make a crust of baking powder biscuit dough—The pie will be easier to serve if the dough is cut in biscuit shapes and placed on top of the chicken. Bake till done in a hot oven.

Pompadour Rice

Rice, 1 qt. Powdered sugar, 2 c.
Cream, 1 qt. Salt, 3 tb.
Pineapple, 2 cans, boiling water, 7 qts.
Wash and pick over the rice, and cook till tender in the salted boiling water. Do not cook till mushy—drain, rinse with cold water. Cool. Whip the cream, fold it and shredded or grated pineapple and the sugar carefully into the rice. Serve with a candied cherry on each serving.



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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 39

Selecting Fruits and Vegetables

The season of fresh fruits and vegetables has arrived. Every housewife should know how to select them. In fairness to the grocer, one must never pinch any product she picks up—she may lift it to examine it and to test the weight, then place it back carefully enough to prevent it rolling to the floor. Pinches and bruises cause decayed spots, which mean loss to the dealer, and increased cost to the purchaser, to cover that loss. We remember the Italian Street vendor who, in desperation, put up a sign—"if you must pincha de fruit, pincha de cocoanut."

An honest grocer does not resent any woman making her own selection of fruit and vegetables if she does it without damaging the product in any way. She is entitled to the best fruit in the box if she takes the trouble to go for it rather than to order it by telephone. A big advantage in purchasing perishable foods personally is that one sees what is in the market, possibly at a very reasonable price, when she would otherwise not think about it, thus giving her family a more varied menu, and securing it at the best rates.

The largest specimens are by no means necessarily the best. Often they are forced, which means they are lacking in flavor.

Always smell fruit—the fragrant odor usually indicates freshness and sweetness.

When buying small boxes of berries, ask the grocer to tip the box, that you may be sure they are uniform throughout, with not just a few fine berries on top. Buy just what may be used at once, as they are very perishable. Empty the box on a platter to spread the berries out, so that those at the bottom will not be crushed by the weight of fruit above them, and keep in a dry, cool place, till ready to use them. Always smell strawberries, as those which are odorless, are almost sure to be watery and tasteless. Select fresh firm berries, of medium size, fully ripened and plump.

Raspberries and blackberries should be full, large and juicy.

Grapefruit should be heavy for its size and have a smooth, fine textured skin. A rough, porous skin means thick pulpy peel, and is usually a light weight fruit, which has but little juice—juicy fruit is sure to be fine flavored. The same rule applies to lemons and oranges.

The banana develops flavor after the bunch has been cut from the tree. The skin should be mottled with brown or black spots, or entirely brown. The pulp should be cream colored and firm.

The pineapple, on the other hand, is not always satisfactory, as it will be sweeter, the riper it is before picking. If a sweet fragrance is not present, do not buy the fruit, as it will have but little flavor. Pluck a leaf from the centre; if it comes out freely, the fruit is ripe enough for table use.

A ripe muskmelon, or canteloupe, has the green background turning yellowish and the blossom and stem ends become soft and springy. The same test may be applied to honey dew and cassaba melons.

A water melon ready to eat sounds hollow when rapped with the knuckles.

Do not choose peaches with shrivelled pale skins, as they were no doubt picked green.

When buying vegetables, do not take any that are badly wilted or decayed. The waste will outweigh any saving there might be in price.

Look for crispness and tenderness in green vegetables.

Green peas and string beans should have pods that snap. The peas should be fairly small, and the beans free from coarse strings. Asparagus has full fresh tips, a plump stock and the cut end moist, without dry, woody-looking stocks.

The green leaved vegetables such as spinach, beet-tops, etc., have tender stems, and small, crisp fresh leaves.

Head lettuce should not be light and loose. It must be firm and heavy and have crisp outer leaves.



THE HOME GARDEN—By L. Livingstone MacGregor

"How sweet to breathe the air's perfume,
And feast the eye with nature's bloom!
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove!"

THE MAJORITY of us came to these prairie provinces in answer to "the call of the West"—and how we gloried in the vast spaces, the bigness and freedom of it all, with so much liberty and sunshine—and yet with it all, how often our hearts will turn back to that home of our youth—not altogether on account of the house that sheltered us, though it will always have a big corner in our hearts, but the old garden, with its sheltering walls and trees, its old-fashioned flowers and borders. How we do miss them! And yet, what have we done or are we doing in this new land with all its possibilities, to make for ourselves and our children a real home—and no place can be really home without a garden no matter how small or how simple.

True, outside appearances are sometimes deceitful, but very seldom is this true regarding the condition of one's door yard. A well kept house usually has a well kept door yard and vice-versa. A man or woman surely must be blessed with but little pride who is willing to live year after year without expending some little time and energy (and it takes energy; that may be the trouble) in beautifying his or her own property.

What is more depressing than a house surrounded by barren ground or grown to weeds and adorned with tin cans, ash piles, and broken bottles—and yet how many of these so-called homes is one forced to see in a day's journey and what is the impression received by the passer-by—surely it cannot be favorable to any thinking person. Then, on the other hand, how many of us have been really cheered and lifted above the sordid things of life, the mean and petty things which grind us down, by the mere looking upon a beautiful scene, or in the passing of a lovely garden. Surely then a garden, which is a garden, is worth while, even though it does

require considerable time, labor and patience in the accomplishment, and may we not reasonably expect an added amount of health, happiness and pleasure as the result, not to speak of the material gain in the money value of the home so improved. Most of us would be willing to pay considerably more for property of pleasing appearance.

Then it must appear even from a purely mercenary standpoint that the surrounding of a house with a well-kept garden is a "good investment"—and most of us are on the look-out for such investments, but do we not sometimes overlook this one which lies at our very door and is within reach of every member of the household!

HOW SUBJECT we all are to the influences of good and of evil, of the beautiful and of the ugly, of health and of sickness, of happiness and of sorrow—in fact, life for the most of us, is not at all as we would plan it, but amid all of life's "ups and downs" who has not felt peace come into his troubled soul if he could but sit for a while within a beautiful garden, or gaze away to the mountains, or look upon one of our glorious western sunsets? If we would but take time to enjoy so much what the Creator in His goodness gave to us for our enjoyment! Who can estimate the leavening influence upon the most sordid, of a beautiful scene or a really fine painting—even though that one might not be willing to admit it?

Then it would seem as if we cannot have too much of the beautiful—in fact, most of us starve and wither our souls for lack of it. From the moral standpoint one cannot believe that a child brought up amid pleasing surroundings—brought up to love nature, her trees, shrubs, flowers, birds, animals and so on, can fall as easily a prey to evil, as one less fortunate in his home environment would be. And in this too would it not be a good investment—an investment with bigger returns than any stock or bond—the return of "Better Canadians"—is it not worth while?



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HOME DOCTOR

Spinal Disease

POTT'S disease of the spine is a tuberculosis of the bodies of one or more of the vertebrae, or bones that make up the spinal column. It may occur at any age, but it is usually a disease of the young, of children between three and nine or ten years of age. It is the most common of the bone or joint diseases of childhood, more common even than hip disease, and affects boys and girls in about equal numbers.

Any part of the spine, from the skull to the pelvis, may be the seat of the trouble but the middle of the back, or slightly below the middle, is the region that it most commonly attacks. The trouble begins in the body of one of the vertebrae, which is a thick disk of spongy bone; and as it progresses it dissolves the bone; then the segment of bone above sinks until it finds support on the bone below the diseased one. Thus an angle is formed, which projects backwards, producing the deformity that is known as humpback. When this happens, there is no doubt about the nature of the disease; but the aim of the surgeon is to detect the trouble in its early stages in order to prevent the deformity.

The earliest symptoms are stiffness of the back and pain. Of these the latter is most significant, since slight stiffness, in the upper part of the back at least, is difficult to detect, for that part of the spine is not very movable. The pain does not occur in the back, and for this reason there is a danger of not discovering the disease until it is too late to prevent the deformity. The pain is caused by pressure on the nerves as they emerge from the spine, but it is referred to the termination of these nerves at a varying distance from the seat of the disease.

The pain may resemble a stomachache, a chest pain or an earache; it may be even in the hip or in the back of the thigh, suggesting sciatica. It is usually not constant, but is produced occasionally by a jolt or a shock to the spine. It is common at night, for the muscles that have learned to protect the spine from jars during the waking hours are then relaxed. A movement during sleep may produce pain and cause the child to utter a sharp cry or a moan in its sleep.

The stiffness is a noticeable symptom when the disease is in the neck or in the lower and more flexible part of the back. In such a case, the child cannot stoop; if it wants to pick up anything from the floor, it must first kneel or squat and then stiffly reach for it. An abscess is very apt to form in the course of the disease, appearing often in the groin. But when this happens a deformity already exists, so the symptom is of little value as an aid to the diagnosis.

Abscess of the Lung

ONE of the rare diseases of the lung—rare, that is, in comparison with pneumonia or tuberculosis—is abscess. It is usually a secondary affection that accompanies or follows tuberculosis, pneumonia or bronchitis; or that is caused when pus invades the lung from some other part, as in suppurative pleurisy or an abscess of the liver. It may be due to an injury, as a bullet wound or stab wound of the lung. Sometimes the pus-producing germs are brought by the blood stream from more or less distant parts—from the heart in septic endocarditis, from the mastoid in ear disease, or from a clot that closes an inflamed vein. An abscess of the lung may be any size, from that of an orange or larger, involving the greater part of one lobe of the lung, down to minute collections of pus not larger than a hempseed or the head of a pin. In the latter case there is usually a number of these little abscesses, which may gradually increase in size and finally coalesce to form one big abscess.

The first symptom that suggests a possible abscess is usually a chill with elevation of body temperature during bronchitis or during one of the other diseases mentioned above; the probability becomes stronger if the chills recur every few days. There is no positive evidence of the condition, however, until the abscess begins to discharge through the bronchial tubes. Then there is an increase in the cough, accompanied by very profuse expectoration of thick and often foul smelling pus, perhaps mixed with blood and shreds of lung tissue. In favorable cases, after the cough with expectoration

has continued perhaps for several weeks, the discharge grows less, the fever goes down, the appetite returns, and the patient gets well; but more frequently the condition persists in milder form, and the symptoms become those of chronic bronchitis or of tuberculosis.

Treatment may be either medical or surgical. The latter is of greater promise for a permanent cure, however, especially when the abscess follows an injury or pneumonia and when it is not tuberculosis. Medical treatment, which is sometimes very successful, is the same as that for tuberculosis; namely a life in the open air, a nourishing diet and rest.

Reckless Eating

THERE is an amusing story of a visit that a great sufferer from chronic dyspepsia made to a celebrated physician. The physician had a huge empty punch bowl at his elbow. Presently the butler entered, and poured a cocktail into the bowl. As the patient talked he saw the butler put one article of food or drink after another into the bowl. When he had finished, the bowl was half full; it held oysters, bread, butter, salted almonds, soup, fish, cucumbers, celery, two or three vegetables, chicken, champagne, bonbons, assorted fruits, cakes, ice cream, cheese, and coffee.

When the patient had come to the end of his own aches and pains, the physician gravely led him to the bowl, and said, "This is your stomach after a full dinner; can you wonder that it is often uncomfortable, and finally rebels against you?"

It would be well if every so-called "good liver" thought more of the burden he puts on that long-suffering and faithful slave, his stomach. Such a man is a good liver only in the sense that he eats good food—in many cases the very best that can be had. But he eats far too much and too often, and he mixes his food unwisely—even recklessly. Although he may long seem to be free from any ill results, the reckoning will surely come.

That is especially true of those who insist on a rich and copious diet and neglect to take enough exercise to keep the body free of its waste products. Healthy persons who live much in the open air, and who follow regularly some form of physical exercise that obliges them to breathe deeply and keep the blood stream properly oxygenated, can eat hearty meals that would mean ill health or even death to one who lives a sedentary life.

Too many men break down prematurely, before they are sixty; it is usual to attribute such cases to the stress of modern business life. No doubt overwork and over-anxiety are to blame for part of the trouble; but it is often the case that these men, after an athletic and vigorous adolescence, have permitted themselves to fall into habits of physical sloth. They take street cars when they ought to walk, nod over a newspaper in the evening when they ought to be in the bowling alley, buy a motor when they had better build a tennis court, and all the time they add to the richness and profusion of the table—because they "can afford it," and sometimes because eating has actually become their chief means of recreation. But overeating, like every other form of excess, carries with it the seeds of inevitable and severe disease.

Extensive Repairs

A SMALL Western railroad; the Boggs River and Northern, was putting into effect rigid wartime economy. Locomotives were patched and repaired with old parts and pieces until O'Leary, the shop foreman, threatened to break down under the strain.

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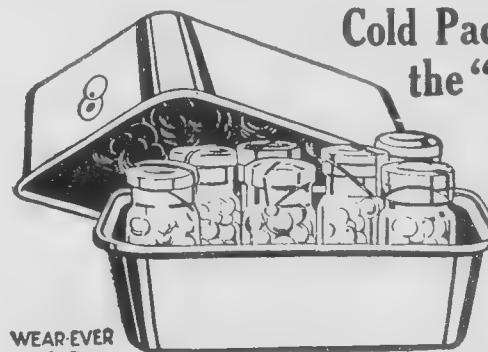
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MOTHER'S SECTION

Some Ways To Teach Obedience

By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

CHILDREN do not like to be told to do this and to do that. Couldn't we try to teach them obedience without seeming to do so?

Most children have pets in the country. They love to teach them how to do things, for instance, they think it fun to teach their dogs how to bring in the wood. Although fire is a necessity, yet wood boxes are often empty. Bringing in the wood seems a task which great and small dislike! The irksomeness might be overcome by saying to the children:—"Go and run outside and play a few minutes with your dog, and when you come back be sure to bring me in an armful of wood each. Perhaps Buster will do his share too!" This kind of talk makes the work of bringing in wood, just like play.

Another way to teach children to do what you want is to do things with them. "Now, children, let's go upstairs and make the beds," is a more cheerful way of suggesting work than it would be to say crossly:—"Are you never going to make the beds?"

One secret for the mother to learn is that if she wants cheerful obedience, he must give commands cheerfully. The way an order is given is enough to make it obeyed grudgingly or the reverse.

There are more ways of asking children to do things than by direct commands. The child who is not overburdened with requests and who has her own share of work allotted to her will generally do the little extra thing we ask, provided we show her how reasonable is our demand.

I do not believe in blind obedience, except perhaps in very young children. A child to whom we talk and whose interests we share will always obey a reasonable order. There are times, of course, when even the most reasonable request seems unreasonable to a child. Well, try a little patience and it will soon come right. Above all, try to see the thing from the child's point of view. This is really not difficult, once we acquire the habit. Sometimes, in spite of all we can do, the child seems to want to disobey on purpose! Now, I would not be too quick to tell a child she is doing it on purpose! This will only irritate her more! Send her in the fresh air, change her train of thought. Maybe she has a little indigestion! You know how you feel when your body is not functioning correctly. You should have the sense to know that even children have their depressing moods, due to incorrect food and sometimes, too hot rooms!

In the evening, after a day when everything has gone wrong, don't send your child to bed with her good-night kiss left out! This is unnecessary unkindness on your part, and may prevent her sleeping properly through the night. This is your chance to find out the cause of the seeming naughtiness in your child. Have a real "heart to heart" talk with her. The more love you put into this talk, the better you are preparing her for cheerful obedience the next day. You might even tell her she may sleep an hour later, if she choose. An extra hour's sleep is probably just what she needs.

Mothers are inclined to put down disobedience as an attitude of mind. I do not agree with this. I have found, by experience, that a healthy child is generally an obedient one. Any observant mother will find this out for herself.

The women of this age are so rushed that they scarcely seem to have time to observe their children. They issue commands in a hurry, expect obedience in a hurry, slap the children in haste and then waste a good half hour in unnecessary scolding, when five minutes careful observation would quickly have solved the difficulty.

A nervous, sensitive child may have a serious reason for disobedience, and she may not like to tell her reason while there are others around. I knew a child once who was very loath to do a message outside: she seemed afraid to go, yet would not own her fear. Later, it was discovered that there was a big, strange dog around, and she did not like to own, in the presence of others, that she was afraid of him!

If the mother of that child had been in the habit of listening to reasonable excuses, she would have taken the child aside and have found out the reason for her reluctance to obey.

We often praise a horse because he refuses to pass a dangerous bridge. If we forced the horse to go on, we might lose our lives, and we are grateful to discover that the horse was reasonable in its refusal to obey.

Many people allow that their animals have instinct, yet they seem to refuse this to their children. I have seen children ordered to eat all that was placed in front of them, and scolded for disobedience! Now, most children err by eating too much, therefore when the contrary is the case, we may infer that there is some instinct which tells them not to eat any more. To make a child eat in this case, simply because you told her to do so, may bring on a serious illness.

I always start by assuming that children are naturally good. It is perfectly certain that even the "Black Sheep" is not so black as he is painted! A child may be a little mischievous, but not really naughty!

You could explain to the child that if she does cheerfully and quickly the few tasks she has to do, Mother will be free to play with her. Tell her that even "Mother" cannot do exactly as she likes, nor can "Daddy" nor anyone.

A child imagines that grown-ups have no tasks, that they can please themselves, from morning to night! Just explain how there would be no dinner, no nice clean house, no money for good food and pretty clothes, if mother and daddy did not do things, even when they wanted to leave them!

"I'm longing to finish my work, so I can play with you," is a pleasant remark to make to your child now and then. A child brought up this way will also long to do her tasks so as to be finished by the time mother is, and thus she will obey cheerfully and quickly.

Self Respect Parties

By Winnifred N. Whitlock

IS that Mary Davies? My, doesn't she look dowdy, and she used to be such a smart girl."

"Yes, but since she's married she doesn't care, and, of course, they're not well off."

This is a conversation we often hear. Of course a married woman hasn't as much time as a single girl and she has more demands upon her income, but looking nice is not a question of time or money, but of a little effort. More often than not the woman in question is just lazy.

"But," objects one woman. "What's the use of dressing up? Bill would never notice what I wore."

Wouldn't he? If he has become accustomed to seeing you in a soiled gingham dress and your hair done in a one-minute

twist, he certainly would notice if you had a pretty clean dress on and your hair becomingly done. People always do notice something different.

"And," says another woman. "What's the use of laying the table nicely or getting out the best things? When I was a girl it was different; then we had parties; no-one ever comes now."

What does that matter? Do you only dress for guests or bring out your best china for them? What about your self-respect and the approbation of your own circle? Don't those things count?

I lived alone for three years and I got into the way of not caring how I looked. I did my hair anyhow, dressed anyhow and my best china and linen never saw daylight.

When I realized what I was drifting into I invented self-respect parties.

Yes Mother

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Self Respect Parties—Continued from page 42

I took one day a week and called it my at-home day. My first party was a sewing party. First of all I tidied the sitting-room and laid the table for refreshments, getting out all my very best things. Then I dressed myself and did my hair carefully and in my party atmosphere I sewed and embroidered and served refreshments to myself. The next week I had a musical party and then a reading party and I drifted just as easily out of my slovenly habits as I had drifted into them.

Why not have a self-respect party? Choose an evening and plan your work that you will have it done a little earlier that day; then dress yourself up and get out your best things, and if no one else notices the difference, you will.

Daughters become used to Mother not being dressed up. Give them a surprise. Perhaps they have forgotten you are good-looking still; perhaps your husband has forgotten you like pretty clothes, even though you are middle-aged. The world takes us at our own valuation, so if we don't think a lot of ourselves it is quite certain no one else will.

And it doesn't take time or money to be a good conversationalist. Read a little, think a lot—busy women get plenty of time for thought—and talk a little.

Why not have a sewing party and invite your daughters to it or, for a change, let them invite you? Girls like to play with the hostess and wear their best things and that arrangement would give the busy mother a rest. Even tiny tots like to have parties.

And if there are boys what could be nicer than a musical evening, or if you have no piano or gramophone a recitation competition, you giving the prize, and one of the family being constituted judge?

And if the young people all have their own pursuits and are rarely in, have a party without them, just you and your husband. It will be like the old days before the children came.

"But I haven't anything new to put on," objects one woman.

Well, put on something old, and if you had your hair nicely done and some

jewelry on, it might strike Bill that you need a new dress, though husbands are proverbially dense on the subject of feminine fripperies.

Anyway, have the party. Have something different for supper, something different in the table decorations, something different in the conversation. Variety is the spice of life. Make your dull life spicy. Romance doesn't need moonlight; the firelight will do just as well.

And if circumstances compel you to have a party by yourself, don't let that detract from your enthusiasm. You won't always be alone; the unexpected guest will drop in one day and with frequent rehearsals you will be word perfect in the hostess's role.

One of the saddest sights on earth is the woman who has lost her self-respect, be it respect of her virtue, respect of her intelligence, or respect of her appearance.

We all know it is harder to polish articles that have not been cleaned for a long time. So it is with our self-respect. The longer it has been gone the harder it is to coax it back.

Imitation is inborn in mankind—and womankind. When Bill returns from his day's work and finds you all dressed up and the table nicely set and the best things out, he will want to be in keeping with the surroundings, and without any comment—and what breaks up domestic happiness more quickly than fault-finding?—he will fall into your ways.

Friends and neighbors will notice the improvement. One will say "Do you know I dropped in at Mrs. Brown's the other day and she had all the best china out. I simply can't give her the old things the next time she comes," or "Did you ever see anything like Mrs. Brown? She does her hair so smartly these days." And they will have self-respect parties, and many a home will be brighter because of the innovation.

Charity begins at home and so does missionary work. Let us try to improve ourselves and then improve others, not by precept but by example.

Arrowroot as a Food for Children and Invalids

FOR centuries Mexican Indians in their battles used as an application for the wounds from poisoned arrows the milky white juice which they extracted from the roots of the tropical plant Maranta. From this practice the name of Arrowroot was derived.

It is valued as a delicacy for use in preparing puddings, desserts, etc., and as a food for children and invalids because it is easy to assimilate without any digestive disturbances.

The Reason Why

Arrowroot is a starch unexcelled for purity. It is a natural product and differs from common starches in that its process of manufacture is by copious washing with pure, clear water totally without the aid of chemical treatment. Common starches are extracted from cereals in an entirely different manner in which chemicals are used.

Arrowroot attains its best form in biscuits baked by the modern process. The other ingredients are simple but staple food materials—flour products, animal fats, and sugar. These are blended

together in a plastic mass which is kneaded, rolled, shaped and baked by a consecutive series of modern machines and travelling ovens of wonderful mechanism. The cooking breaks down the starch grains and renders them soluble and suitable for digestion. The result is a uniform, crisp and nutty-brown Arrowroot Biscuit.

Times of Feeding Arrowroot Biscuits

Infants: 6 to 9 months—One biscuit at 10 a.m. One biscuit at 6 p.m. In addition to milk diet ordered by Doctor.

10 to 12 months—One biscuit at 10 a.m. One biscuit at 2 p.m. One biscuit at 6 p.m. In addition to milk diet ordered by Doctor.

1 to 6 years—Should be given between 4 and 5 p.m. with half a cup of milk.

School Children—In addition to being served for dessert at lunch and dinner, may be given after school with a glass of milk.

Invalids—With morning nourishment at 10 or 11 o'clock, two or three biscuits with a cup of tea or cocoa or a glass of milk. Likewise with afternoon tea and before going to bed at night.

The Boys Who Trim the Lights

Olive Macken

I watched a lad as he trimmed the lights,
He whistled so blithe and gay;
"O where, O where is my little dog gone,"
Was the tune of his roundelay.

His hands were grim with the carbon black,
But his face wore a sunny smile;
"With his ears cut short, and his tail cut long,"
He whistled most all the while.

His cap was stuck back on his curly head,
His eyes danced with impish glee;
His whistle rang out on the wintry air,—
"O where, O where can he be."

He treated his work as if it were play,
Nor shrank from the danger dire;
The quick and terrible treachery,
That lurks in the tiny wire.

He steadily worked from lamp to lamp,
Until he had covered his beat.
And at night, his labors were manifest,
In the brilliantly lighted street.

'Tis his bread and butter he earns, we say.
As we give him a careless glance;
Ah well, perhaps we are right in that,
But does he not take a chance,—

That you or I might not care to risk;
So, is it not only fair,
That once in a while we give a kind word,
And once in a while say a prayer,—

For the safety of those who from day to day,
Prepare for the darkening nights;
For we owe a debt we can never pay,
To the boys who trim the lights.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON		Please print your name and address—	
MARY T. GOLDMAN		796 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.	
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair.			
Black.....	dark brown.....	medium brown.....	
auburn (dark red).....	light brown.....	light auburn (light red).....	
	blonde.....		
Name.....		City.....	
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Each airy, fairy, puffed morsel in the Puffed Rice package is a complete and nourishing whole grain. Steam explosion, which puffed it to eight times its normal size has rendered it easy of digestion. Intensive cooking has added a delicious, nut-like flavor.

Children love Puffed Rice with milk for breakfast. Served with fresh fruit and cream, it is a welcome addition to any meal.

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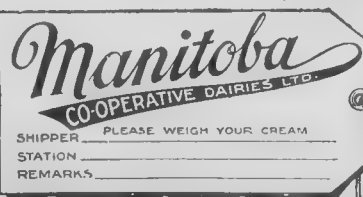
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4 Balls Shetland Floss in white or color.
3 Spools Silk Twist in contrasting color.
2 Pair Knitting Needles, Nos. 7 and 3.
Size 5 to 6 years.
5 sts to an inch 6 rows to an inch



Body—With silk and No. 7 needles, cast on 84 sts for lower edge of back, k 6 ridges in garter st and break off.

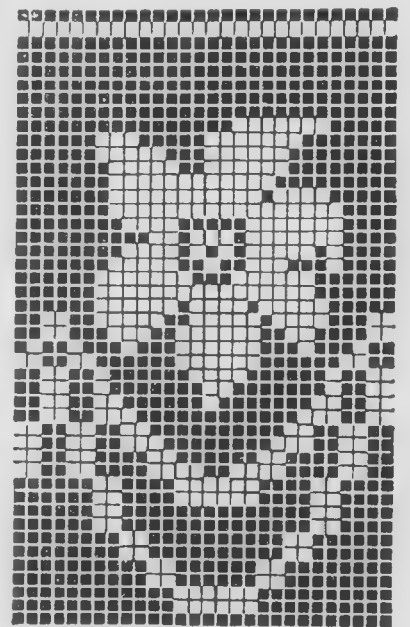
1st Row of Pattern—With Floss k 6; wind silk in 6 small balls (or use strands without winding as long as convenient to handle) and * with both silk and yarn p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1; with yarn alone k 6; repeat from * 5 times.

2nd Row—With yarn p 6; * with both yarn and silk k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 (thus working the two strands in ribbing of k 1, p 1); with yarn only p 6; repeat from * 5 times. Repeat these two rows 3 times.

9th Row—Drop yarn temporarily and with silk only k 2 rows plain (1 ridge). These 10 rows constitute the checked pattern; repeat them 6 times, then repeat the first 8 rows once more. In next silk ridge cast on 26 sts at each side for sleeves. Work even in pattern for 17 rows (1 whole pattern and 7 rows of

next). Next row work in pattern over 84 sts and slip them on a stitch holder; on remaining 52 sts k even for 3 patterns (31 rows); there will then be 5 whole patterns on sleeve. With silk k 1 row, turn, k 26 sts, bind off the remaining 26 sleeve sts and break off. Slip the 26 sts now on needle on to a large safety pin or spare needle. Leave 32 sts on the stitch holder for back of neck and on the other 52 sts work left shoulder and and sleeve to correspond to right, ending with binding off 26 sleeve sts in last silk row and knitting back to neck; cast on (with silk) 32 sts for front of neck and break of silk; slip the 26 sts from right side on to the same needle. Work even in pattern until front is as long as back at underarm before border, make border as on back and in last row on wrong side bind off loosely.

Borders—Working from right side with silk and No. 3 needles, pick up and k 42 sts across ends of sleeves, k 11 rows in garter st and then bind off, which completes the 6th ridge. Sew up sleeves and underarm seams. Working from right side with silk and No. 3 needles, pick up and k 29 sts on left shoulder, 32 sts across front of neck and 29 sts on right shoulder, k 6 ridges in garter st, mitering

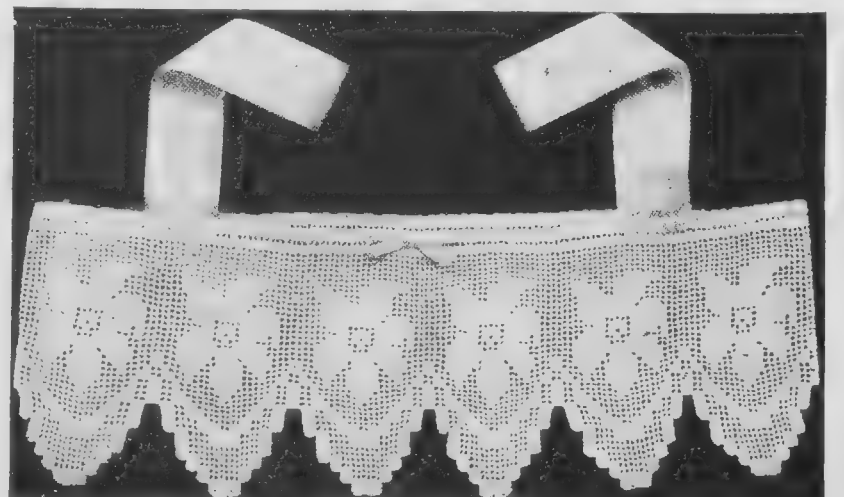


Block pattern for yoke shown below

ends and front corners by knitting 2 sts together in every other row, and binding off loosely in last row on wrong side. Slip the 32 sts left on stitch holder for back of neck on to needle and k 6 ridges, mitering the ends as on front part of border. Sew up side seams of band.

Scalloped Yoke in Filet

Materials—Mercer-Crochet Cotton, No. 80. No. 14 Hook.
Ch 93, working up and down.



A lovely yoke in conventional flower design

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 44

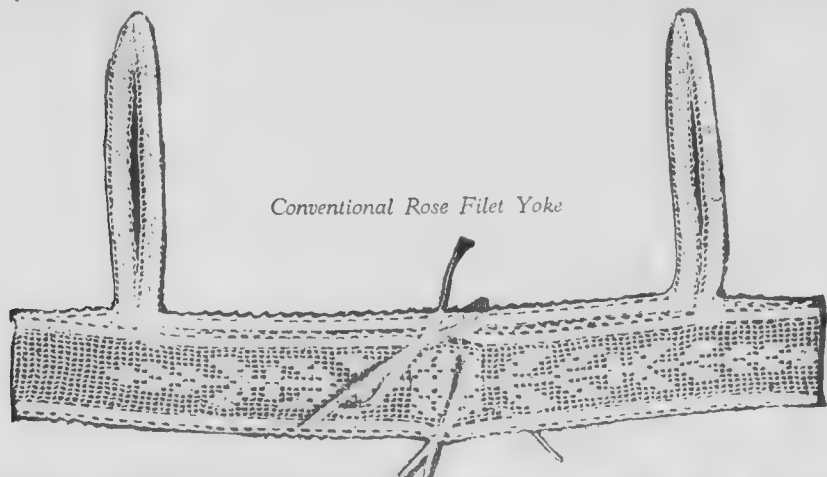
1st Row—4 bl, 2 sp, 2 bl, 20 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp.

2nd Row—Follow design, adding bl at lower edge to form scallop. 12 scallops make 36 bust.

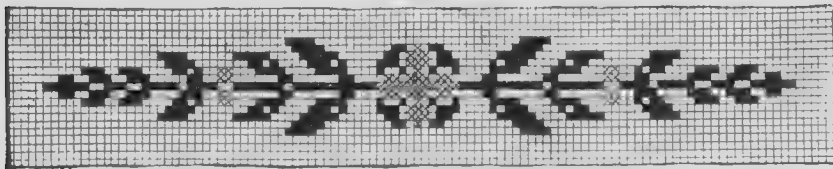
Beading—Fasten in sp, ch 8, * 3 d tr in 2d sp, ch 3, 1 d tr in 2d sp, ch 3. Repeat from *

Shoulder Straps—Make a ch the length required—about 13 inches—1 row of sp, with 2 ch between each tc, ch 4 for first dtc, dtc in same place, * ch 5, skip 2 sp, 2 dtc, in next tc, repeat * across, then add one more row of sp.

Yoke—Start with 45 ch, tc in 9th st from hook and follow block pattern.



Conventional Rose Filet Yoke

**Conventional Rose Filet Yoke**

Top and bottom of yoke are finished with beading—fasten thread at top of a tc, ch 4 for first dtc, dtc in same place, * ch 5, skip 2 sp, 2 dtc, in next tc, repeat * around. Second row is made by 2 dc, p, 2 dc in each sp.

Filet Initials

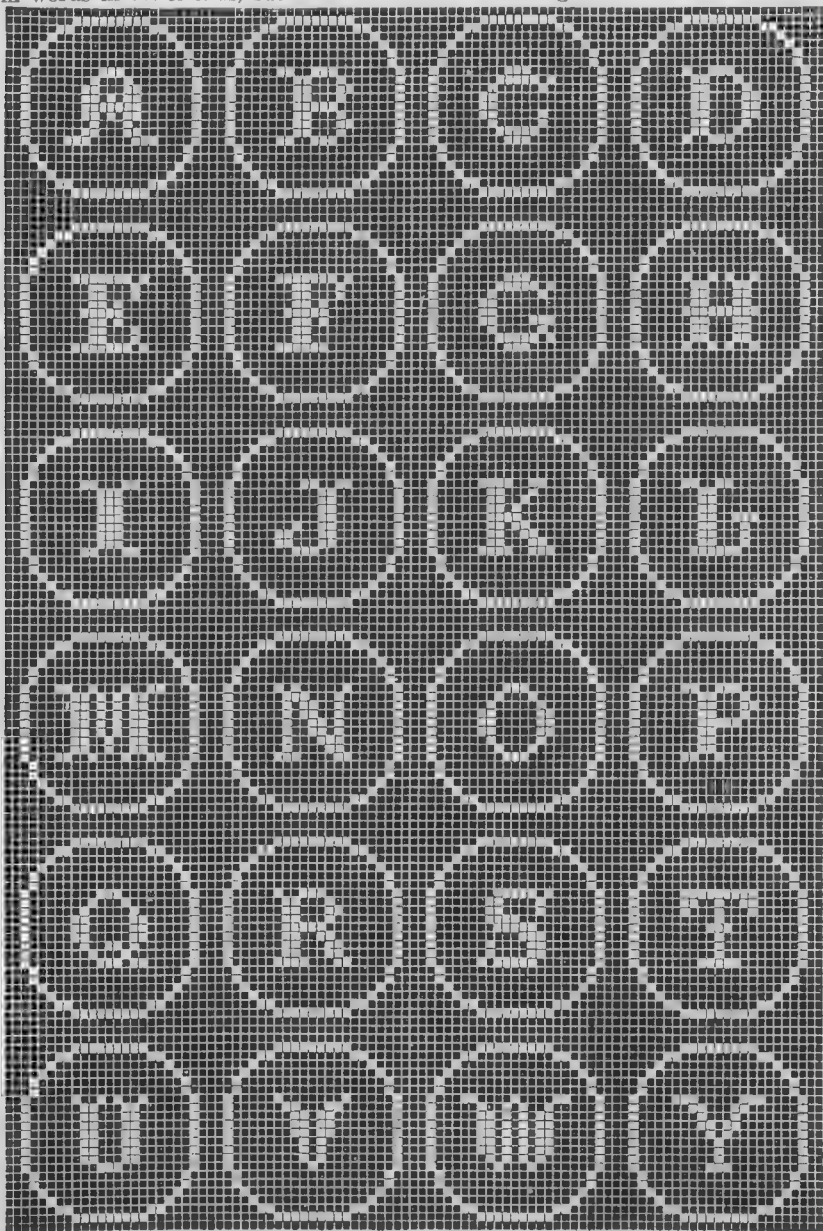
The chart of filet crochet letters shown below should be kept among your patterns, as it will prove helpful for many things. These letters may be used as monogram insets in lingerie, table or bed linen, etc., or may be combined to form words in towel ends, such as "Our

The size may be varied by adding or omitting sp.

On the block pattern the three groups of spaces marked with crosses are first made in the filet design. Afterwards pale yellow floss is worked across these squares, between the crochet threads.

Guest," or the word "Bread" on a bread-tray cloth.

A crochet monogram is particularly effective on lingerie, when set in the centre front, or a little to one side, of a camisole, envelope chemise, or nightgown. In finishing such garments, fine filet beading or hemstitching are best.



"I wash all my dainty things with LUX"

"It only takes me a few minutes at night in my own room to wash out my silken underthings, silk stockings or my daintiest blouses and smocks in a basin of the gentle, bubbling Lux suds.

I just dip them up and down in the basin, pressing the rich Lux lather through and through them, and when they are dry, they look just as fresh and beautiful as when new."

Lux will not harm anything that water alone will not harm. No fabric so fine nor hue so delicate that it cannot be washed with Lux.

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BOOK OF
FASHIONS

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

The summer days are bringing out many beautiful things in the line of frocks, wraps, skirts and blouses.

One still sees the favored straight lines on certain kinds of dresses, but youthful frocks and dresses of summer fabrics show fullness and more trimming.

Frills and flounces, tucks and plaits and panels indicate the trend of fashion.

The wider skirt prevails. The additional width may be obtained by the introduction of plaited or gathered fulness at the sides, while back and front remain smooth and plain.

Organdy is much in vogue for afternoon and evening summer dresses, trimmed with ribbons and flowers, or with lace and lace insertions.

Plaited skirts are popular, for sports wear especially. The tiered skirt is no mean rival to the plaited skirt, and it is a style that suits almost any type of dress and material.

A dress of silk may have the skirt entirely of two or three flounces, or it may show flounces at the sides only, leaving back and front plain.

Some flounces ripple only over the hips and are flat over the centre.

White with colored accessories will be a leader this summer.

Dresses or skirts of white woollen or flannel are worn with short jackets trimmed with red, tan or green, sometimes the trimming is leather. The jacket lining may match the trimming.

Bright colored shoes of kid, in pump or sandal style with hat bag and parasol or jewelry of the same shade are worn.

French and domestic knitted weaves are made up into one piece dresses, separate jackets and suits, also into sports capes.

Mid-season coats in three quarter length are predicted for the coming months.

There are also dresses, wraps and long cape wraps. Some of gathered crepe, others of taffeta quilted in various geometrical designs.

One also finds jackets and suits of cretonne, and cotton prints, with bindings in a plain color, and as the jackets are usually of the "tie-on" style ribbons to match are used.

Blouses have come again into undisputed favor, in wash materials, of silk and cotton. They are worn with suits or sweaters or with sports jackets or skirts. Blouses of organdy are dainty with touches of embroidery. Lace insets or collar and cuffs of lace are much in vogue. Sometimes collar and sleeve trimming is of novelty silk.

A new washable blouse is buttoned in the back and tailored on very mannish lines.

Bordered materials are much in evidence, in Canton crepe, crepe de chene and radium.

The profusion of ornamentation makes one pause in a selection of trimming.

There are ready-made embroideries and cut work bandings, circular ruffings, lace and net with which to trim summer dresses of Swiss, organdy and gingham.

Ribbons float everywhere, from belts, shoulders, at lace insertions, and ruffles. Large bows are fastened at the hips on one side, or in the back, suggesting the old time bustle.

Draped dresses are shown for afternoon and evening wear.

Moire of soft and supple texture is fine for draped models.

Sleeveless dresses and blouses, cool and delightfully summery, are a feature of the season.

Plain pongee is both serviceable and attractive for summer dresses. It may be combined with the same material in a contrasting color, striped or plaided. For traveling and shopping pongee is an ideal material.

Linen over-blouses, decorated with machine embroideries are being used for sports wear

HOW TO FEED A GROWING CHILD IN HOT WEATHER

To keep growing children well in winter, feed them properly in summer.

"Excess Acid" foods are "denatured" white flour, refined cereals, sweets, and meats. These make the blood acid and lower the body vitality of the child. The blood gets rid of these food acids through the skin and lining of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, etc. In winter the skin is sluggish and the linings of nose, throat, lungs, etc., have to do it all. These parts become irritated in the process and adenoids, tonsils, bronchitis, pneumonia, diphtheria, ear disease, etc., find an easy victim in the child fed largely upon "Excess Acid" foods.

Feed your child richly alkaline foods, like Roman Meal, milk, eggs, nuts, beans, potatoes, leafy vegetables, and fruits in summer. These keep the blood normally alkaline or non-acid. There will be no acids to irritate the nose, throat, lungs, etc., in winter, and your child will feel better, be better, and remain free from disease.

Roman Meal is the most alkaline (opposite of acid) food known. It makes normal non-acid blood, nourishes better than meat, prevents indigestion, positively relieves constipation, and "Keeps the Family Fit."

For hot weather try the new icy-cold recipes on package, Roman Meal BROSE-O, CHOCOL-O, and JELL-E. They are a real treat that the child will revel in. But Roman Meal, cooked in any way is delicious, and prevents the "all in" feeling so common on hot days, when eating "Excess Acid" foods.

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A Simple Pretty Frock, 4251—Jersey cloth in a pretty shade of brown was selected for this design. The stitchery is in black yarn. This style is also good for combinations of material. A very dressy dress could be evolved from Paisley silk and velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple But Pretty Frock, 4402—Printed voile in blue and tan tones is here shown, with bindings of blue crepe. This is a good model for white or colored linen, also for taffeta and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4 1/4 yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Frock, 4410—White voile embroidered in green and finished with bindings of green organdy, is here portrayed. This model is nice for the new summer silks; also for crepe, tissue gingham and linen.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/4 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New Version of a Popular Garment, 4005—Every woman's wardrobe should boast of one or more slips such as this design portrays. Satin, silk, crepe, crepe de chine, and linen are very appropriate for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. For flouncing as illustrated 2 3/4 yards 15 inches wide will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Model Easy to Develop and Economical of Material, 4263—Figured percale was chosen for this practical apron with rick rack braid for trimming. One could have gingham or cambric, or sateen. The style is also good for rubber-finished fabrics and for crepe.

The Pattern is cut in one size—Medium. It requires 1 1/2 yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Comfortable House Dress, 4403—Figured percale and line are here combined. This is a good style for gingham, voile or chambray. The closing is under the tucks at the centre front.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Quaint and Pretty Model, 4416—One of the neatest styles for little girls is here portrayed. The panel front is cut with girde ends that fasten over the back. A sash to match may be added and tied in a jaunty bow at the back. This dress slips over the head. It is excellent for gingham or percale.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty House or Porch Frock, 4258—Figured percale and pique are here combined. Gingham, linen, lawn and crepe are also attractive for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To trim as illustrated requires 1 yard 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular One Piece Dress, 4392—This style has slenderizing lines and is becoming to youthful and to mature figures. Gingham with linen would be fine for this, or ratine with binding in a contrasting color. Taffeta too will be attractive for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot of the dress is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New Version of One Piece Dress, 4412—Checked gingham and linen are combined in this style. It could be made up in cretonne or chintz with crepe or saten or in jersey cloth with flannel or suede for trimming. Ratine in plaid and plain, or plain ratine with linen would also be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Undergarment, 4406—Nainsook, crepe, silk and muslin are good for this model. It is especially suitable for stout figures, affording comfort and ease.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron Model, 4405—No buttons or snap fasteners to be considered, easy to adjust so easy to launder—and withal so comfortable and neat. An ideal apron indeed. The Pattern as here shown was developed in figured percale, and trimmed with rick rack braid. The style is good for all apron materials. In damask with pipings of saten or linen in a contrasting color, it will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

When ordering any patterns illustrated in this section, address Pattern Dept., The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

A Pleasing Model, 4150—This pretty frock may be made without the jumper portions. It is a good style for gabardine, serge, taffeta, or linen, and also for gingham and other wash fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material. For jumper alone $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32 inch material is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Frock for a Little Girl, 4398—Pongee in a natural shade was chosen for this design. It is trimmed with red crepe. The style is good also for poplin, gingham and percale. Tub silks and chambrey are attractive with pipings of ratine or linene.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 32 inch contrasting material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown for a Slender Figure, 4401—Embroidered crepe, voile or linen would be attractive for this model. It is also good for taffeta, and crepe satin and will develop well in gingham or batiste. The bertha may be omitted.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. The part of the skirt covered by the blouse and flounce may be of lining, of which $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl, 4413—Striped and Plain ratine are combined in this instance. Figured and plain woolen, crepe and linen are also attractive for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one kind of material 32 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 2 yards of plain and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of figured material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

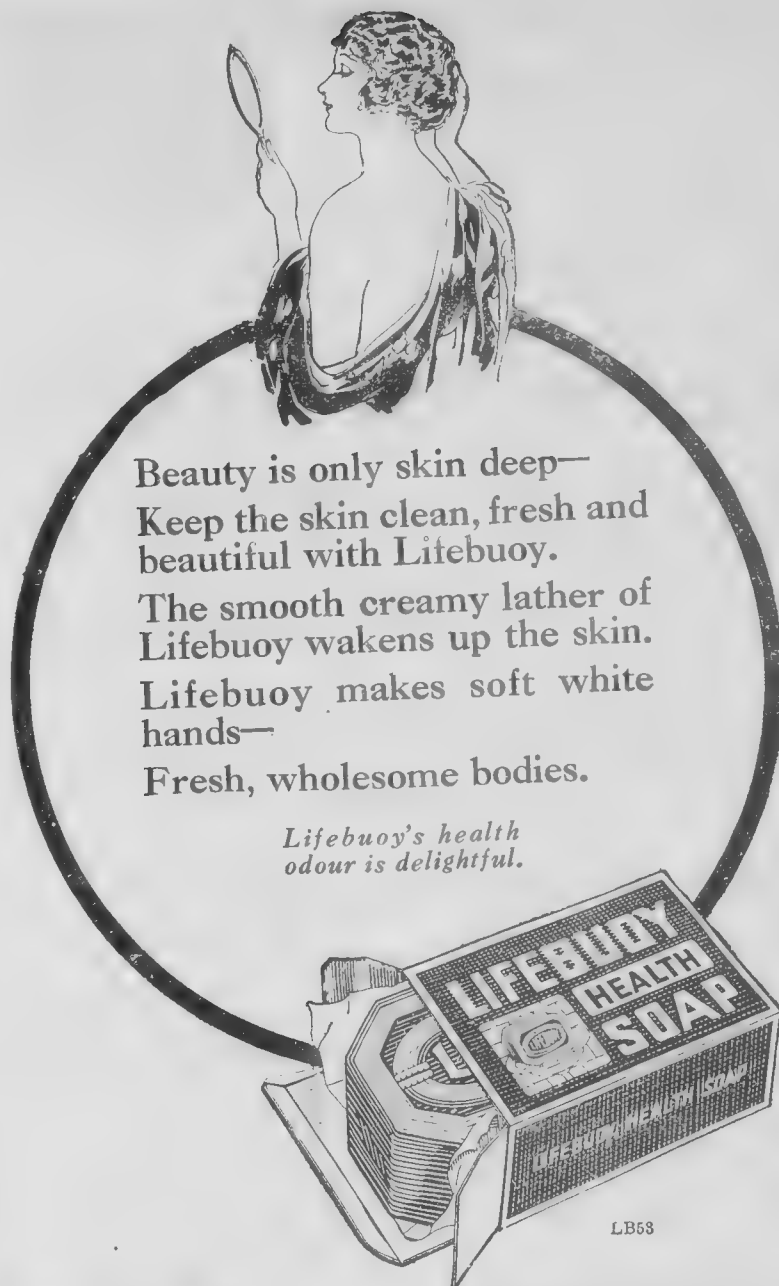
A Popular Play Suit, 4399—This is a style that will please the outdoor boy, who loves to romp and play. Drill, linen, jersey and repp also chambrey and poplin are good materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular, Practical Model, 4391—This style has good and comfortable lines. The closing is in coat style. Madras, gingham, jean, drill or flannel could be used for this model.

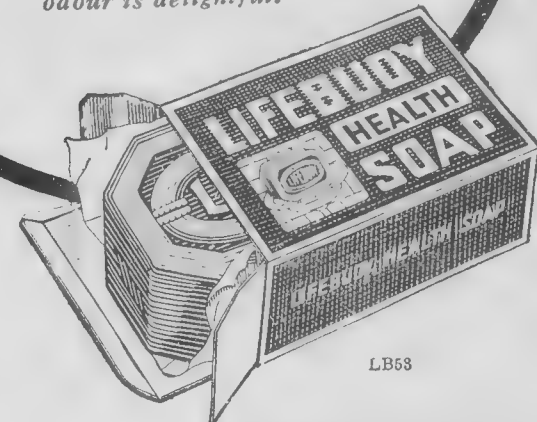
The Pattern is cut in 9 Sizes neck measure: 14, $14\frac{1}{2}$, 15, $15\frac{1}{2}$, 16, $16\frac{1}{2}$, 17, $17\frac{1}{2}$ and 18 inches. A 15 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Wants a Debate

Dear Editor and Readers,

Just a line to thank "Hawthorn" for the words of "The End of a Perfect Day," which I was pleased to see appear on the Page. Many thanks for same, Hawthorn!

I suppose everyone of the farmers have quite completed their seeding, and the farmerettes their gardening? We have here, and are anxiously waiting for rain, as 1922 was our sixth dry year.

I would like to see a debate on some subject of interest to farm people. Would also welcome correspondence from anyone, as writing is one of my favorite past-times (English particularly). Hoping everyone has a good crop and garden this year and with best wishes to the Page, as before

Ivy.

A Series of Fads

Dear Editor and Readers,

Will you please grant me the privilege of joining your circle? I am what is commonly called a "school marm" and I have been reading your letters for some time. I noticed in one letter that the school teachers were asked to give their opinion now and then, and I have decided that it is about time I started to say something.

I noticed that a member was asking for the words of "My Wild Irish Rose," which I am enclosing.

I also noticed that some members would like to exchange crocheting and tatting patterns. Now if those members would either state through the Page or write direct to me and say what kind of patterns they want, that is, lace, insertion, yokes, or whatever it is, I might possibly be able to give them what they want.

My life has been a series of "fads"—that is, for a time I did nothing but crochet, and I certainly collected a lot of patterns, and similarly, I went through practically all the different kinds of fancy-work. At present I am "quilt crazy," if you understand me; so that I will probably be able to supply anything that is needed at any time, and will be only too glad to do so. My name is with the editor, so it is up to you to say what you want.

I wonder if any member took the dress-making course (by mail) from the Woman's Institute at Scranton. If any have, I would like to correspond with them to find out something about it.

I do not agree with some members who find country life dull. Although this is my first year of living in the country I find that I like it very well and in some ways prefer it to city life. If "A Flapper" lives in a log cabin, I would just like to say that I would give almost anything to change places with her.

Now I have not said anything so far about our lonesome bachelors. Really I don't see why they should be lonesome—aren't there enough girls to go around? That is one "sickness" I have never had, and so I do not understand it. But you won't be so lonesome now as the spring work has commenced. If you are still lonesome I would be pleased to try and cheer you up sometimes through the mail if you will only say so.

A Farmerette.

"My Wild Irish Rose"

By Chauncey Olcott.

If you listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song

Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
Yet dearer to me yes, that all of its mates,
Tho' each holds aloft its proud head.

'Twas given to me by a girl that I know;
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose.

She is dearer by far than the world's
brightest star,

And I call her my Wild Irish Rose.

Refrain

My Wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere, but none
can compare

With my Wild Irish Rose.

My Wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows.

And some day for my sake, she may let
me take

The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their roses, which by
other names,

Would smell just as sweetly they say,
But I know that my Rose would never
consent

To have that sweet name taken away.

Her glances are shy, when'er I pass by

The bower where my true love grows,

And my one wish has been that some day

I may win

The heart of My Wild Irish Rose.

Just a Curious Boy

Dear Editor and Readers,

I am just a boy and like all other boys I am curious, both to know many things and to know many people. This curiosity leads me therefore to ask for a corner of your Correspondence Page in which to insert my letter.

I am a student, striving to receive an education which will enable me to face life prepared.

If anyone would care to correspond with me I would appreciate it immensely. Letters from either sex are very acceptable.

Only a Boy.

His Day's Work

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have read The Western Home Monthly for a couple of years now and find it very interesting. I think the Correspondence Page is a big help.

I was a bachelor for seven years so can sympathise with the rest of them. It scared me out. A man cannot get up in the morning, get an outfit ready, milk six or seven cows, get breakfast and go to work, come in at noon, get a cold dinner, go to work, then come in at night, get supper and milk cows and do chores all alone. With a wife or sister to help and encourage him, he can get along much better. I am not married nor even engaged, nor have I a sister, so I called it off.

As you see I live in old North Dakota about a mile and a half from the Canadian border, so I am about half and half.

As young people are scarce, I go to dances and entertainments in Canada and I like the old square dances best. I have the pleasure of calling off once in a while. "Bashful Fifteen" was asking for the words to square dances. Now I don't know what she would class as good, so if she will drop me a line I will try and help her out.

Now, though I said I batched seven years, don't think I am old as I started young and don't have to put a "2" before my age yet.

As I told you I am from the United States of America I will sign myself
Yankee Bill.

Words Wanted

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been a silent reader of your paper for some time now, and have enjoyed it very much. After reading "Jack's" letter I thought I would write and say that here is another fellow with the same idea. I believe that if a person is careful and buys a reliable make of engine and takes care of it, as he would his horse, it would give him good satisfaction. Most repairs for engines are due to abuse, not use, and I think that most every farmer in Western Canada can find use for a good tractor.

If any member knows the words of "The Shooting of Dan Magrew" would he or she kindly send them to me.

Well I guess I have written enough for the first time so I will ring off, hoping to hear from some of the readers.

Ben.

Her Favorite Authors

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been reading your page for several years, but have not had courage to write till now.

Have any of the readers the golf craze? I have not as yet, but it is contagious, so I will probably be playing before the summer is over—or has it arrived yet? I do not see anything exciting in hitting a ball a few yards. A few games of tennis are more exciting and better exercise.

I agree with "Miss America." I love tobogganing. A push, a rush through air,

CORRESPONDENCE—Continued from page 48

and the slow stop. We had a toboggan slide here last winter and I enjoyed it very much.

Do any of the readers believe "In reading there is knowledge?" I do and am very fond of the works of Ethel M. Dell, Ralph Connor, Zane Grey and Mary Roberts Rinehart. I have just finished "Corporal Cameron" by Ralph Connor. If any of the readers have read it they will understand the marvellous way in which "Mandy" changes her ideas in life, and "Cameron" had such a wonderful human life character!

I also agree with "Bunty" that basketball is a good game. However, I have not learned to skate and will not look forward to winter as far as that sport is concerned.

I hope my letter is not too long and the editor will print it. Also hoping to hear from some of the readers,

Your friend,

Jean.

Trade Music

Dear Editor and Readers,

It has been a long time since I wrote to the Correspondence Page, but I have found the other members, letters so interesting I was afraid my letter would

find the W. P. B. How many of the members play the piano? I do, and have over a hundred pounds of classical and dance music, so if any of the members care to trade music, I shall be only too glad to do so. I really don't know what a bachelor can write about that would interest the ladies.

I would like to hear from members in Southern Alberta, also other members (either sex) even though they live in China. Wishing everybody the best of luck, I am

A Bachelor.

What Concerns a Budding Teacher

Dear Editor,

I have come to bother you for a space in your valuable page and truly hope it misses the great enemy, the W. P. B. I am an interested reader of your page and believe me, I have enjoyed it immensely, although I miss some copies.

I am a school-girl of eighteen and am taking my Second Class this year. Indeed I enjoy it very much. We have parties occasionally, and during the winter we have skating and sleighing parties. I sometimes feel sorry that this is my last year in High School here, but when the

thought comes of going to Normal I often wish I was finished with High School long ago.

I find the letters very interesting and feel as though I know the correspondents. I was specially interested in the letter from the girl who was taking her Third Class. I have forgotten her pen name, but if she reads this I am sure she will know whom I mean.

"Magnus Puer" and "Sunny Jim's" letters were very interesting.

It is surprising how many bachelors there are in Saskatchewan. I really never thought there could be so many. I guess it is because there are not very many around here. All these bachelors whom I speak of are correspondents of this Page I mean. Well, I suppose they are all hard at work in the fields again and haven't much time to read the Correspondence Page and letters from kids like me.

As this is my first attempt I hope the editor will not be too severe with me, and wishing that some of the correspondents from this page will write to me in the future,

Sincerely,

Dot.

Salt-Water Bathing

"Cyril," said his mother, as they sat down to the breakfast-table, "did you wash your face this morning?"

"Well, no—mamma," said he slowly, evidently casting in his mind for an excuse; "but," he added reassuringly, "I cried a little before I came downstairs."

Effective Advertising

A German farmer who had lost his horse advertised for it in this way. "One nite the udder day about a week ago last month I heard me a noise by der frunt middle of de pac yard which did not use to be. So I jumps the ped oud and runs mit der door and ven I sees I finds my pig gray iron mare he was tied loose and runnin' mit der stable off. Whoever prings him back shall pay five dollars reward."—Young Pilgrim.

How She Got the Fee

A young couple who went to a priest to be wedded were met with a request for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but rather destitute of financial resources. The priest took the view: "No money, no marriage."

Give me l'ave, your Riverence," said the blushing bride "to go and get the money."

It was given, and she sped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly-made wife seemed a little uneasy.

"Anything on your mind, Catherine?" said the priest.

"Well, your Riverence, I would like to know if this marriage could be spoiled now."

"Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put you asunder."

"Could you not do it yourself, Father? Could you not spoil the marriage?"

"No, no, Catherine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with it."

That aises me mind," said Catherine, "and God bless your Riverence. There's the ticket for your coat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it."

He Was Born With It

A woman was listening to a long-shoreman as he was delivering himself of a perfect torrent of picturesque language.

"My man," she said, where did you learn such awful language?"

"Learn it, ma'am?" asked the man in surprise. "You don't learn it; it's a gift."

FOUR THOUSAND MILES FOR A SMOKE

By Francis Dickie

BECAUSE "Eskimo Laura" (the lady in the accompanying picture) greatly craved tobacco, the Canadian Government was put to six hundred dollars expense a short time ago, in the strangest case in which a devotee of "My Lady Nicotine" probably ever figured. Laura is a pure-blooded Eskimo woman, and lives on the delta of the mighty Mackenzie where that river empties into the Arctic Ocean. About two years ago she learned to smoke, and became an adept at rolling her own cigarettes, though not averse to an occasional cigar which once in a long time reached the Arctic Circle.

Tobacco is expensive and often hard to get; but when Laura's husband, Mr. Ininuk, protested against her inroads upon his supply, the woman attacked him with a dog whip and drove him from the igloo. After confiscating his entire supply of tobacco, she proceeded to barter away all the family furs for a big supply of the fragrant weed.

Now the "new woman" until then (1922) was not known in the Arctic. Till Laura's assertion of equal rights, Eskimo women since time immemorial had been docile subjects to the men. Naturally her so outrageous conduct caused great astonishment and much comment in the summer settlement on the delta. So much so that even the Mounted Police at Herschell Island, the farthest north police post in the world, men well versed in Eskimo ways, were so impressed by Laura's behaviour they decided she was insane. So they took her in charge and sent her under escort two thousand miles by river steamer, and then by train to Edmonton, Alberta and thence to Ponoka Asylum.

But when the board of expert alienists gathered, they all firmly agreed that, while Laura was an "A No. 1" smoker, and a wonder at rolling her own cigarettes, she was most certainly not insane. Indeed, the learned gentlemen pronounced Laura most decidedly normal.

So back to the Arctic went Laura, a first-class passenger by train, and during the two thousand miles of wonderful journeying by steamer over the great inland waterway via the Peace, Slave River and Lake and the mighty Mackenzie, all at the expense of the Canadian Government who had dared to make aspersions against Laura's sanity. And all through the two thousand mile journey Laura smoked steadily. The scenery which brings cries of rapture from the tourists who are now beginning to pour into the land did not move Laura. She had looked upon it from birth. The picture shows Laura on the Mackenzie River steamer "Distributor" homeward bound,

rolling one of her interminable series of cigarettes. With the exception of husband-beating and an over fondness for tobacco Laura seems a perfectly nice person. During the journey she squatted all day long on a sheltered corner of the deck, viewing with disdain the foolish mannerisms of the white passengers, but duly appreciative of the constant supply



of cigarette tobacco. In case anyone should doubt the facts of this unusual story, it may be noted it is corroborated in the annals of the Mounted Police. Laura will go down in Arctic history as the first Eskimo woman suffragette, and also as one who travelled four thousand miles at the Government expense because of her love for tobacco.

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The Western Home Monthly, Western Canada's only home magazine, would like you and your friends to become subscribers. The many good things in this issue are but a foretaste of what is to follow and we believe that the small sum of one dollar will earn for you big dividends of pleasure and instruction.

**The Western Home
Monthly, Winnipeg,**

*Enclosed please find \$1.00 in
payment for one year's subscrip-
tion to THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY.*



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Something to Learn

The Woods that Bring the Sunset Near
The wind from out the West is blowing
The homeward wandering cows are low-
ing;

Dark grow the pine woods, dark and
drear—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines,
Far off, sublime, and full of fear,
The pine woods bring the sunset near.

Gilder.

The Pigtail

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout,
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

Something You Want to Know Why Mark Twain Read the Encyclo- pedia

At an early age Mark Twain was solemnly warned against the dangers of reading. As a boy—so we learn from the diary of Mrs. James T. Fields, which the Atlantic Monthly prints—one of the first stories that he acquired after he had begun his apprenticeship on a Mississippi River steamboat was the Fortunes of Nigel.

He hid himself with it behind a barrel, where the master of the boat found him and read him a lecture on the ruinous effects of his act. "I've seen it over and over ag'in," he declared. "You needn't tell me anything about it; if ye'er going to be a pilot on this river yer needn't ever think of reading, for it just spiles all. Yer can't remember how high the tides were in Can's Gut three trips before last now, I'll wager."

"Why, no," replied Mark, "that was six months ago."

"I don't care if 'twas," said the man. "If you hadn't been spiling yer mind by readin', ye'd have remembered."

So the boy was never permitted to read after that. "And," Mark once observed, "not being able to have it when I was hungry for it, I can only read the encyclopedia nowadays."

But, adds Mrs. Fields, that is not true; he reads everything!

A New Canadian Poet

Do you know that we have living in Winnipeg, a new young poet, who is attracting the very favorable attention of critics in Eastern Canada? His name is Frances Calaghan, and his book of poems called "The Cross and the Reed." He writes beautiful little verses of Nature, the change of seasons, the songs of birds, the growth of trees and flowers. He is a Canadian of Irish descent. His home is in East Kildonan and he has received much of the inspiration for his work in beautiful Kildonan Park, and along the banks of our own rivers. One reason why he writes beautifully is because he is so young and his mind is not all cluttered up with things, and his eyes are wide open to the beauties of the world, and his ears tuned to the world's song. Some of you boys or girls in the Cosy Corner may feel like writing poetry sometimes. If you do, don't let people laugh you out of it, scribble away and don't talk about it and one day you may feel that you have written something worth while, and when you feel that, take it to some one who knows about poetry and ask their advice and help.

A Tremendous Photograph

In the State of Georgia a memorial to American soldiers who fought in the civil war is being carved on the face of a great rock. Many figures will be shown in this carving and they are so large that one head alone will be nine feet high. It was found to be almost impossible to draw these figures on the rocks and so a huge photograph is to be made at night, and the whole face of the rock will be prepared as a photographic plate, and afterwards it will be developed by pouring barrels of developer over the rock. The June number of Popular Science gives a long account of this tremendous photograph.

Stone Books

Now in these days when so many people are talking about and are interested in the wonderful discoveries in Egypt, you will be interested to hear of the way in which the ancient Egyptians wrote their historie sand their stories. In those days there was no paper, there was no printing presses, there were no books, but in the walls and pillars of buildings these ancient people told the stories of their wars and their kings; their harvests and their gods. The buildings of those days were very large. Not high like ours are now, but spreading out over acres of land, miles of sandstone and limestone all rich with stories. This writing was not writing as we understand it, but simply little figures and what were known as hieroglyphics carved and painted. Every foot and every inch had its picture and its story. The chief gods of these peoples, known as Ra and Amon, were represented by figures in human form carrying sceptres and wearing stiff caps adorned with two long feathers. Another god Hathor, is represented as a woman, sometimes with the ears, the horns or even the head of a cow. All

these figures tell stories which are quite plainly read by people who have studied the subject and I have no doubt that the designs now made on dresses and scarfs are really stories of the ancient life of these very ancient people.

Letters From all Over Canada, Which You Like to Read

Dear Bobby Burke:

I would like to become a member of your Cosy Corner. I am eleven years old now. I have a little black ground hog and I feed it clover. I am in class 3, and have to go 6 miles to school. Wishing your Cosy Corner every success,

Yours truly,
Lillian Bicknell, Wabigoon, Ont.

Dear Editor and Members:

I have been a silent reader of your page and never had courage to write before. I have a pony. I am sending a riddle. Best wishes to the editor and members.

Londonderry, Cork and Kerry. Spell that without a k. Ans. That.
Marie Leeman, age 8, Bright View, Alta.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I have been reading the letters of the C. C. C. for a long time, and I would like to become a member. I see that some of the members send riddles and puzzles, so I am sending a numerical puzzle.

"I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 3, 11, 13 is a conjunction.

My 8, 11, 5th something we use very often.

My 2, 14, 4, and 13th is part of the body.

My 6, 10, 4, and 7th is to utter melodious sounds.

My 1, 14, 11, and 5th is something to hold water.

My 9, 10, 9, 8, 3, and 11 is part of a girl's name.

My 13, 3, 15, is part of a week.

My 12, 3, and 15 is to be bright.

My whole is something we should all observe. Ans. Thanksgiving Day.

Verna E. Obed, age 12, Blanche, Shellbourne Co., N.S.

Dear Bobby Burke:

This is the first time I have written to you and I am sending you a few jokes for the Cosy Corner.

Freshman—"I am working my best to get ahead."

Sophomore—"You need one."

A strange woman entering a church went to the wrong pew. The nervous young usher came up to her and said, "Mardon me Padam, but you are occupying the wrong pie. Allow me to sew you into another sheet."

"Did you hear about the awful thing the teacher did to Johnny?"

"No."

"She made him wash his face and when he got home his dog didn't know him."

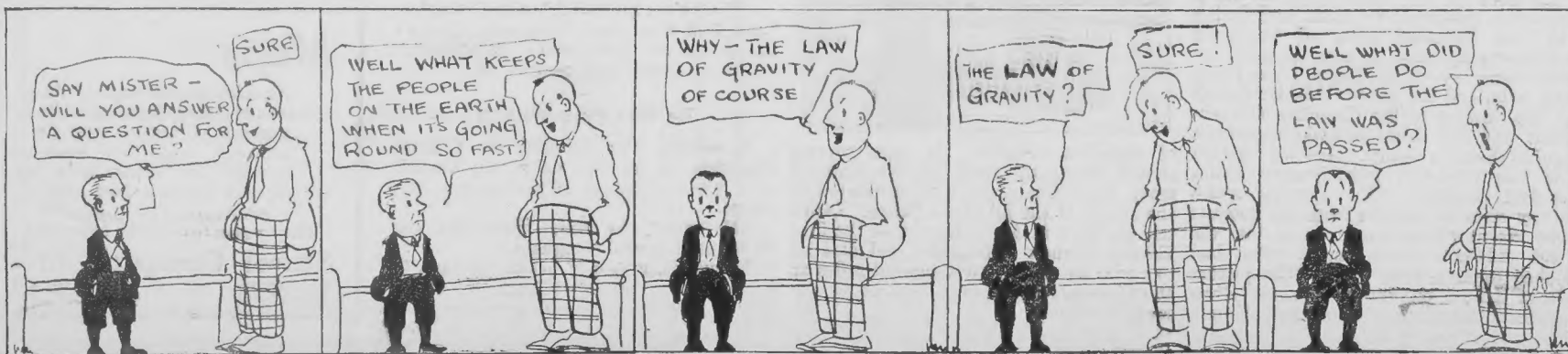
Yours truly,
Fred McLean, Unity, Sask.

Dear Bobby Burke:

May I join your Corner? We have not taken the W. H. M. very long, but just as soon as we get it I turn to the C. C. C. I think it is very interesting. I am twelve years old. I am in grade VI. I will close with some riddles. What makes more noise under a fence than a pig? Ans. Two pigs.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 50

A man went over a bridge on Monday, stayed a week and came back on the same Monday. How did he do this? He rode a horse whose name was Monday.

Dear Cosy Corner:

I have been a silent reader of your page for some time, but I thought I would write and see if some one would write to me. I am thirteen years old.

I will close now, hoping that I will get many letters.

Yours truly,

Vivian Christy, Prince Albert, P. O. Box 387.

Dear Friends:

I received the button and pencils and was very happy when they were given to me. I did not expect to receive anything. I have started on one pencil and I'll say they are dandy. The button is the nicest I have seen yet. Everyone says so. I would like to receive correspondence from any boy or girl my own age.

George Hill, Tyvan, Sask.

about insects. I knew all the time you were real people and loved dogs and that is why I couldn't understand not receiving any stories from you. There is a gold button for Mary Ingram of Swan River, Man., with her short story and good picture of "Rover."

A gold button goes to Bert Morrow of Seal, Alta., for a very nice story.

Man's Best Friends

After dogs won friendship with man, they did faithful service. The sheep-dog does very clever work. It knows its master's sheep even better than the master himself. It will get one of his lambs out of a strange flock and bring it back to its owner's flock. It will collect strayed sheep in a mist and will do many other clever things. There are many kinds of sheep dogs, such as those with long hair and silky coats and others with rough, shaggy hair.

Another kind of dog is the St. Bernard, who save the exhausted people in the Alps. They are also a clever kind, for they call people by barking. They carry

Spaniels. They go in the water for ducks and geese.

The Scotch Collie is another kind of dog. It is really a sheep-dog. They chase the cattle and horses and catch small animals.

Newfoundland dogs are large like the St. Bernard. They are rather shaggy and have lopped ears.

The French Poodle is not a working dog, but is a pet. It is a hairy kind with lopped ears.

There are many other kinds of dogs too, but these are the most important. So we see that man has many useful and faithful servants in his dogs.

Bert Morrow (age 11) Seal, Alta.

Laurier, Man., April 24, 1923.

Dear Bobby Burke:

We have taken the Western Home Monthly for a good number of years. I like to read the Cosy Corner. It is a fine journal. I would like to win a gold button. I am sending in a little poem about dogs.

A shepherd's dog is a dandy dog
To guard the cows and sheep,
A Spaniel dog is the kind of dog
A hunter likes to keep.

A Collie dog is a Scotchman's dog,
He also guards the cattle.
A Newfoundland dog is the children's dog,
He understands their prattle.

A Bulldog is a fighting dog
That can hold his own in a fight.
An Airedale dog is not a pretty dog,
But I think that he is all right.

A Poodle dog is a pretty dog,
The little ones look so nice,
But the Terrier dog is the only dog
That likes to catch the mice.

I would like to correspond with girls or boys my own age, 10 or older.

Gertrude J. Edwards.

A gold button goes to Gertrude J. Edwards, of Laurier, Man., for her nice little verses on dogs.

If

"If you can toss a match into a clearing,
And never give a thought to put it out,
Or drop your cigarette butt without fear-
ing

That flames may kindle in the leaves
about,

If you can drive your auto through the
working,

And cast your stogie stub into the slash,
Unmindful of the danger therein lurking,
Or homes or happiness that you may
smash;

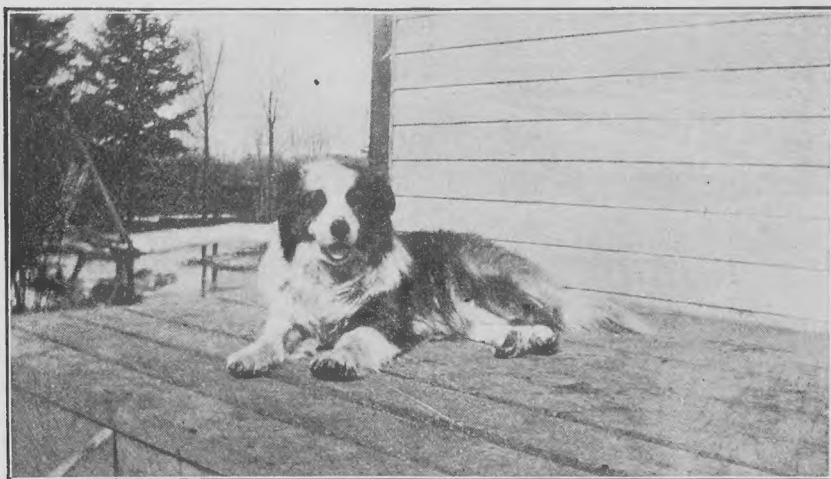
If you can leave your campfire while 'tis
glowing,
Nor think of industries that it may
blight,
Or of the billion saplings in the growing
Turned into charcoal ere the coming
night,

If you can start a fire beneath a bush
pile

When the wind is roaring like a distant
gun—

You surely should be jailed without a
trial
And labled as a lunatic, my son."

Fire Control.



This dog's name is Rover. He will be eleven years old this summer. Rover was nine years old when this picture was taken. He has caught and killed six wolves. He is very kind and likes children, and we like him.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I think I'll come and cuddle down in your Cosy Corner for a while. I live on a farm and I sure wouldn't want to change for the city. We have about one hundred and thirty sheep and lambs. We have twelve little tiny lambs now. I think they are the cutest things and so interesting. I am sending in a joke:

Lady, to gardener, "And how is my Sweet William this morning?"

Gardener, "I'm fine thanks ma'm, but how did you know my name was William?"

Mildred Ratcliffe, Medora, Man.

About Dogs

First, before we say anything about dogs, Bobby Burke has an apology to make to the Cosy Corner readers. Last month I scolded you because you did not send me any stories about dogs, and now I find that I was quite wrong, that it was only a delay in the mail which left us without stories of those wonderful friends of man. In time for this issue I have received several splendid stories and pictures, and although there is not room for them all in one issue I am going to try and print all the best in the next two or three months while you are busy with the summer competitions, collecting leaves, and information

a little barrel of refreshments for the nearly frozen people in the Alps. One St. Bernard saved the lives of forty persons.

The Eskimo dog is used as a beast of burden. They pull heavy loaded sleighs over the icy ground for their master. They are very quarrelsome, for they don't get much to eat and often kill one another. They are only less useful than the sheep dog.

There are dogs who help sportsmen, such as Hounds, Setters, Pointers, Spaniels, Terriers and Retrievers, called sporting dogs. Setters and Pointers and Retrievers find the game that their masters have shot. The Pointer when it finds a wounded bird or animal sits with its tail outstretched till its master comes up. The Retriever is the cleverest of all, it brings the game and lays it at its master's feet.

Blood-hounds tire their prey by following the scent. They have very keen sense of smell and can track a slave, criminal, or lost child. They are gentle and graceful. Greyhounds are smooth coated and are used for hunting and tracking prey.

Spaniels have long hair. There are two kinds. One is used as a pet and have long silky ears. The others are used for sporting, and called Water-

"O MOTHER, I'M SO HOT."

Thousands of little Canadians will run to mother this summer and whimper "O mother, I'm so hot." A natural condition? Yes, to be hot in hot weather, but not to whimper about it if the blood condition is right. A child so fed that its blood is acid instead of alkaline, like the adult with acid blood, feels devitalized, "all in" on a sultry day. There is but one way to make the blood acid—by improper feeding. "Excess Acid" foods, like white flour, refined cereals, meats, fats, sweets, make acid blood or "heat the blood." If the blood is alkaline there is no devitalizing sense of heat, no depression of bodily or mental vigor, however hot the day. Natural, unrefined foods keep the blood alkaline—whole grain cereals, milk, eggs, nuts, beans, greens, and fruits. These are rich in alkalis and keep the blood "cool" and the mind and body fit, regardless of the heat.

Roman Meal is the only richly alkaline cereal, 400 parts in each 1,000 "Excess Alkali," alkaline enough to correct the acids of white flour, other cereals, fats, meats and sweets. It makes delightful porridge, pancakes, puddings, cakes. Even hot Roman Meal porridge is more "cooling" than any cold, refined, acid-forming cereal. But you can now serve Roman Meal delightfully icy-cold, as BROSE-O, CHOCOL-O, JELL-E. See "Summer Recipes" on package. With milk, cream, whipped cream, honey, preserved or fresh fruits, a hot-day treat, a child's delight which can be prepared in ten minutes. At grocers.

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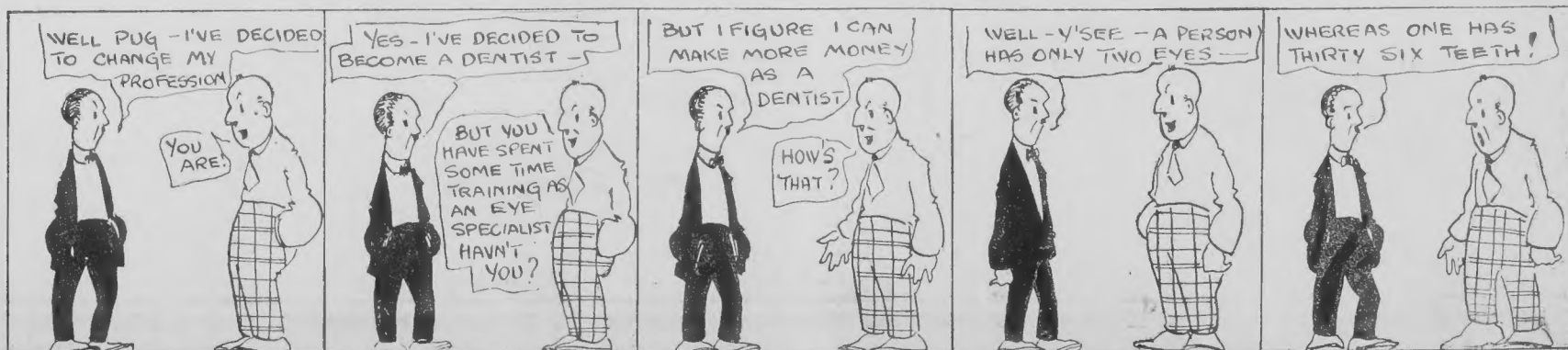


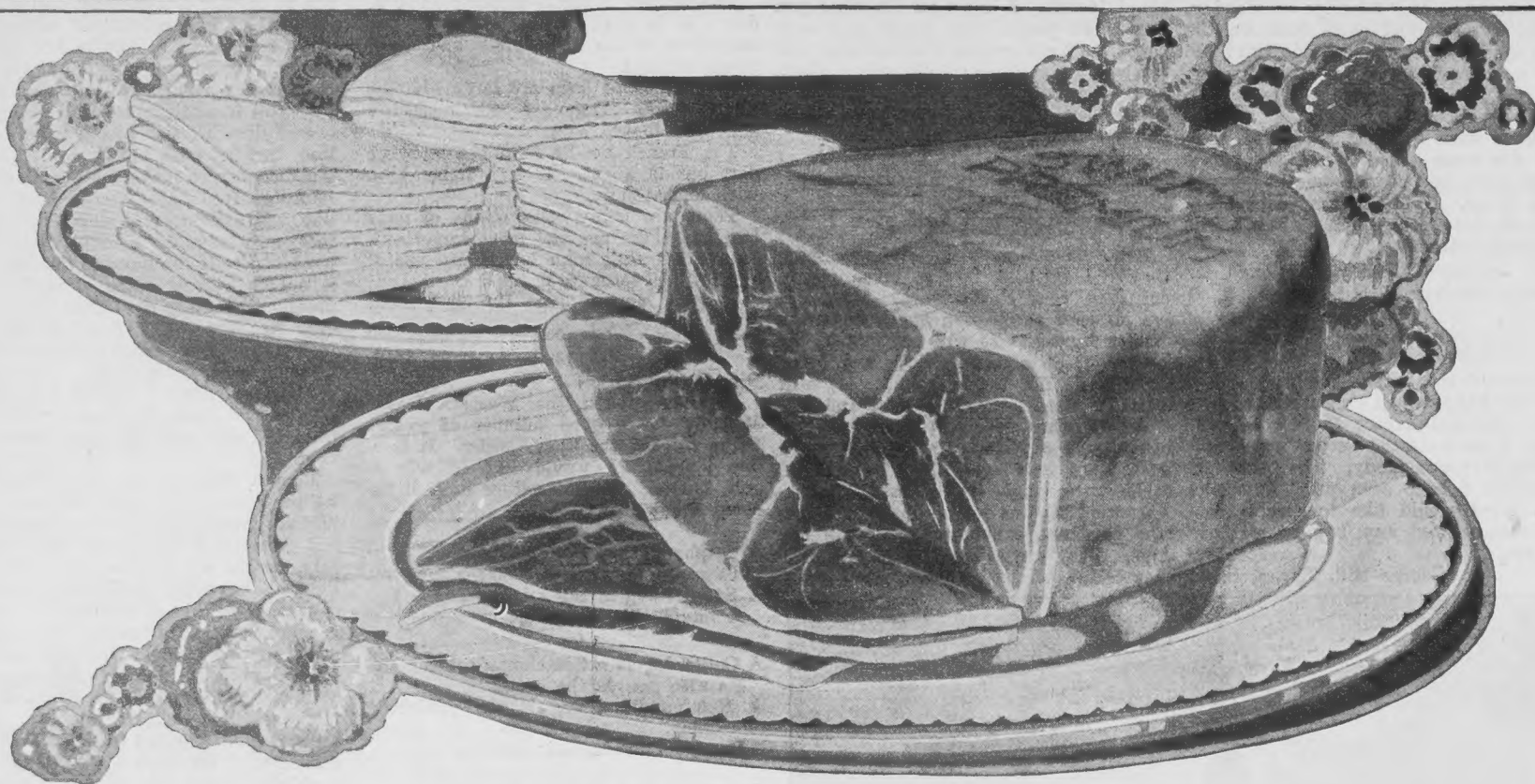
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THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg





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Swift's Premium Cooked Ham



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this sanitary parchment wrapper

SPECIALLY selected Swift's Premium Hams—all bones removed—then placed in powerful molds to shape them into flat style, so ideal for sandwich slices. The ham is then cooked just right with scrupulous care to a delicious uniform tenderness.

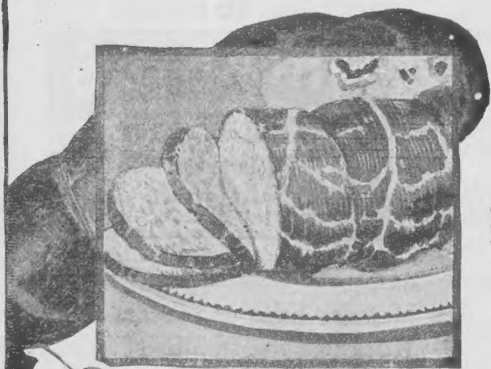
No wonder Swift's Premium Cooked Ham is the first choice for the picnic basket, or the summer days' luncheon. And to the charm of its flavor and the convenience of its shape, is an extra touch, for it is enclosed in pure vegetable parchment wrapper—for your identification and protection.

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provide delightful menus and dainty meals for summer luncheons and for the picnic basket. Swift quality—prepared in the inimitable Swift manner—for you, no work—no trouble—no cooking.

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